

SPECIAL SPRING-BREAK BLOWOUT!

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 2006 

Buzzer Beaters!

March Madness
Milestones

Kiss and Tell

THE FLAMING LIPS
Sound Off

Great Dane

DANE COOK's
High-Voltage Comedy

Ice Pick

Olympic Snowboarder
DANNY KASS

Party Like a Rock Star

(We Show You How)

Unleash Her Inner Nympho

(You'll Thank Us Tonight!)

WARNING: NOT TO BE
SOLD TO PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE

Mar 06 contents

ON THE COVER

Pet of the Month
Jennifer Emerson

PICTORIALS

36 LOVE STORY

84 HOT PROPERTY
Pet of the Month Jennifer Emerson

110 PILLOW TALK

132 MAKING A SPLASH

FULL FRONTAL

10 GRAPHIC VIOLENCE
Brian Azzarello's *100 Bullets* and *Loveless*

12 FLICKS
Tsotsi—no Hollywood ending

14 DVDS
Everything you ever wanted to know about director Cameron Crowe, and much more!

16 SOUNDS
California Fried Buckethead

22 JOYSTICK
The future of handheld action

28 READS
Astronaut Mike Mullane's *Riding Rockets*

30 SIRENS
Imogen Heap

FEATURES

32 DRINKSMANSHIP
"Just Shoot Me."
By Samantha Judge

34 LOCKER ROOM
NHL's Rick DiPietro
Interview by Dave Hollander

46 GAMETIME
March Madness milestones.
By John Bolster

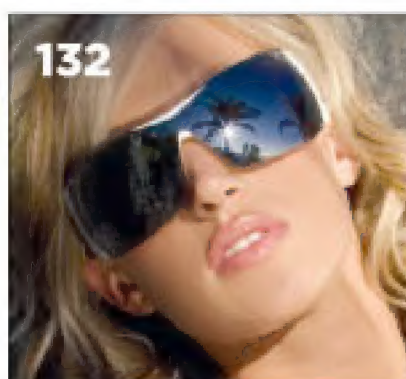
50 TOTAL TRAVEL
"Spring Break: Living Large."
By Rudy Maxa

52 VICES & VANITIES
Bring out her inner nympho; top spring-break blunders.
By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

84



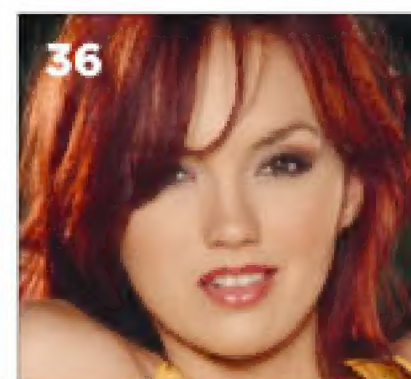
132



110



36



54 COWBOY WIZARDS AND THE EPIC SPACE MACHINE

Psychedelic rock band the Flaming Lips. By Jon Wiederhorn

60 TURIN TAKES A TURN

The *Penthouse* Guide to the 2006 Winter Olympics. By John Bolster

68 SPRING-BREAK SECRETS

What happens on spring break, stays on spring break ... until now! By Ronnie Koenig

76 UNDER THE RADAR

Comedian Dane Cook. Interview by Ed Condran

100 DRIVING FORCE

"Lamborghini's Raging Bull." By Jim McCraw

104 GROOM AT THE TOP

"Coming Clean." Service by Alyson Zamkoff

120 COVER YOUR ASS

If you put a little thought into your underwear selection, she'll be eager to rip 'em off you. Fashion by Linda Giustino

126 GRENADE LAUNCHER

Snowboarder Danny Kass. Interview by Dave Hollander

140 STAND-UP GUYS

Randy and Jason Sklar. Interview by Peter Schrager

76



126



54



22



DEPARTMENTS

6 FORUM

66 CELEBRITY NUDES

81 MEN'S HEALTH AND FITNESS

97 SEX DIARY

98 FREEWHEELERS

106 TECHNOMANIA

143 DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

146 RECOVERING FRAT BOY

148 PENTHOUSE CLUBS

150 X-RATED VIDEO

152 ON THE DESK

154 PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD

100



140



MUTUAL FIXATION

Two months ago, I began corresponding with a man I'd met in an online chat-room. We started e-mailing each other, and at some point he asked me to describe myself. I'm comfortable with my appearance, so I told him the truth—that I was a woman with curves and that I liked strong men with muscles. I couldn't tell if he was just shy about describing himself or if he was truly lacking in the areas that usually appeal to me, but my initial impression was that he wasn't my type. When I pressed him for physical details, he held back.

Nevertheless, I decided to meet him when he suggested we have lunch.



When I saw this man, my pussy immediately got wet. He was tall, with beautiful eyes and a smile to match. And what a body! I found myself mentally undressing him, trying to gauge the size of his manhood.

During lunch, I started to tease my bottom lip. He immediately got the message and began watching every sensuous move my tongue made over the prongs of the fork. Over coffee, I teased him by saying that ever since I could remember, I've had an oral fixation and that I love to suck on things—big things.

He responded that he had a huge cock, and that some women couldn't even take it all in. I didn't need to hear anymore. I scooted over to his side of the booth and ran my manicured nails along his thigh, letting my hand inch higher until I found what I wanted. He wasn't exaggerating. I couldn't wait to wrap my lips around him. I heard his breath catch as I placed my hand atop his bulging shaft.

I gave him a lusty look and asked if he was ready to go. In no time flat we were in his car, heading for his place. When we arrived, we barely made it through the door. I pushed him back against the wall and lifted his shirt, kissing his chest and stomach, then pressing my hard nipples against his



his come. I couldn't swallow it all and let some flow back onto his still-erect cock. I couldn't wait to have that monster deep in my throat again—I could keep this up as long as he could.

I let his massive cock glide back into my mouth, grabbed his tight ass, and sucked him in. He tilted my head back so he could watch his cock slide in and out of my mouth. He was practically growling as his balls bounced off my chin. When he was ready to come this time, he let me know. I stopped sucking, pulled back, and used my fingers to pinch the head of his cock.

For the better part of an hour, I used my tongue, lips, and hands to entice him to the brink of orgasm, only to

“Over coffee, I teased him by saying that ever since I could remember, I’ve had an oral fixation and that I love to suck on things—big things.”

bare skin as I went down.

We stumbled to the bedroom and I watched him undress. The sight of his broad chest, muscular thighs, and firm ass made my pussy ache for a close encounter—but first things first. I pushed him back on the bed and wrapped my lips around the bulbous head of his enormous shaft. His moans were music to my ears, and I savored the power I had over him. I struggled to slide my mouth down the thick shaft. He was larger than most guys I'd been with, but I was absolutely determined to give it my best shot.

I sucked slowly at first, flicking my tongue across the tip, then taking the shaft into my mouth until I could feel the head hitting the back of my throat. I moved my mouth up and down his cock, stroking it with my hands in rhythm. When I looked up, his eyes were closed, his head was thrown back, and he was moaning in ecstasy.

As he shot into my mouth, I savored the salty taste of

pull back at the last minute. When I finally let him climax, there was a sweet explosion that rocked his world.

Then, just when I thought it couldn't get any better, he hooked my legs over his shoulders and confessed that he, too, had an oral fixation—he loved eating pussy. But that's a story for another time. I'm too horny from writing this to continue!—*F.M., North Carolina*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Have you seen the new Penthouse.com? Our new site has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, all the *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and a vast archive of sexy letters written by our readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.



PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

PENTHOUSE MEDIA GROUP, INC.
(U.S. edition)

EDITORIAL

Vice President/Editorial:	Peter Bloch
Managing Editor:	Barbara Rice Thompson
Deputy Managing Editor:	Sarah Nelson
Music/Video-Game Editor:	Rebecca Swanner
Sports Editor:	John Bolster
Senior Editors:	Deirdre M. Goldbeck, Regina Murrell (copy), Jonathan Stern
Staff Writer:	Elise Nersesian
Copy Editor:	Abigail Aronofsky
Assistant Editor:	Heather Franks
Contributing Editors:	Rachel Kramer Bussel, Bobbi Dempsey, Linda Giustino, Bill Heald (motorcycles), Dave Hollander, Jim McCraw (autos), Ken Sander, Ernest Volkman, Alyson S. Zamkoff, Dr. Victoria Zdrok

ART

Vice President/Graphics Director:	Frank DeVino
Senior Art Director:	Michael F. Di Iola
Associate Art Director:	John Faraci
Assistant Art Director:	Courtney Eltringham
Designer:	Anthony R. Scerri
Associate Photo Editor:	Toby Kaufmann
Art Rights Manager:	Maria Rothenberg
Photo Librarian:	Evelyn Butler
Assistant Photo Librarian:	Norma Delgado
Contributing Photographers:	Earl Miller, Brett Bereny, Viv Thomas

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Senior Advertising Director:	Rich McEntee
Advertising Director:	Andrew Leighton
Director, Promotions and Events:	Tricia Austin
Promotions Manager:	Lainie Speiser
Public Relations Manager:	Kathleen Berzon
Advertising Production Manager:	Vanessa Johnson
Offices:	West Coast: 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530; 510-237-4423 Japan: Jiro Semba, Intergroup Communications, Telex J25469IGLYO

CIRCULATION

Vice President/Director of Circulation:	Joe M. Gallo
Director, Newsstand Sales:	Paul G. Pearson
Traffic Director:	Bill Harbutt
Director, Subscriptions:	Lori Ramos
Customer Service Manager/Analyst:	Morgan Everett

ADMINISTRATION

Vice President/Entertainment:	James L. English
Vice President/Business Development:	J. M. Sullivan
Vice President/General Counsel:	Joshua R. Bressler
Director of Licensing:	Rick Holtman
Director of Internet Operations:	Michael McNicholas
Controller:	Frank Matasavage
Accounting Manager:	Anthony Maniscalco
Director, Model Recruitment:	Stacy Valentine

PRODUCTION

Vice President/Production:	Michael Tang
Production Manager:	Maria Kelleher
Associate Production Manager:	Gil Velez
Senior Photo Retoucher:	Jeremy Newman
Editorial Scanning Supervisor:	Jeff Anderson
Type Systems Supervisor:	Mario Iannotta

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

International Division Director: George Rojas (U.S.A.)	Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262
Australia:	Tel: 61-2-9-901-6161 • Fax: 61-2-9-901-6116
Greece:	Tel: 3010-259-4100 • Fax: 3010-258-6740
Holland:	Tel: 31-20-664-3016 • Fax: 31-20-662-6236
Hungary:	Tel: 36-1-437-0037 • Fax: 36-1-240-3934
Spain:	Tel: 349-3-292-2217 • Fax: 349-3-237-5824
Thailand:	Tel: 66-2-585-5672 • Fax: 66-2-910-3832
Ukraine:	Tel: 44-2490820 • Fax: 44-249-0871
United Kingdom:	Tel: 44-207-751-1112 • Fax: 44-207-751-1113
Internet:	Penthouse.com

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York: 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125
New York, N.Y. 10121
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For one year (12 issues), please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for \$46 (\$64 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You may also e-mail us at penthouse@palmcoastfd.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and ZIP code.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, see our Website, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Feb. 1996); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover.

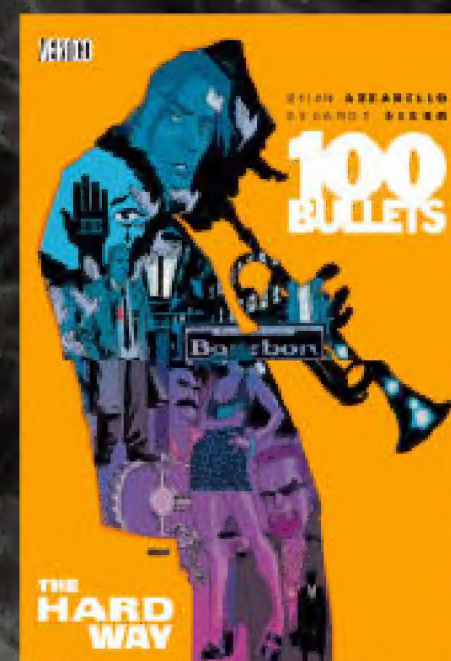
ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000, extension 7505. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail *Penthouse* editors:
penthouse.editors@penthouse.com



» No capes. No tights. No good versus evil. In **Brian Azzarello's** morally ambiguous comics universe, vengeance begets justice—and it's a **bloody good** time.

Graphic Violence



In his DC/Vertigo series *100 Bullets* and *Loveless*, Brian Azzarello—a 38-year-old Chicago native with an art school background—reminds readers what it is to think, fight, fuck, and lose like a man. *100 Bullets* is a Byzantine, hard-boiled book. Think *The Godfather*—meets—Raymond Chandler, with a touch of *Oz*. Azzarello weaves an elaborate conspiracy theory with low-life character sketches and a kooky but brilliant gimmick: What would you do if you were given 100 untraceable bullets and the opportunity to seek revenge on he who most wronged you?

Azzarello's latest is *Loveless*, a vividly violent comic-book series about Southern Civil War veterans who wreak havoc throughout the West. These men don't need hugs; they'll cheat, lie, steal, and kill for their convictions. The author seems threatening as well. "That's just because I don't smile too much," Azzarello says, deadpan. "Smiles make people feel safe." In his comics, nobody grins.

***Loveless* joins HBO's *Deadwood* as part of a renaissance of the Western genre. Why are Westerns popular again?**

Post 9/11, I think individuals sort of felt that need for the cowboy spirit. You know, actually being able to take on a threat singularly, which is kind of what a Western has to do with. The other side of that coin, though—and one I tend to be more simpatico with—is that it is the same cowboy spirit, but it's not directed at anything other than the evil rancher who's in charge right now. You know what I mean? I want control of my life, and I'm tired of someone else telling me what to do.

And suddenly, the cowboy spirit lives again.

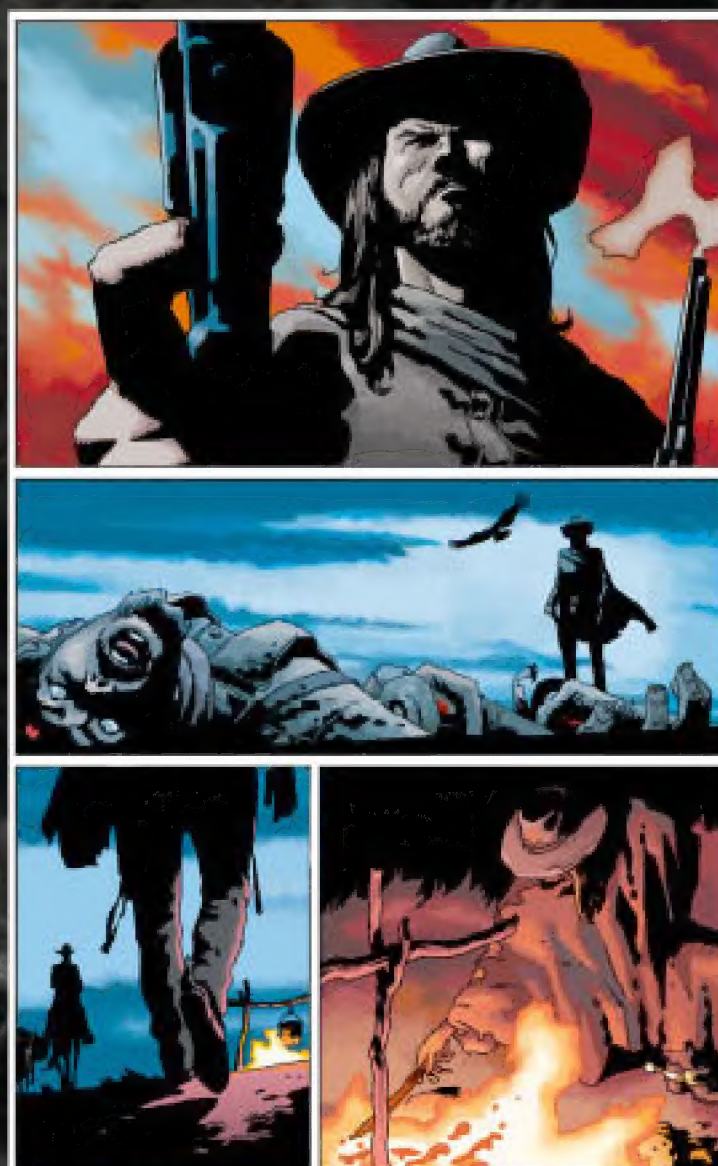
Well, I think it brings out a certain individualism. I think on both sides of the aisle people are really standing up for what they believe in. Even if what they believe in is wrong. [Laughs]

***Loveless* is decidedly not our fathers' Western.**

For lack of a better term, we've been calling it a "noir spaghetti Western." It's dressed up like a Western, but it's much closer in theme to a noir crime story. These are unrepentant people. In a Western, the big themes are the frontier and a chance for an individual to reinvent [him-

self]. It's all about opportunity and what you can become. This book's more about what these people are and what drove them to the despicable state they're in. I know we are taking a risk by creating a series around bad people. There are no heroes in this book. There will not be any. **There are a lot of writers out there today—like Michael Chabon, who wrote *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay*, and Jonathan Lethem, who wrote *The Fortress of Solitude*—who rhapsodize about and romanticize old comic-book superheroes. Why do you resist all of that?**

I'm just not trying to recapture something I lost in my youth, you know? I was never



The bad and the ugly: Azzarello's book *Loveless* depicts the wildest West.

really a fan of superheroes. They don't do anything for me. Sure, they're called superheroes, but they beat people up. What's so super about that?

But you wrote *Superman* and *Batman* comics.

I put in my dues doing *Superman* and *Batman* for a while. That was just ... [Pauses] While I enjoyed working on those characters for a short period of time, it's not something I could do for a

long time like a lot of these other guys who write comics. I don't know how they find something to say about a character for years that's not already done.

Is it the soap-opera syndrome? How many times is the doctor going to get amnesia or nearly die? It wears an audience out and it defies all plausibility, doesn't it?

The Joker's killed hundreds of people in Gotham City. Batman! Just put a fucking bullet in his head and get it over with! Cut it out with this "I can't kill anybody" bullshit. It's not for me.

You recently said that "making despicable characters compelling" is what you're all about. What draws you to that darkness?

The gray. As clichéd as it sounds, John Wayne Gacy's mother must have loved him. There was something good in that guy at one point.

Is that the key to making these characters compelling, not only for you as a writer, but also for your readers?

I think so. If you can make a reader understand that given a few different choices, this character could have turned out more like them—that's kind of interesting. These characters suffer internally for the most part. They don't really let it show, but they're suffering. God, there's a lot of regret in *100 Bullets*, unlike *Loveless*, where there's not a blob of regret.

Who were some of your influences as a young reader and writer?

The first Jim Thompson book I read, I was like, "What the fuck is this about?" It ends so horribly and it's bleak, and I was like, "I've gotta read more of this." I was a teenager and it was just so different. With Westerns ... I never liked Westerns until I saw *For a Few Dollars More*, and then suddenly they made sense. *Oh, I like this.* But the John Wayne stuff ...

Why are comics still dismissed by mainstream culture?

Nearly every article that's written about comics still uses that kid vocabulary to say that they're not for kids. But they're actually saying that they are still for kids.

When you sit down to write, what's your objective?

No. 1, entertain. If you can entertain and get some sort of message in there, good for you. [Laughs] If you don't have anything to say, don't write. ☪—

FEATURE PRESENTATION

Tsotsi

(February 24)

Presley Chweneyagae, Terry Pheto

Director: Gavin Hood

» *Tsotsi* means thug. In the States, the comparable term would be "gangsta." But in a shantytown outside of Johannesburg, it's the street name of an orphaned gang leader. Based on the novel by Athol Fugard, filmed in the Soweto ghetto, and set to Kwaito music (South Africa's own hip-hop style), *Tsotsi* could be considered South Africa's *Boyz n the Hood*—or, more appropriately, its *City of God*.

Tsotsi (Chweneyagae) lives the thug life with his gang: Boston, who's the educated one; Butcher, who's the violent one; and Die Aap, who's the fat one. They spend their days robbing, stabbing, and stealing, and they fill their nights drinking and rolling dice. Their father figure is Fela, a small-time con who dresses in pimp suits and runs the local chop shop. They're the Lost Boys of the ghetto, with little direction or hope of having a life devoid of crime.

Tsotsi starts down his path of introspection when he shoots a woman and steals her BMW, her infant son in the backseat. *Tsotsi*,

whose moral barometer is seriously askew but not altogether missing, knows he can't leave the baby behind. He flashes back to his own childhood of living with his mother in a concrete pipe, even poorer than the residents of the shantytown. Although *Tsotsi*'s a damaged, abandoned kid, his stoic exterior collapses when he sees the baby, and he chooses compassion over self-preservation.

Of course, compassion on the streets means forcing a local mother, Miriam, to breast-feed the baby at gunpoint.

Director Gavin Hood does an admirable job of delving into the reality of South Africa—a land where apartheid may be officially gone, but a generation of angry, homeless children is still feeling its effects. The moral of the story may be that hope can flourish, even in places where everything seems hopeless. But it certainly has no Hollywood ending.



COMING SOON

Unknown White Male

(February 17)

Director: Rupert Murray

Imagine that you just woke up on a subway train heading out to Coney Island. You don't know how you got there, you don't know where you are ... and, most important, you don't know *who* you are. In Rupert Murray's inspirational documentary, we follow his friend Doug Bruce, who is suffering from inexplicable amnesia and has to rediscover the world around him. But what will happen to Doug's pristine new life if the memory of his old one returns?



16 Blocks

(March 3)

Bruce Willis, Mos Def**Director:** Richard Donner

Richard Donner (*Lethal Weapon*) drops his cop/buddy-movie bucket down the well one more time. Jack, a police officer who is getting too old for this shit (Bruce Willis), has to escort a witness (rapper Mos Def) 16 blocks, from the precinct to the courthouse. Will they amble? Will they stop for pizza? Will they go through a series of shootouts and explosions as Jack's ex-partners try to kill his witness? You'll find out in March.



Block Party

(March 3)

Dave Chappelle, Mos Def, Kanye West**Director:** Michel Gondry

Dave Chappelle, we can't stay mad at you—not when you've given us such a nice parting gift. Michel Gondry, the mad genius behind *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* and those White Stripes videos, directs one of the greatest hip-hop jammy-jams ever assembled, with Erykah Badu, Cody Chestnutt, Common, Mos Def, the Roots, Big Daddy Kane, Dead Prez, Jill Scott, Kanye West, and a reunited Fugees. That's a celebration, bitches.



MOVIE HAIKU

**Running Scared (February 24)****Paul Walker, Chazz Palminteri****Director:** Wayne Kramer

No Billy Crystal,
No Gregory Hines: just some
Guy named Paul Walker.

**Firewall (February 10)****Harrison Ford, Paul Bettany, Virginia Madsen****Director:** Richard Loncraine

Oh, Harrison Ford,
We can wait for *Indy 4*—
You're not a hacker.

**Madea's Family Reunion (February 24)****Tyler Perry, Blair Underwood****Director:** Tyler Perry

Gun-wielding grandma
Cracks on her whole family
And eats barbecue.

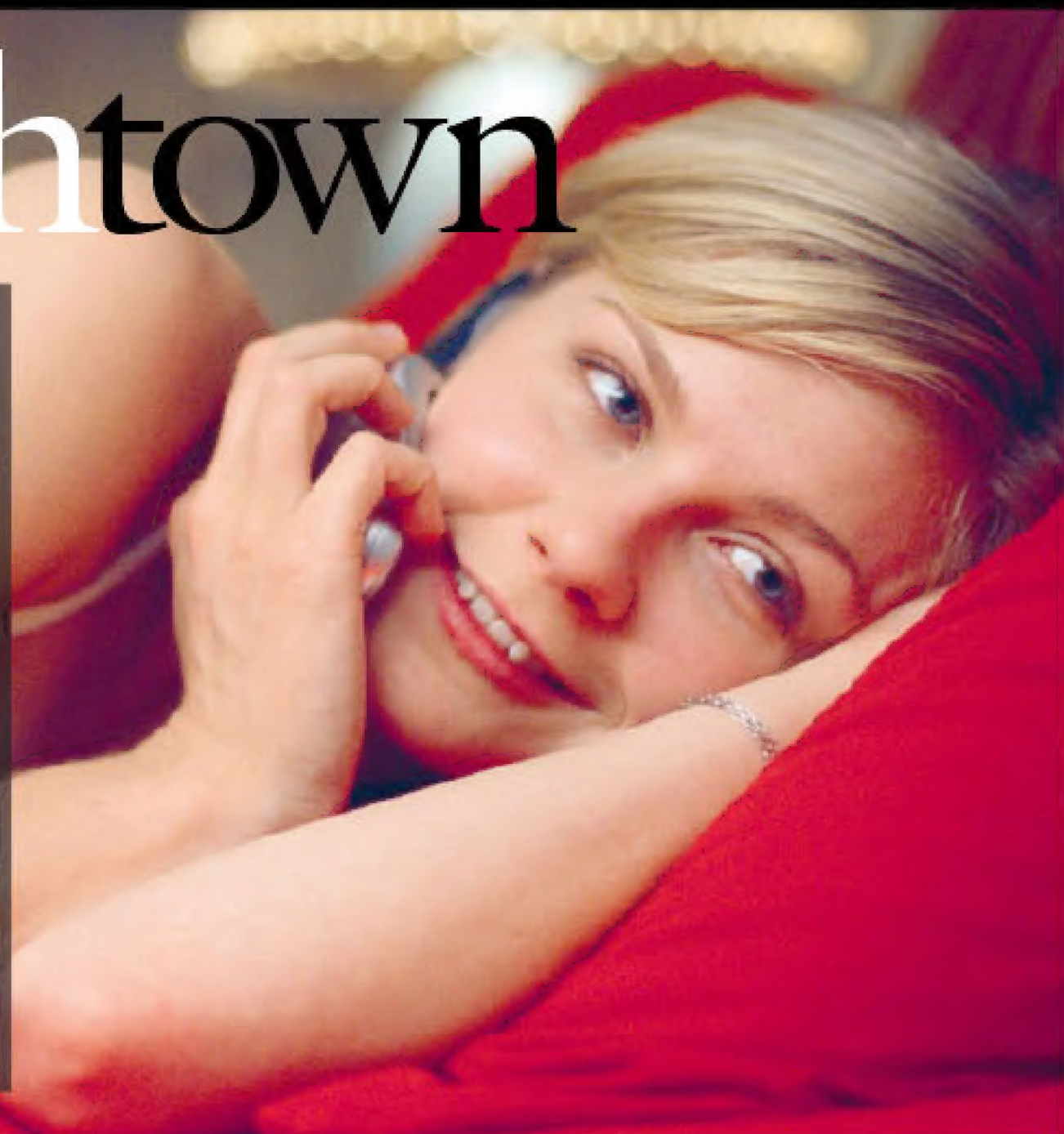
ALMOST HOME

Elizabethtown



Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous* celebrated the director's early life as a rock writer. *Elizabethtown* is even more personal.

» Like Crowe himself once did, Drew Baylor (Orlando Bloom) has to travel to Kentucky to bury his father amid kinfolk he's never met. Never mind the fact that Drew just lost his Nike-esque sneaker company \$972 million and tried to kill himself—he's the responsible one in the family, and there's soul-searching to be done. A quirky flight attendant named Claire (Kirsten Dunst), who possesses all the cuteness and pop-cult wisdom Crowe instills in his female characters, makes it her mission to unburden Baylor. They run around town together as Claire falls in love and Drew copes with his feelings of failure and loss. It's the kind of cinematic intimacy that Cameron Crowe does best.—*Jonathan Stern*



SAY ANYTHING ELSE

No one needs to hear "show me the money" ever again. But Crowe's movies have spawned many more oft-repeated quotes than that. Here's our guide to Crowe's prose for any occasion.



"And then it just becomes an industry of ... cool."

Lester Bangs, *Almost Famous*



Janet: **"Are my breasts too small for you?"**
Cliff: **[Pause] "Sometimes."**
Cliff Poncier and Janet Livermore, *Singles*



"You dick!"
Jeff Spicoli, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*

SCENE AND HEARD

Lloyd Dobler and a boom box: Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes." Stillwater on the bus: Elton John's "Tiny Dancer." Everybody knows those classic Crowe music moments, but can you match the tune to these scenes?

1. *Singles*



2. *Almost Famous*



3. *Jerry Maguire*

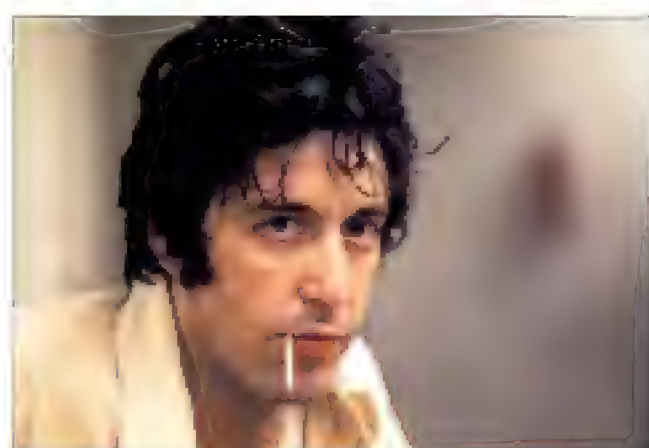


- A. "Voodoo Child"—Jimi Hendrix
- B. "The Wrong Come Up"—LV
- C. "Hey Joe"—Jimi Hendrix

ANSWERS: 1. C, 2. A, 3. B

BONUS QUESTION: Which Soundgarden hit did Chris Cornell write to fit a Citizen Dick song title? "Spoonman"

REVIEWS



Those Seventies Shows

Network (\$27), still the most searing behind-the-scenes look at broadcast television, arrives in a two-disc set that has commentary by director Sidney Lumet, half a dozen making-of featurettes in a 30th-anniversary doc, and an interview with the late Paddy Chayefsky, the Oscar-winning writer.

Dog Day Afternoon (\$27), the film that cemented Al Pacino's star status, banks on new bonuses for the two-disc 30th-anniversary edition, including director commentary, a four-part making-of doc, and a vintage featurette on Lumet.

All the President's Men (\$27) might seem slightly less suspenseful now that the identity of Deep Throat has been revealed, but this dramatic account of the Watergate scandal still packs a punch. The new two-disc special edition includes Robert Redford's first-ever DVD commentary, making-of docs, and a new featurette on Deep Throat himself, former FBI deputy director Mark Felt.



TAKE-HOME TELEVISION

The Simpsons: Kiss & Tell

America's favorite sitcom family celebrates Valentine's Day. The set (\$15) features "Natural Born Kissers," where Homer and Marge spice up their sex life in public; "Large Marge," where Marge accidentally gets her boobs done; "Three Gays of the Condo," where Homer moves in with two gay roommates; and "The Way We Weren't," a flashback ep where Homer shows up late for a date.

Action

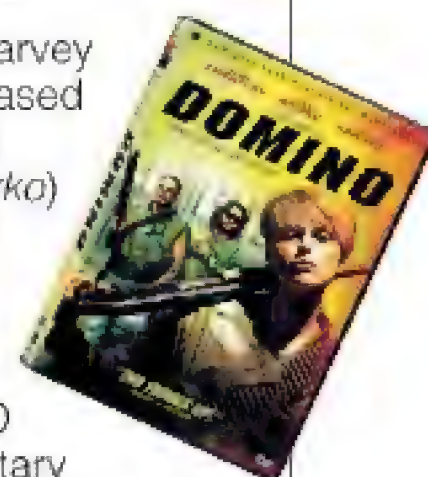
This was one of the most politically incorrect sitcoms of all time, so Fox canned it after eight episodes. (Yeah, we know they aired all 13 eps on FX. We still say they're wimps.) *The Complete Series—Uncut and Unbleeped* (\$25) has commentary tracks, a featurette, and a guide to must-know producer lingo.



ON THE HUNT

Domino

The late Domino Harvey was reportedly pleased with writer Richard Kelly's (*Donnie Darko*) tripped-out take on her, as played by Keira Knightley. Critics were less enthused. The DVD (\$28) has commentary tracks by director Tony Scott and Kelly, the obligatory deleted scenes, and two featurettes.





Q&A



Buckethead

» This incendiary guitarist played with the short-lived, re-formed Guns N' Roses, and may just be one of the best gunslingers of his generation. So, please, respect his decision to wear a chicken bucket on his head.

Where did you get your first bucket?

I got it in 1952. It was handed down to me [by] Colonel Sanders. It was a friend of a friend's.

What do you think of the Colonel?

He's the original playa. I have a picture of him [in which] he is sitting on a porch with his cane, surrounded by dead chickens. It looks like the cover of a hip-hop record, way before [Ludacris's] *Chicken N Beer*.

Why does this bucket say FUNERAL on it?

Because it's a tomb for chickens.

Have you ever considered wearing the bucket the other way around so the words are right-side up?

No, because the whole thing is to have them upside down—like dumping the chicken on my head—so it moves right through me. They feel good for the soul.

This one has a picture of *A Very Brady Sequel* on it.

Did you like that movie?

I like horror movies. I like real sick, disgusting movies. *Blood Harvest*... I love that movie.

"I'm less inhibited when I'm behind a mask. It helps me create without being hung up on exteriors."



You've worn a Hard Rock Cafe bucket. Why that one?

I liked how thick it was. It came filled with ice. I like ice a lot. When we're in Europe, nobody has ice there and I flip out about it.

How did your fascination with the bucket start?

I was raised in a chicken coop to help the chickens. There was this lady, and I would play her songs and she would knit in a rocking chair. There were these two guys who also worked on the farm, and they didn't like me because she paid more attention to me. Then she left for a trip, and they came and threw fried chicken in the chicken coop. That was the first time I ever realized that the chickens were killed, so I took the bucket, put it on my head, and killed those guys.

Is that why you don't show your face?

No, there are other reasons why I don't show my face. My face is disfigured.

What's the farthest one of your buckets has been?

Japan.

Do you go there a lot?

I try to. I love it there. I don't feel like a freak there. I'm sure they notice me because I'm so large, but they don't make me feel bad about it. I'd rather be invisible and move around without anyone seeing me.

Is that why you wear the mask?

Partially.

Do you have a different persona with each mask?

Yes.

Is this all an act then?

It's probably more that I'm acting when I'm not covered up. I'm less inhibited when I'm behind a mask. It helps me create without being hung up on exteriors. I used to force creativity, but I'm realizing you have to get out of the way of things. Let them come through naturally without messing with them too much.

Did you wear masks before you became a musician?

I've worn them all my life. To me, it's the greatest, most wide-open thing for me. I can pretty much do anything with a mask on.

You're a musician and a public figure. How did you make the choice to play music in front of hundreds of people?

It's two extremes. I feel comfortable in front of a crowd, [and] I love to play music. It makes me happy. I don't care about all of the things that come with it. If you can make people forget for that period of time what's hurting them, then I'm happy to do that.

Do you think you'll ever design your own buckets?

It depends [on] whether it was a natural thing. I like going to get them from the store. There's an absurdity to it that I really enjoy. When kids come to the show and they have buckets, I know they have experienced something similar to me, and I think that's pretty cool.

—Samantha Judge

GREG'S PLAYLIST

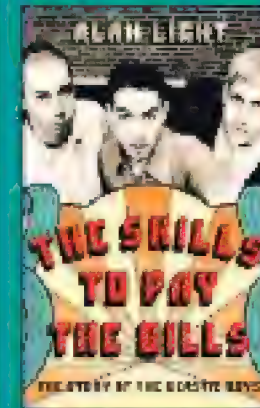


News Flash: Even hardcore rockers like Dillinger Escape Plan's vocalist **Greg Puciato** like "Hooked on a Feeling."

- 1.** *Loveless*, by My Bloody Valentine
Every now and then, a band writes a perfect album. This is one.
- 2.** "Stallkicker," by Oxbow
The singer of this band jerks off onstage, cries, and chokes audience members to the point of unconsciousness. My kind of dude.
- 3.** "Dyers Eve," by Metallica
A furious and perfect swan song from a band that definitely no longer exists. James Hetfield ... e-mail me. Seriously.
- 4.** "Hooked on a Feeling," by B. J. Thomas
You doubt this one? Don't. My taste is impeccable.
- 5.** "Your Skull Is Red," by Team Sleep
If you don't believe me, get fucking bent and go back to listening to Staind.
- 6.** "Angel of Death," by Slayer
Music to shoot people to.
- 7.** "Together as One," by Death
This guy is dead. Big bum-out. I'm gonna name my next band Wealth and see what happens.
- 8.** "Planets Collide," by Crowbar
This is probably what was playing in that bear's head when he ripped the insides out of that dumb-ass in the *Grizzly Man* movie.
- 9.** "When the Sun Hits," by Slowdive
Very underappreciated band ... depressing *and* uplifting.
- 10.** "Room a Thousand Years Wide," by Soundgarden
This was when Chris Cornell's voice was still mountain-shattering and this band was at the top of their game.

SAND PAPERS

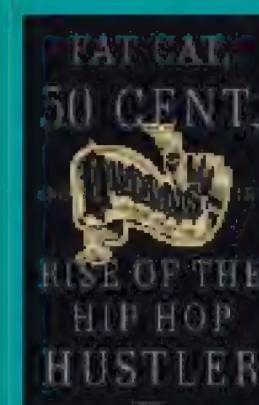
Relax on the beach and nurse your hangover with our favorite new books about music.



The Skills to Pay the Bills: The Story of the Beastie Boys, by Alan Light (Three Rivers Press)
This biography, named after the rap trio's video collection, shouldn't be written off as just another boring band bio. It was penned by a former *Spin* editor who knows more about the Beasties than they know about themselves.

Staring at Sound: The True Story of Oklahoma's Fabulous Flaming Lips, by Jim DeRogatis (Broadway Books)

In case this month's feature doesn't quench your thirst for knowledge about the psychedelic band, this biography will take you from their inception in 1983 through *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* in 2002.

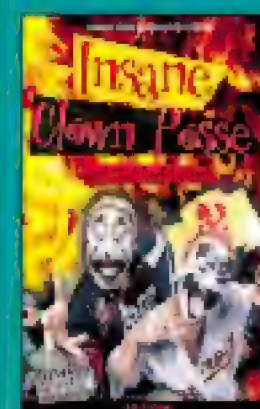
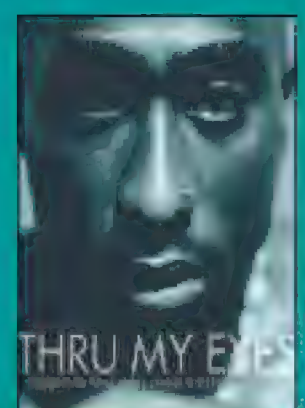


Queens Reigns Supreme: Fat Cat, 50 Cent, and the Rise of the Hip-Hop Hustler, by Ethan Brown (Anchor)

Get the stories behind the rap kings of one-time sleepy Queens, New York. From Run-DMC to Nas, you'll learn how the borough became a hip-hop hotbed complete with real-life gangsters.

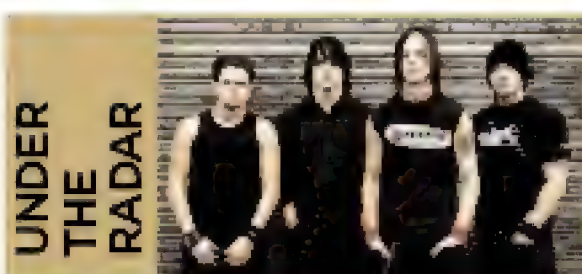
Thru My Eyes: Thoughts on Tupac Amaru Shakur in Pictures and Words, by Gobi (Simon & Schuster)

If you're a fan, check out this incredibly intimate book on the late, much beloved rapper. It contains previously unpublished photos of Tupac that were taken by one of his closest friends.



The Story of Insane Clown Posse, by Lou G. Stone (Omnibus Press)

They've been touted as one of the worst bands in rock. Read Stone's account of these face-painting guys from the Motor City and you may change your mind. Or maybe you'll just discover the reason why they suck so hard.



Tons of places worldwide have metal-infused hardcore scenes. Wales isn't one of them. That hasn't deterred **BULLET FOR MY VALENTINE**, the country's latest hard-rock group. The rib cage-vibrating screams on their newest record, *The Poison*, could frighten the likes of Dimmu Borgir. Their gritty guitars are reminiscent of metal's heyday, when bands like Cradle of Filth and Iron Maiden ruled headbangers' stereos. The U.K. has already fallen for this feisty band, and it looks like we're next.



REVIEWS



Yellowcard

Lights and Sounds, (Capitol) ★★★★★

Though it opens like the beginning of a Broadway musical or a romantic Hollywood film with tender piano and strings, after two minutes the album cuts away to straight-up, headbanging rawk. Instead of abandoning this classical sound after "Three Flights Up," the band weaves it throughout the record, funneling in horns on "Two Weeks From Twenty" and taking advantage of Sean Mackin's

impressive electric violin at the start of "Waiting Game." Though most of *Lights and Sounds* is as pop-punky as Ocean Avenue, a handful of the songs carry more bite than anything we've heard from the band yet. Whether this newfound introspection is a result of lead singer Ryan Key and bassist Pete Mosely moving to New York, or Yellowcard losing founding guitarist Ben Harper last year (much to the chagrin of many of their fans), the change is reflected in the guitar work and Key's lyrics.

Penthouse Pick: "Lights and Sounds"

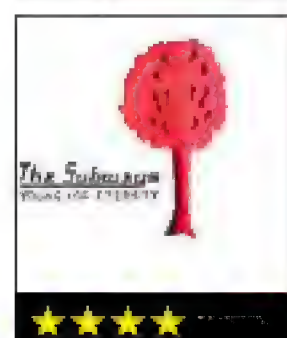
NOTABLE MENTIONS

Belle & Sebastian
The Life Pursuit
(Matador)

Bleeding Through
The Truth
(Trustkill)

Audio Bullys
Generation
(Astralwerks)

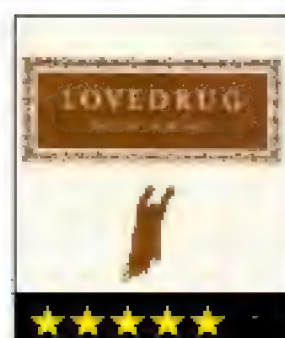
Your girlfriend might like:
The Derek Trucks Band
Songlines
(Columbia)



The Subways

Young for Eternity
(City Pavement/
Infectious
Records)

Grunge meets punk in this Nirvana-inspired debut. Summer love and everything else from high school you tried to forget come together for anyone who wants to avoid adulthood like the plague.—
Ariella Monti



Lovedrug

Pretend You're Alive
(Militia/
Columbia)

Lovedrug is our new addiction. Check out this critically praised band, whose record offers a new spin on alternative rock with tracks like "Rocknroll" and displays its affection for Radiohead on softer songs like "Radiology."



Mudhoney

Under a Billion Stars
(Sub Pop)

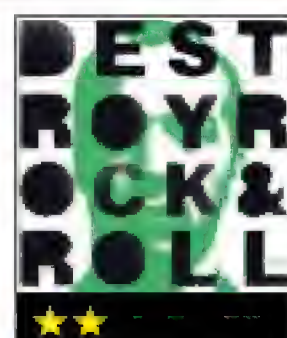
This CD from these nineties superstars chugs along with a distinctive post-punk sound that feels like a blend of Sonic Youth and the Doors. Their focus on instrumentation and layered solos brings them into the twenty-first century.



Say Anything

... Is a Real Boy
(Doghouse/J
Records)

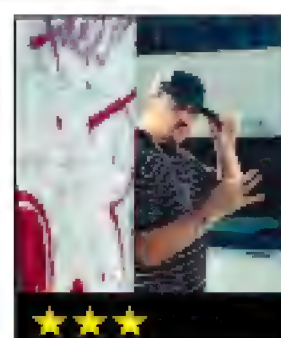
Rock and electronica. Emo and humor. These combinations don't usually work well together, but Say Anything pulls off a rock opera that takes unexpected turns. They're not Green Day, but in the end, it's pleasant to listen to.



Mylo

Destroy Rock & Roll
(Breastfed/
SonyBMG)

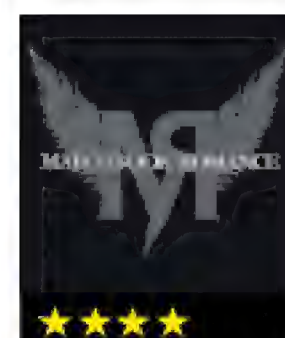
We adored the ambient songs and hooky dance grooves of "Musclecars," but the frequent song pauses and funky remixes of classic dance songs made us wonder if there was something wrong with our stereo.



Bubba Sparxxx

The Charm
(Purple Ribbon)

Sparxxx convinced his friends the Ying-Yang Twins and Petey Pablo to lend their skills to his third record, which swings from amped-up club songs to introspective tunes. We just wish the rapper had taken a few more risks with the beats.



Matchbook Romance

Voices
(Epitaph)
They're known for a sound that bridges emo and pop-punk. On their sophomore effort, they manage to also incorporate a dark, goth-influenced sound (à la another band with "Romance" in their name, My Chemical Romance).

50 Ways to Fill Your iPod Player



50. Yo La Tengo
"The River of Water"

49. Ken Boothe
"Ain't No Sunshine"

48. Madball
"Can't Stop, Won't Stop"

47. Lunachicks
"E.D.G.A.R."

46. Booker T. & the MG's
"Day Tripper"

45. Love & Rockets
"Holiday on the Moon"

44. Bad Brains
"Big Takeover"

43. Devendra Banhart
"Pumpkin Seeds"

42. Mum
"We Have a Map of the Piano"

41. Dinosaur Jr.
"In a Jar"



40. Rasputina
"Antique High Heel Red Doll Shoes"

39. Fela Kuti
"Mr. Follow Follow"

38. L7
"Cat-o'-Nine-Tails"

37. Candiria
"Temple of Sickness"

36. Keane "The Way You Want It"

35. Miles Davis
"Round About Midnight"

34. Brendan Benson
"You're Quiet"

33. Nortec Collective
"Tijuana Makes Me Happy"

32. Patsy Cline
"Walkin' After Midnight"

31. Bikini Kill
"Rebel Girl"

30. Louis Armstrong
"What a Wonderful World"

29. H2O
"I See It in Us"

28. Bauhaus
"Bela Lugosi's Dead"

27. Tom Waits
"Kommienzuspedt"

26. Bobby Darin
"Mack the Knife"

25. Rancid
"Rwanda"



24. Bad Religion
"21st Century (Digital Boy)"

23. Jean Grae
"A-Alikes"

22. The Prodigy
"Jericho"

21. The Charlie Daniels Band
"The Devil Went Down to Georgia"

20. Lamb of God
"Purified"

19. Dizzee Rascal "Fix Up, Look Sharp"



18. Carole King
"I Feel the Earth Move"

17. Afrika Bambaataa
"Planet Rock"

16. Pavement
"Cut Your Hair"

15. Fall Out Boy
"Homesick at Spaco Camp"

14. Cat Power
"I Don't Blame You"

13. Dead Kennedys
"Too Drunk to Fuck"

12. Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
"Babe, You Turn Me On"

11. Rancid
"Ruby Soho"

10. Willie Nelson "Each Night at Nine"

9. Lyrics Born
"Bad Dreams"

8. Peaches
"Fuck the Pain Away"

7. Bloc Party
"Banquet"

6. The Detroit Cobras
"Weak Spot"

5. Flogging Molly "Drunken Lullabies"

4. It's a Beautiful Day
"White Bird"



3. Spoon
"I Turn My Camera On"

2. The Bouncing Souls "Kate Is Great"

1. Pixies
"Wave of Mutilation"



From Operation Ivy and Agnostic Front to Interpol and the Hives, independent music has always caught the ear of the discerning listener. I've found that some of my favorite albums are the ones recorded for independent labels. Though I often ~~know~~ ^{know} their are always gems on these "indie" recordings. So take a minute to check out my 50 choices from eMusic, and fill your iPod* with awesome music that will convince all your friends you're in the know.

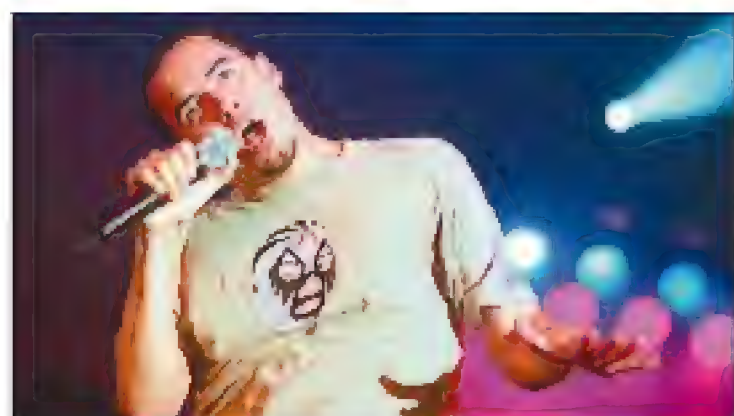


emusic

Fill your iPod* player with 100% independent music. To get 50 free downloads, visit www.emusic.com/ph



COLLECTOR OF THE MONTH



Toy Master

» Fans may know **Douglas "S.A." Martinez** for his rhyming and scratching in 311, but this tough guy is a kid at heart.

What kind of toys do you collect?
Shogun Warrior toys. In Japan they're called Jumbo Machinders, and they're made by Poppy. I haven't gotten one in a few years, but I have about 20 of them.

That doesn't sound like very many.
There are about 50. I started collecting them in the early nineties. We were in New York and I saw them in a shop, and I remembered that I had one as a kid. It made me want to get them again. I get them through eBay and Yahoo! Japan.
What's it like to bid on Japanese sites?

I have to go through a middleman because I don't speak or type Japanese. Once, I bid \$2,000—and I lost.

Ouch.

I know. The most I ever paid for one was \$1,000.

Which one is your favorite?

There's one called Daimos that is one of the harder ones to get. He's really cool. In America his front plate was just a sticker that you put on, but in Japan he had a whole piece that was molded for the chest plate.

Are they in boxes all over your house?

No, they're out of the boxes in a studio in my house. Some were in my basement. We had a lot of water near my house in California and the basement got some moisture, so I lost a few boxes.

Do 311 fans often talk to you about your toys?

No ... well ... I did go over to one person's house to see their collection. I think we started talking on a message board, and he ended up coming to a show. He brought his friend who was selling some, so I went over and checked them out.

Do you want to collect all 50?

I used to be really crazy about getting all of them, but now I just want specific ones because I'm running out of room.

Which one do you really want?

Danguard Ace. He's pretty bitchin'. I would make room for him.

ROCK PARTY

Use the top four tips we've culled from Hollywood scenesters on how to throw a celeb-worthy spring-break party!

DO:

Entertain your guests.

DON'T:

Do that by putting insects up your nose.

FUN FACT:

Ozzy Osbourne loved to party. According to legend, while the Prince of Darkness was raging with Mötley Crüe, he asked guitarist **Nikki Sixx** for a "bump." Sixx gave him a straw and, to his surprise (or, as we suspect, lack of surprise), Ozzy walked over to a group of ants and snorted them.

Make sure your guests get home safely.

Give out handguns as parting gifts.

Everyone was having a blast at **Ja Rule's** 2004 holiday party, until two men were blasted while they were leaving. Though one victim eventually recovered from the gunshot wound in his stomach, the other died hours after the party.

Invite all of your friends.

Invite Diddy.

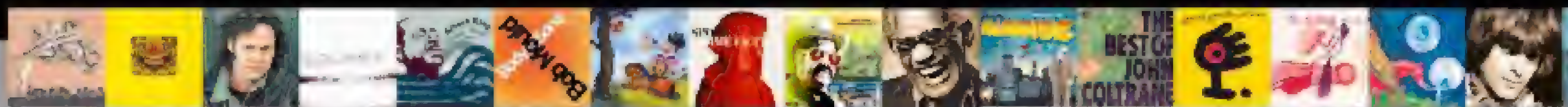
In 2002, **Diddy** threw a party at Cipriani in New York City. The invite read, "If your shoes are scuffed, you're going to have a problem. If you're wearing jeans, you're on the wrong track." Apparently, **Ethan Hawke** didn't pay attention. The star was turned away because his appearance wasn't up to the Bad Boy CEO's standards.

Come up with an original theme for your party.

Scare the shit out of your guests.

For his MTV Video Music Awards after-party in 2004, the award-winning **Usher** hired animal trainers and acrobats. Daredevils flipped over guests and swung across the Miami Shore Club's pool, while giant cats, including a panther, strutted around the party.





MUSIC THAT'LL MAKE YOU WEEP. AND NOT THE WAY BOY BANDS DO.

You'll find the largest collection of amazing independent artists at eMusic. You can download titles for just 25 cents and it all works with your iPod® player. And right now receive 50 free songs, which you get to keep forever just for checking out the site. eMusic. Over one million songs that'll have you crying, for more.

GET **50 FREE SONGS** FOR CHECKING OUT EMUSIC.COM/RAY

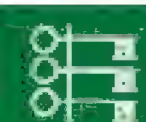
#1 Site for Independent Music



emusic.



Works with your iPod® player. ©Copyright eMusic.com, Inc. 2005. eMusic is a registered trademark of eMusic.com, Inc. All Rights Reserved. iPod® is a registered trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. Apple is not a partner or sponsor of eMusic.



DIAL-UP DIVERSIONS



Thumb Wars

» When mobile gaming first started, we couldn't have cared less. Our **LCD phone** display reminded us of the original Game Boy, and since we're not into puzzle games, the idea of having *Bejeweled* at our fingertips excited us about as much as getting a holiday fruitcake. But after a few years the graphics improved, and phone games became better suited to hard-core gamers. So what's the future of **handheld action**? Glad we asked.

PHONETASTIC!

Make sure your mobile device can hang with the latest software.

Here are some of our favorites:

LG VX9800 Verizon Wireless

Verizon's V Cast gives you instant access to tons of 3-D games and other multimedia content, like sports, weather, and movie trailers. The qwerty keyboard makes texting feel natural.

Nokia N91 Nokia

Now that Nokia is giving all its phones access to N-Gage titles, it's worth picking up the newest model. The N91 lets you play audio files (use a USB connection to transfer them from your computer), and the four-GB hard drive gives you plenty of room for games.

V604SH Vodafone

The crisp, 2.4-inch screen and embedded Motion Control Sensor that responds to hand movement make this phone great for gaming, and the 3.2-megapixel camera is nothing to balk at. The device is currently only available in Japan, but it should arrive in the U.S. early this year.



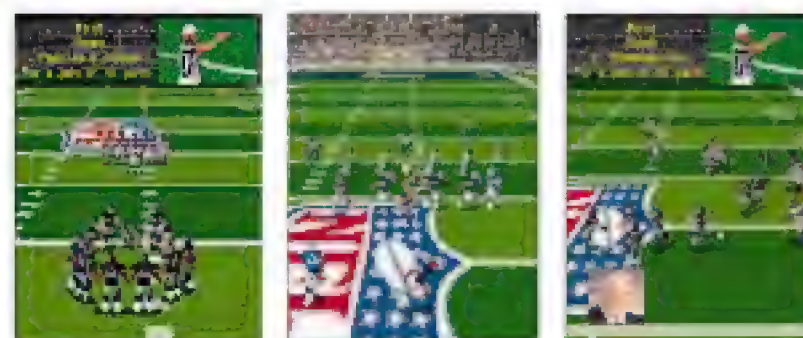
DOWNLOAD THIS!

Yes, you'll have to get over the single-finger controller. But once you do, here are games worth shelling out the dough for:



PAC-MAN (Namco)

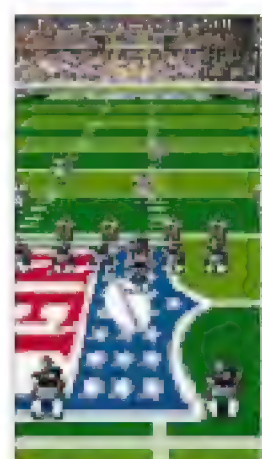
Classics never get old—even after 26 years. Chase down ghosts, eat pellets, and race after food like cherries and pretzels while you're stuck on the subway.



MADDEN NFL 06

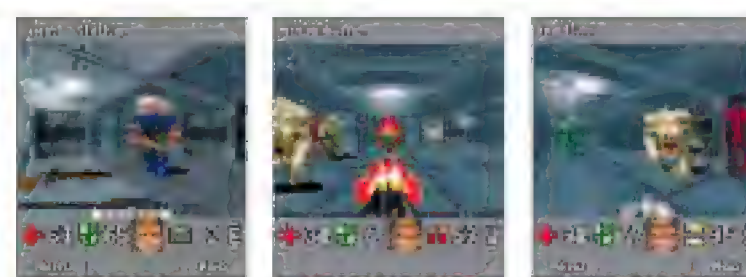
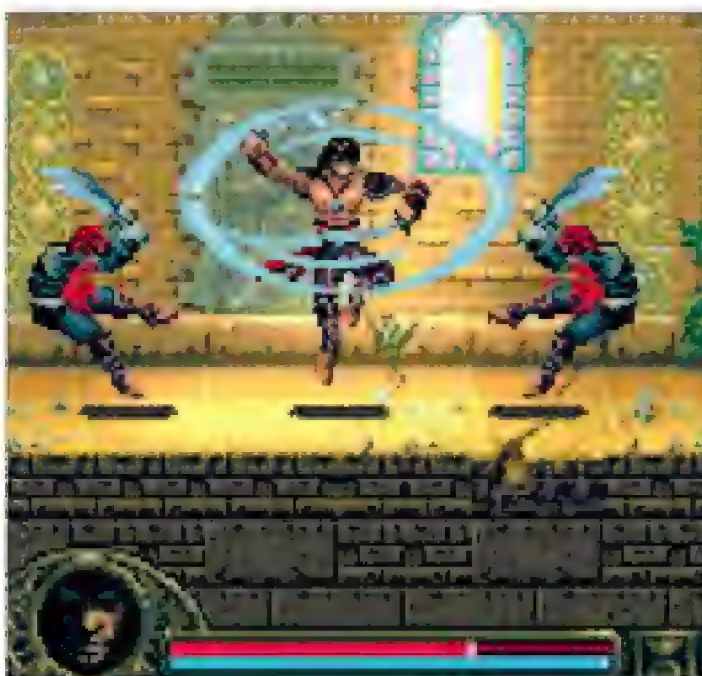
(EA Sports)

Now you can play *Madden* on the street without a PSP. One mobile bonus: This version doesn't have the "vision stick," that obnoxious quarterback control that has been frustrating console gamers.



PRINCE OF PERSIA: WARRIOR WITHIN (Gameloft)

In the third title for the mobile-phone series, the Prince is stronger and has acquired more time-manipulating powers. They help when you're being pursued by swarms of enemies.



DOOM (Jamdat)

Our favorite old-school splatter-fest. Armed with the BFG and eight other weapons, you'll be able to blow holes in gruesome imps and demons through ten dangerous levels.

HALO (In-Fusio)

Simply the best first-person shooter out there. No patience in the waiting room? A few rounds of wasting aliens with your giant gun will make you feel better about health care.



THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

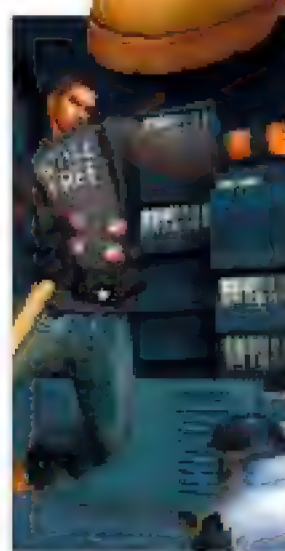
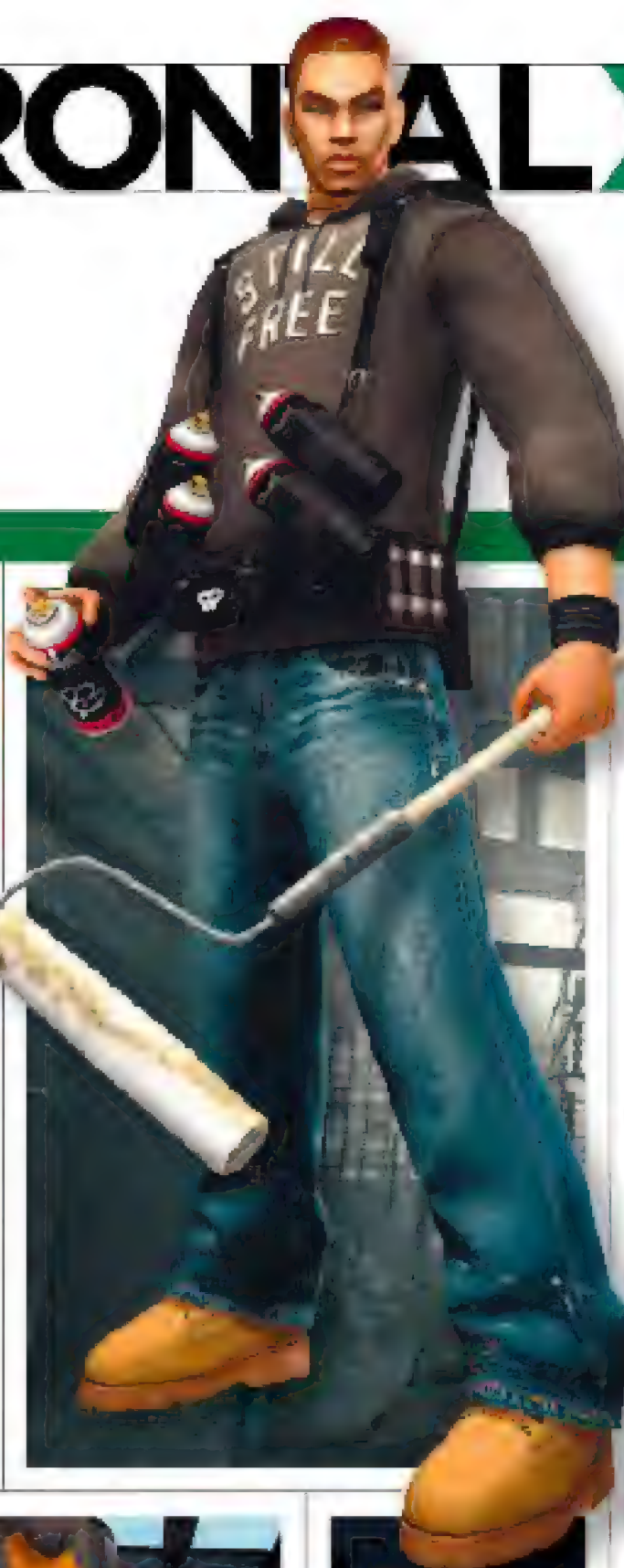
Why all the buzz about mobile gaming now? These three major innovations are turning our cell phones into portable arcades.

MULTIPLAYER: You talk to friends on your handset, so why not play them? New multiplayer networks allow subscribers to compete simultaneously against real people.

3-D TITLES: You might love *Tetris*, but wouldn't you rather be playing *Doom*? The development of 3-D gaming is bringing first-person shooters into the mobile-gaming fold.

BETTER GRAPHICS: You can actually see the screen now. As screen size and clarity have increased, mobile-game graphics and gameplay have become more sophisticated.

BEST IN SHOW



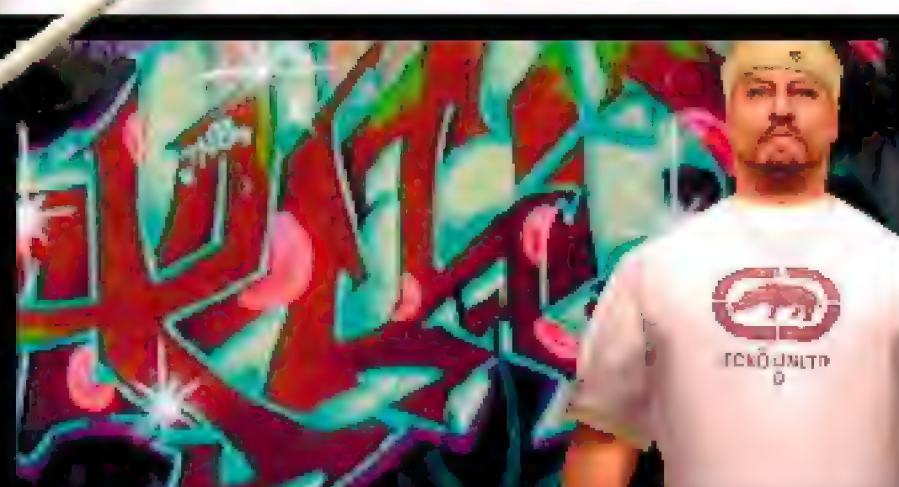
★★★★★

>> Marc Ecko's Getting Up

(PS2, Xbox, PC, PSP) Atari

Graffiti is usually illegal. That's why it's surprising that 65 graffiti artists, including Cope 2, T-Kid 170, and Shepard Fairey, came out of hiding to assist fashion designer Mark Ecko with his first game. By doing so, they added street cred to the first title strictly devoted to underground art.

You play as Trane (voiced by rapper Talib Kweli), an up-and-coming graf artist who has to prove he's worth the cans he's carrying without getting arrested or beaten down by a rival gang. Admittedly, this storyline doesn't break new gaming ground. The difference is in the gameplay. You get points for throwing pieces up on bridges and buildings. The higher they are, the bigger your rep. To be successful, you'll not only have to master your fighting skills to dissuade rivals, but also perfect your fancy footwork to successfully scamper over skinny ledges and railings to your goal. With intuitive controls and a great soundtrack, *Getting Up* is one of this winter's hot titles.



Spray Day

What's life really like for a graffiti artist? Just ask the legendary T-Kid 170.

What part do you play in *Getting Up*?

I'm one of the characters. All the graffiti artists have a true-to-life component that they [pass on to Trane]. In my case, it's my style of letters.

Letters?

I [have] a unique style that's viewed as one of the best around. I do my name and bring in everything else that I do. Once [Trane] learns that, he can do murals and bust out a style of letters at the same time.

Where are your favorite places to work?

I run around the Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, and all over Europe. I go to places and see walls that are really messed up, and ask for permission to do their walls.

How do you earn respect in the graffiti world?

You have to put your name up everywhere. When they were going to knock a building down, we'd start painting inside the building or paint the next building over. Once they knock it down, there's your name. We also used to climb down onto bridges and paint. You have to be an acrobat to do a lot of this stuff. You really got to have nerves of steel.

Do you get an adrenaline rush from it?

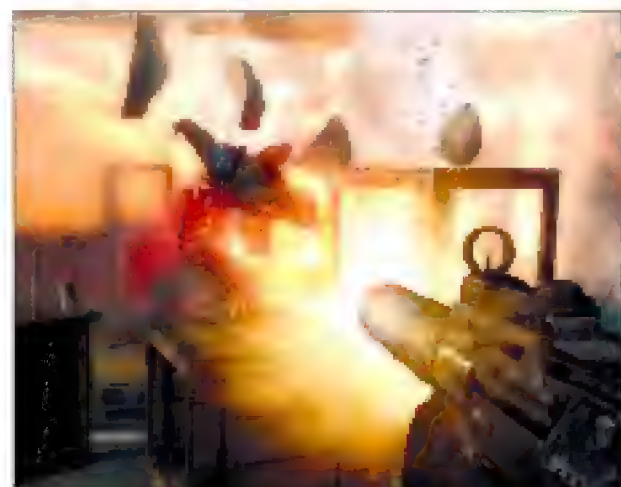
When we used to do the trains, you never knew when a cop was going to pop up. Your heart is beating. You smell the steel. It's an incredible feeling to be able to go into a yard or a tunnel and paint your name, knowing you only have so much time. You just keep challenging yourself: "What can I do? What can I get away with?"

Have you done anything really crazy?

One time we were raided by, like, 40 cops. As I'm running with the cops right behind me, I'm stopping and tagging, "T-Kid was here."

Read more about T-Kid 170 in *The Nasty Terrible T-Kid 170*, out now.

REVIEWS

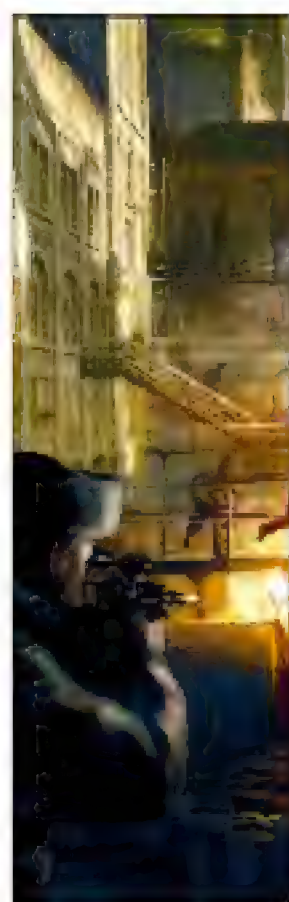
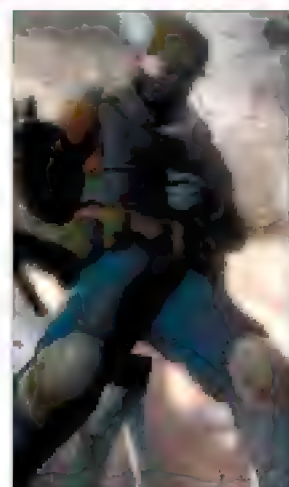


★★★★★

BLACK

(PS2, Xbox) EA

Screw covert missions. In *Black* (developed by the Burnout team), you get points for creating over-the-top explosions, Jerry Bruckheimer-style. Not only are the environments destructible, but you can use them to your advantage. Go ahead and kill your enemies by exploding a nearby car or dropping a sign on their heads—you'll see your score soar! Why stalk your adversary when you can just blow him up with a rocket launcher?



★★★★★

STACKED

With **DANIEL NEGRENEAU**

(Xbox, PS2, PC, PSP) Myelin

Stacked is a bit different from other poker titles. For starters, it's equipped with the smartest A.I. (known as Poki) to date in a poker game, which comes into play when you go head-to-head with pros like Daniel Negreanu in single-player mode. What really hooked us was the online play. If you play well enough, you'll have the chance to actually play against the game's stars in online tournaments.



★★★★

COMMANDOS STRIKE FORCE

(PS2, Xbox, PC) Eidos

In most military-based titles, the action involves tactically employing your squad from a third-person perspective. In the latest addition to the *Commandos* series, the WWII environment is familiar, but because it's a first-person shooter, you're more immersed in the action. Still aching for traditional *Commandos* gameplay? Go online and play against up to eight other gamers in a variety of modes, including deathmatch and sabotage.

USE YOUR THUMBS

» Our Favorite Handheld Games



METAL GEAR ACID 2
(PSP) Konami

We were skeptical that *Metal Gear Solid* would translate as a card game in which you build your deck similar to *Magic: The Gathering*. Not only did it succeed, but it inspired a sequel. This time, Solid Snake takes on a military company with twice as many cards as he had in the original. Unlock more by defeating former MGA bosses.



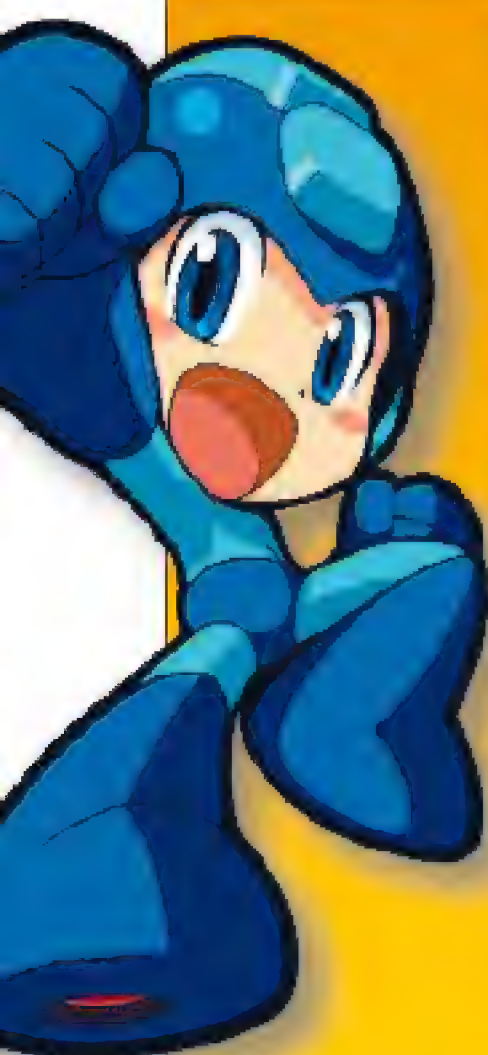
MEGA MAN POWERED UP
(PSP) Capcom

This remix of the original *Mega Man* brings a retro quality to the PSP, with its side-scrolling, two-dimensional style. Make your robotic enemies explode as you pummel through eight boss-controlled worlds before facing off against crazed scientist Dr. Wily. Hard-core fans will enjoy building their own levels and playing as any of the boss robots.



SCURGE: HIVE
(DS, GBA) Origin

When an alien race with a spelling problem invades Jenosa Arma's planet, the bounty hunter is determined to get them the hell off her world. Packed with puzzles and platform-style action, the game is fun, but you'd better save the world before Jenosa's rising infection meter fills up, or the parasite living in her blood will take over.



PACINO VS. PACINO

Grudge Match

This winter, a legendary mobster family goes up against a notorious gangster to see who's got the biggest *cojones*. Here's our bookie's idea of who might gain the upper hand.

**SCARFACE:
THE WORLD IS YOURS**
(VIVENDI UNIVERSAL)

**THE
GODFATHER**
(EA)

• CASTING •

The game won't feature Al Pacino's voice (just his likeness), but James Woods, Michael Rappaport, Cheech Marin, and Steven Bauer lent their voices to the title.

Many of the film's original actors, including Robert Duvall and James Caan, returned for the video-game adaptation. Marlon Brando's voice-over work had to be cut when he died.

Upper Hand: *The Godfather*. Even without Pacino and Brando, the game has a deep connection to the original masterpiece.

• AWARDS •

The 1983 film was nominated for three Golden Globes, has more "fucks" than most flicks, and is embraced by the hip-hop community worldwide.

The 1972 film won three Academy Awards, including Best Picture.

Upper Hand: *The Godfather*. Though Brian De Palma does fine work, nothing can deny *The Godfather*.

• SCRIPT •

Though the third-person shooter begins with the film's climactic ending, you'll play crazed gangster Tony Montana. Explore what might have happened if Montana hadn't died during that scene.

As a small-time mobster in the famed Corleone family, you dream of becoming the head of your own crime family. At key moments, you'll play a part in the legendary storyline.

Tie: *The Godfather's* faithful movie plot and *Scarface's* fan-fiction version are both enjoyable.

• HITS •

To climb back to his previous position of power, Montana has to launder money, smuggle cocaine, and, of course, shoot his enemies with a very large gun.

Bribing the police, throwing Molotov cocktails, and offing those who get in your way are part of the routine. But don't go overboard with the violence because you'll get arrested or erased.

Upper Hand: *Scarface*. If we didn't want to act like a cold-blooded killer, we wouldn't be playing a gangster title.

• QUOTE •

"Say hello to my little friend!"

"I'm going to make him an offer he can't refuse."

Upper Hand: *Scarface*. The phrase can be used in almost any conversation.

• MERCHANDISE •

We have this T-shirt with Al Pacino's face on it.

If you can't live without your very own severed horse head, drop by Kropserkel.com and pick up one for \$70.

Upper Hand: *The Godfather*. Until they come out with a Tony Montana-brand M-14 machine gun, all we get is this lousy T-shirt.

Winner: *The Godfather, 3-2*. The Cuban gangster may be more violent, but just blowing people away doesn't make you a made man.

HACK THE SYSTEM



Though *not* sanctioned by Sony, one of the cooler things your PSP can do is play homemade games. To do this, you have to convince your operating system it's running on version 1.50. Here's your guide to downgrading your PSP from 2.0 to 1.50 without turning it into a brick.

1. Find a reliable site and download the 1.50 downgrade for the 2.0 firmware.
2. Unzip the file. It may be detected as a virus by your virus scanner. Don't sweat this.
3. Open the PSP root menu, *not* the PSP folder located in this file. Copy INDEX.DAT and H.BIN into it. It is *very* important that you copy them to the root menu.
4. Go into PSP/PHOTO. Copy OVERFLOW.TIF here.
5. Go into PSP/GAME. Make a folder called UPDATE. Open this folder, and copy EBOOT.PBP here.
6. Disconnect the USB cord. Plug the AC adapter into your PSP.
7. Under the photo icon, highlight (no need to click) OVERFLOW.TIF.
8. Wait a full minute, then turn off your PSP. Make sure it fully shuts down.
9. Restart your PSP.
10. Under the game icon, click on the 1.50 update. Follow the onscreen prompts.
11. Be prepared for it to crash when it hits 99 percent complete. Turn off your PSP.
12. Restart your PSP. When you see the error screen, press "O." The PSP will restart.
13. Find the emulators for the systems you want. Download their ROMs, all of which should play on the PSP.

Keep in mind that Sony doesn't condone hacking your system, so doing this is going to void your warranty. Also, Sony continuously updates its firmware, so you'll need to keep downloading new downgrades.

DIGITAL VIXEN



Name:	Mai Shiranui
Alias:	Ninja Babe
Birthday:	January 1
Home:	Ja• an
Height:	5'4"
Measurements:	34-22-36
Turn-on:	Beating u• men
Turnoff:	S• iders
Hobbies:	Cooking, battledore, and shuttlecock
Combat style:	Shiranui
Favorite accessories:	Fans and fire
See her in:	King of Fighters: Maximum Impact 2

Q&A

Rocket Man

Ever wonder what it's like to pop a **boner** in low Earth orbit? Astronaut **Mike Mullane** gets candid about interstellar decorum. By J. Rentilly

Most of us haven't experienced zero gravity. Is there anything on Earth that compares?

To be technically correct, astronauts are not weightless because there's no gravity. It's because we're falling with it. Maybe skydiving is close to the feeling, but there's nothing really that compares.

What's a day in the life of an astronaut like once you're in space?

You spend several hours loading computer software, checking out satellites, and doing your work. As far as down-time goes, we got an hour a day for exercise, half-hour for mealtime—though most people just grab a handful of cookies and sit at the window. I spent a lot of my sleep-allocated time looking out that window.

How do sparkling-clean bowels make for a good astronaut?

You get one chance when you're applying to be an astronaut to pass this exam. I wanted to make sure that when the doctor looked up my ass, he was going to need his sunglasses. I gave myself four enemas, when I was only supposed to do two. I didn't shit for two weeks, but it was a price I was willing to pay to be normal.

What are some of the physical consequences of space travel?

One thing that happens is space adaptation syndrome. It's vomiting, is what it is. Another major physiological change is spine lengthening. Our vertebrae are compressed here on Earth by gravity. I was an inch and a half taller in space than I am today. It takes, I'm told, two weeks for that to go away, and it can give you a pretty bad backache. We have a lot of blood and

fluid that's held in the lower parts of our body by gravity. In weightlessness, it gets more evenly distributed through your body, and it feels like an uncomfortable sense of eye-popping fullness in your head that is always there. The thing about that is, it gives you terrific boners in space. This Viagra effect will be good for space colonists one day. It also makes females' breasts larger.

When returning to Earth, do problems occur in the body?

When you come back, doctors tell

you that if you're in procreating mode, you should purge your sperm because it could be damaged by space radiation. They want you to start with a fresh load—Earth-made sperm—not something you took with you to space.

Tell me about peeing in space. What are the toilets like?

It's interesting to urinate in space into a vacuum cleaner. You basically wet-vac the tip of your penis. One of the guys proposed marriage to that urinal. By the way, urine dumps in space are spectacular. They freeze instantly, so they look like tracer bullets floating into space. It's really pretty to watch.

What's the most embarrassing part of the examination process?

In a pressure suit, you need something for urine collection. When you're getting measured for your suit, all these cute young girls with clipboards take your measurements. On a table, there are four different-size condoms. She says, "Try these on and tell me which one fits." You put it on, and the other end plugs into a one-way urine bag that wraps around your crotch and your waist. I tell people, "That girl has heard a lot of lies."



Does sex happen in space?

I don't think it's ever been done on a space shuttle. The best you could do is go into the air lock. But if you do that, everybody would know. Astronauts can't keep secrets. ☹️

EXPERT OPINION

John Hodgman, author of *The Areas of My Expertise*, shows how even you can create stunning works of hirsute majesty with this handy table of expert barber techniques.



下载地址: <http://www.pearsoned.com>

Name	Needed Equipment	Rate of Difficulty
Sand dunes	Dark shoes, sand, heavy bag, struts, long, smooth, beam	0.75
The Continental Machin	Machine gun with No. 1 and No. 2 magazines, mounted supports	0.5
Hardwood	Handie down, strong, strong, wooden beam, long, smooth, beam, long, smooth, beam	0.5



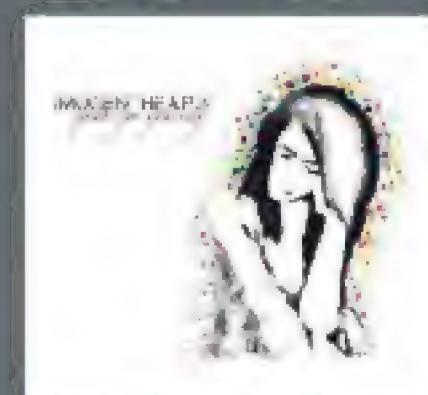
FIGURE 10
Admission
Strategy

Tree Vireo	Straight winged, well developed neck, and powerful, upright	86%
Tree Shrike	Longest necked, keelless head, long, thin wing claws, strong body, strong or other features	87%
Tree Sparrow	Long winged, strong, slender capped head with strong beak, strong, long, thin wing claws, and strong, long	86%

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Imogen Heap

» If you loved the soundtracks for *Garden State* or *The O.C.*, then you're already familiar with **Imogen Heap**. She's the feminine voice on Frou Frou's song "Let Go." Recently, Heap left the duo to pursue a solo career. After listening to her new album, *Speak for Yourself*, we agree that sometimes a little space *is* healthy.



We heard you had to refinance the mortgage on your apartment to pay for your record.

I did, and I'm really glad I did because it is going to pay off. Once I finished the record, I couldn't bear to hand it over to a major label. I wanted to have control, so I kept the ownership of the record, but I'm licensing it to RCA, who I absolutely love.

Does this have anything to do with your relationship with Island Records?

Yes, it was awful. In the begin-

ning, they promise you the world: "You're going to be the next big thing. We're going to put all our resources into you because we want you to be the flagship for our new label." Then Sugarbabes or whoever was getting more money put into them, and we could see that they weren't paying attention to us. If they're not into it or making the right videos, then people lose interest. Radio 1 is a big player in the U.K., and they didn't play our single. [Island] decided they



couldn't do any more with it. They left a message on my manager's answering machine, something like, "Well, you've probably heard the rumors, but we're not going to release the single. We don't think it's really working." That's when I decided that I didn't want to go through that anymore. I set up a label, and released my record in the U.K.

Garden State, The O.C., Shrek 2—what made you decide to get into soundtracks?

I think it was with *Garden State* [that] I realized a soundtrack could be [influential]. Then there are the *O.C.* guys. They're really creative with the music on the show, and they've become so essential to music.

You recorded your first record while in high school.

I'm very happy with that first record. Eight years down the line, I've worked with so many people, I really feel like I've found my sound. All credit goes to everything I've learned from Frou Frou. I'm really happy that at 27, I've managed to make a great album. It's a really unusual album. People will either think it's overcomplicated and has no songs, or think it's genius.

How do you know when a song is done?

Usually if I have no more time. Somebody said, "An artist's work is never finished; it's merely abandoned." I think there's a lot of truth in that on this record. I could have easily spent another four months on it. But once you've spent that long on a record, you start to dislike what you did the year before.

You recorded most of your samples?

I recorded everything on my own. My studio is by a train track, and I couldn't get a piano part [in] because all I could hear was [makes train sound] and the rumbling of the tracks. I said, "I'm just going to record the trains." At the end [of the song],

you can hear the trains passing. In "Hide and Seek," if you listen closely, you can hear what sounds like rain, but [it's] actually a frying pan.

Tell us about the limited-edition single you put out in the U.K.

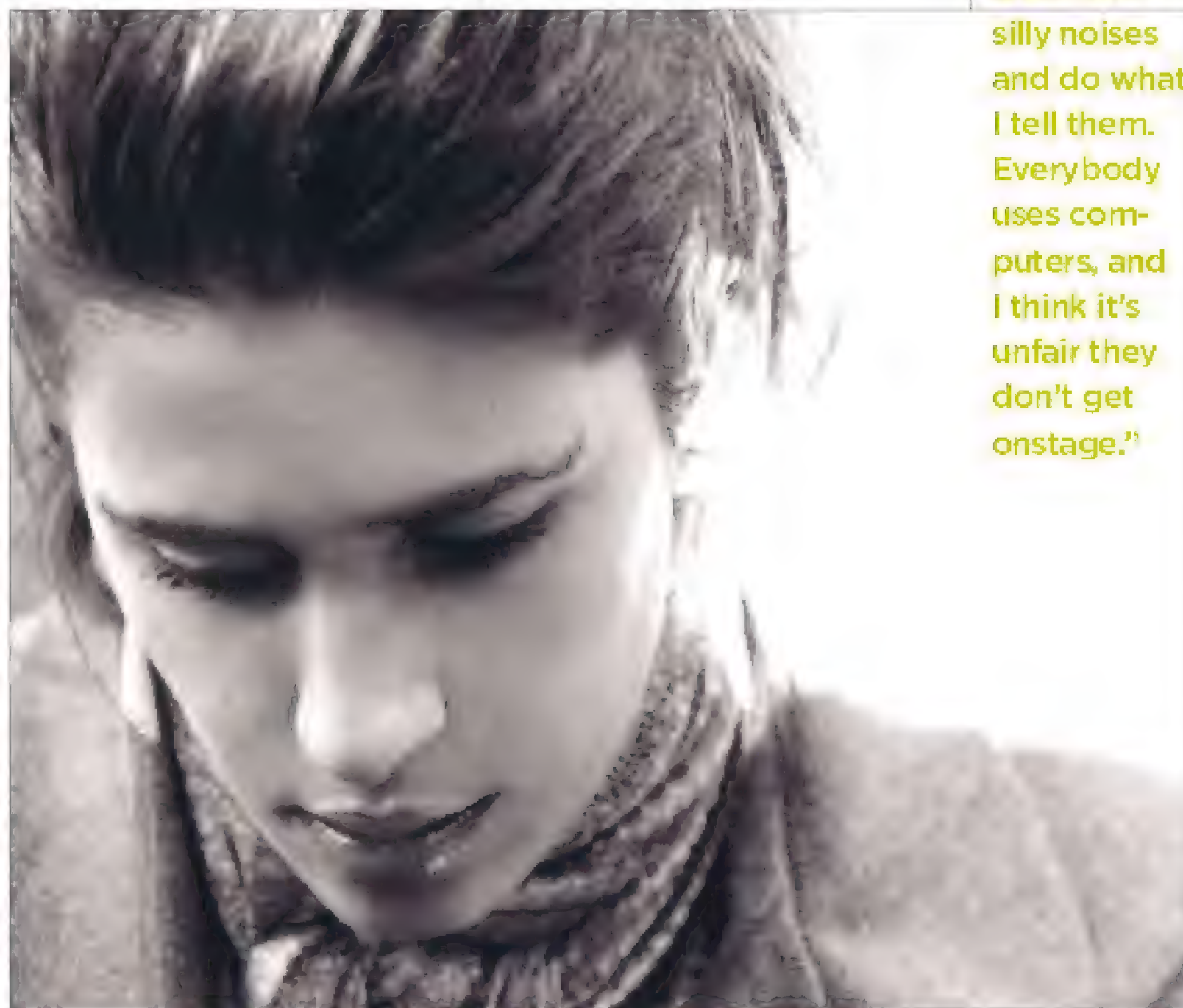
It has "Hide and Seek" on one side and an instrumental on the other, which is my first attempt at something classical and filmic.

head, I could program on the keyboard. So since the age of 12, I've been into programming music on computers. [When I was 17], I went to a school near London and studied music technology and engineering.

Are you handy with all electronics in general?

Yes. I love geeky toys. I love things that make silly noises and

"Since the age of 12, I've been programming music. I love geeky toys. I love things that make silly noises and do what I tell them. Everybody uses computers, and I think it's unfair they don't get onstage."



I have this new instrument that I bought in L.A. that's like a massively oversized thumb piano. It has five octaves and sounds amazing.

When did you first discover you wanted to produce music?

When I was 12 at boarding school. Every day I'd argue with my music master. He'd say, "Go make something difficult." He had this little nook, and in there was an Atari with this program called *Annotator* on it. I realized that anything that was in my

do what I tell them. Everybody uses computers, and I think it's unfair that they don't get onstage. At the moment it's just me and my toys, and there's only so much I can do on my own because I'm not playing a backing track.

What's time in the studio like?

I stop thinking about what's going on in the rest of the world and just deal with the studio when I'm doing my music. I'm completely selfish and I shut everyone out, but I have really great, understanding friends. ○+■

Well Versed in Thirst

Just Shoot Me

A spring without shooters is like a summer without Speedos. Preview some of the most popular spring-break destinations, two ounces at a time.

■ CALL A CAB

Wet Willie's
760 Ocean Drive
Miami Beach, Florida

South Beach may be known for its topless beaches and leggy models, but when it comes to the guys at Wet Willie's, they're more interested in your stagger than your catwalk. Call a Cab consists of only 153-proof grain alcohol. At the end of the night, you think you're hailing a taxi. To everyone else it sounds like, "I'll have another!"

■ HAWAIIAN PUNCH

Rumours Nightclub
410 Atkinson Drive
Honolulu, Hawaii

When night falls on the beaches of Honolulu, check out Rumours Nightclub, where you can taste *real* Hawaiian Punch (crème de almond, Southern Comfort, Smirnoff 100 proof, and pineapple juice). After a few, go ahead and hula ... we'll bring the camcorder.

■ LA CUCARACHA

Coco Bongo
9.5 Kukulkan
Cancún, Mexico

When traveling down to Mexico for the beautiful beaches and zesty taco stands, steer clear of prostitutes and policia in Cancún. Hit up Coco Bongo instead. La Cucaracha (Kahlúa, tequila, and water) is so authentic, you can be forgiven for staying at El Comfort Inn.

■ SLIPPERY DICK AND GORILLA FART

Howl at the Moon
8815 International Drive
Orlando, Florida

Tasty—even to the prudish—the Slippery Dick (Baileys Irish Cream and banana liqueur) and Gorilla Fart (Bacardi 151 and Wild Turkey) are two of our favorites from Orlando's Howl at the Moon. If neither appeals to you, the bar has a laundry list of original specialty shots.

■ DESERT SUNRISE

The Bikini Lounge
1502 Grand Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona

One of the top-ten spring-break destinations, Phoenix, Arizona, is where you'll find the Bikini Lounge. The tiki-themed bar's Desert Sunrise (DeKuyper Cactus Juice Schnapps and a splash of Rose's lime juice) makes the locals say, "Once you drink cactus, you never go back ... tus." Or something like that.

■ ASS JUICE

Double Down Saloon
4640 Paradise Road
Las Vegas, Nevada

You may avoid Indian food to spare yourself a fire down below, but this is one anal leakage you have to try. The bartenders at Double Down refuse to reveal what's in Ass Juice, but that's only because it varies. Five different spirits go into a shaker, but only one potent shot comes out.

Plan your trip around the parties!

BACARDI'S WINTER EXPERIENCE

If you head in the opposite direction for spring break, you'll come face-to-face with Bacardi's Winter Experience. Bacardi Girls coast the slopes in Park City, Killington, Mammoth Mountain, Vail, Breckenridge, and Mount Snow. Grab a snow bunny and Bacardi's signature "Snow-hito." Remember: Everything is tropical in a hot tub. Bacardi.com

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE AT THE MAUI FILM FESTIVAL

Movie lovers, try vacationing in Maui this spring. The Bombay Sapphire-sponsored Maui Film Festival will be at the Grand Wailea Resort Hotel & Spa. If you're thinking, *Why would I want to spend my time in a dark theater?*, relax: The flicks are screened outdoors. There's no \$10 popcorn—just Mauitinis, celebs, and paradise. MauiFilmFestival.com

■ **BEACH BALL**

Barefoot Bar & Grill
1404 Vacation Road
San Diego, California

Take a break in San Diego at the Barefoot Bar. Their specialty is the Beach Ball (Malibu Rum, blueberry schnapps, and pineapple juice). It's a fruity blend that goes perfectly with the impeccable weather and beautiful blonde locals.

■ **THE BULL AND THE BEAR**

The Exchange
1130 Main Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

No scratch for break? Stuck in the Midwest? Check out Cincinnati's hottest hangout, The Exchange. It's an oxygen, cocktail, and shot bar under one roof. Hit up the shot bar and slug some stock market-inspired creations, like the Bull (Bacardi O, Chambord, Red Bull, and sour mix) and the Bear (a caustic, secret recipe). Order them together for an insider deal.

■ **BIG MO SHOOTER**

Louie's Backyard
2305 Laguna Boulevard
South Padre Island, Texas

South Padre Island wouldn't be half as cool if it weren't for Louie's Backyard. Featuring a huge menu and eight bars, this ginormous bar/club refuses to let anyone have a bad time. Because everything is big in Texas, order the Big Mo Shooter (Baileys Irish Cream, Kahlúa, vodka, dark crème de cacao, amaretto, and Frangelico).

■ **MIND ERASER**

Antonio's Nut House
321 S. California Avenue
Palo Alto, California

Sure, you've heard of the Mind Eraser (Kahlúa, Vanilla Stoli, and club soda). But at Antonio's Nut House, this shot, sipped through a straw, is a masterpiece. The combination of slurping and shooting will both freeze and free your brain.



Rick DiPietro

The New York Islanders goalie hopes to lead the U.S. to hockey gold at the 2006 Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy, this month.

Will the 2006 Winter Olympics and the new NHL inspire more Americans to play hockey?

I think so. Hopefully, if the coverage is good for the Olympics and the American team does well, that will spur a lot of interest. And I've only gotten positive feedback from fans on the new NHL.

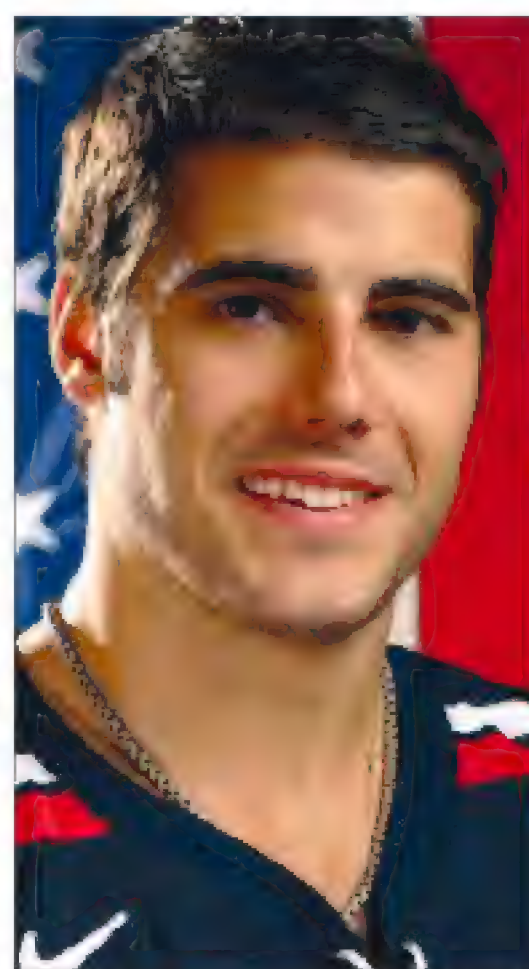
In the Olympics, who is the team to beat in men's hockey?

Having played against them

ey game is if you're watching a hockey game. So for a person who's not a hockey fan, you don't have much of a chance to see when games are on or who the players are—see their faces. In basketball, everybody knows Shaquille O'Neal. That's what draws people.

Czech right winger Miroslav Satan is a fellow Islander. How do you feel when you look at the back of his jersey and see that Satan plays for your team?

[Laughs] Man, it was a little weird at first. I think he's heard that for a long time, and the fans give it to him once in a while, especially in



be the winner and never the loser, then all of a sudden you're neither.

There's that old saying "A tie is like kissing your sister."

An ugly sister at that!

Does that expression make you uncomfortable?

I honestly don't know where it came from. I'm glad I don't have a sister, so I don't have to experience that.

Ron Greschner and Carol Alt. Wayne Gretzky and Janet Jones. Petr Nedved and Veronica Varekova. Why do hockey players get all the supermodels?

I don't know if that's true. I



"After a big win, I'll go to a restaurant and have a meal with the mask on so people will recognize me. Take away the mask and I'm nobody."

in the World Championships last summer, I say the Czech Republic is gonna be a tough team to beat.

What kind of kid decides to be a goalie?

Obviously, a troubled child. I always look back, and I just don't know why. At first it was the equipment—the cool mask, the pads. Plus, you got to be in the game for the entire time. You didn't have to change up or switch lines. Still, there's nothing like being a winger in the NHL.

What would you do to make the NHL more mainstream?

It has to be marketed on a more national level. I'm a big hockey fan, so I watch a lot of hockey. But if you're flipping through the channels on television, the only time you see a commercial for a hock-

Buffalo. I don't think anyone wants to mess around with him.

Are shoot-outs a good way to decide an NHL hockey game?

At this stage, I think so. We had one against Pittsburgh this season—18 shooters together, nine on each side—and I don't think one person in the entire arena was sitting down. It's great for the fans, and it gives the team an opportunity to leave the building with a sense of accomplishment. If they win, they get that extra point. But we won't have shoot-outs in the playoffs. Guys work too hard all year to get there, only to decide a game like that.

Shoot-outs are tough on goalies, but spotlight them at the same time.

It's a double-edged sword. You're the hero or you're the goat. There's definitely pressure on both sides, but as a goaltender you're facing that last shot, which means either win or lose. It's pretty nerve-racking with the fans watching you. When you're winning the shoot-outs, it's great. But when you're losing 'em, it's not the best position to be in, especially with the fans.

Do you miss ending games in a tie?

Not at all. I used to hate ending games in a tie. I would leave the rink thinking I just played 60 minutes of hockey, plus overtime, for no reason at all. It's like, *We just played this whole game and now it's—a tie. Why can't we keep playing so someone can win here?* You always want to

think only the hockey players who keep their real teeth get the supermodels.

Under the new NHL labor agreement, does the dental plan have special "bloody chiclets" coverage?

[Laughs] I haven't checked. I'll have to ask the guys on the team, seeing as a couple of them have lost some digits already. I'm lucky: I get to wear the mask.

Does the mask ever stay on after the game, Rick?

It depends. If I'm feeling a little freaky, I'll go home with it on. But most of the time, I take it off.

Any other occasions when it stays on?

After a big win, I'll go to a restaurant with the mask on so people will recognize me. Take away the mask and I'm nobody. ☐



**FREE
DVD!**
WITH ORDER*

AN OFFER
YOU DON'T WANT
TO PASS UP

**12 ISSUES
FOR ONLY
\$15.95**

At a savings of 84% off the newsstand, *Penthouse* has even more to offer. More coverage of sports, music, cars, video games, and health and fitness.

And of course, there's more of the beautiful women you expect from *Penthouse*. With a two-year subscription at \$29.95 you'll save even more – \$169!

Credit-card holders call toll-free:

1-800-455-2392

Visit us at

www.penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Canadian and foreign orders send \$38.95 (includes GST) for 12 issues. All payments must be in U.S. dollars and checks must be drawn on a U.S. bank. Annual price is \$99.88; regular subscription price is \$46. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. *Free DVD sent upon payment and is for U.S. residents only. Offer expires 5/31/06. PEN 6603BH

© 2005 General Media Communications, Inc.



We're looking for the hottest girls in America. Go to PenthouseModels.com



LOVE STORY

Stunning 21-year-old Sasha Love is sweet, easygoing, and ready for adventure. "I'm really into men who can surprise me," she says. "And men who can make me laugh as well."

Photographs by Earl Miller





"It would be a total turn-on if a guy figured out what I love and surprised me with all those things on a date," she adds. Here are some hints: lasagna, slow R&B music, and the Dallas Cowboys.





"I've always loved sex," Sasha tells us. "Just lying back and thinking about making love gets me tingly



with excitement all over. And if I fantasize about a guy who's really hot, I'm unbelievably wet in no time."





"Once, my lover
and I went to a late-night movie, and I sat on his lap, slid him inside, and
came so hard, I almost screamed," the 34C-25-36
hottie says. "We didn't get caught, but I loved the thrill of knowing we could."

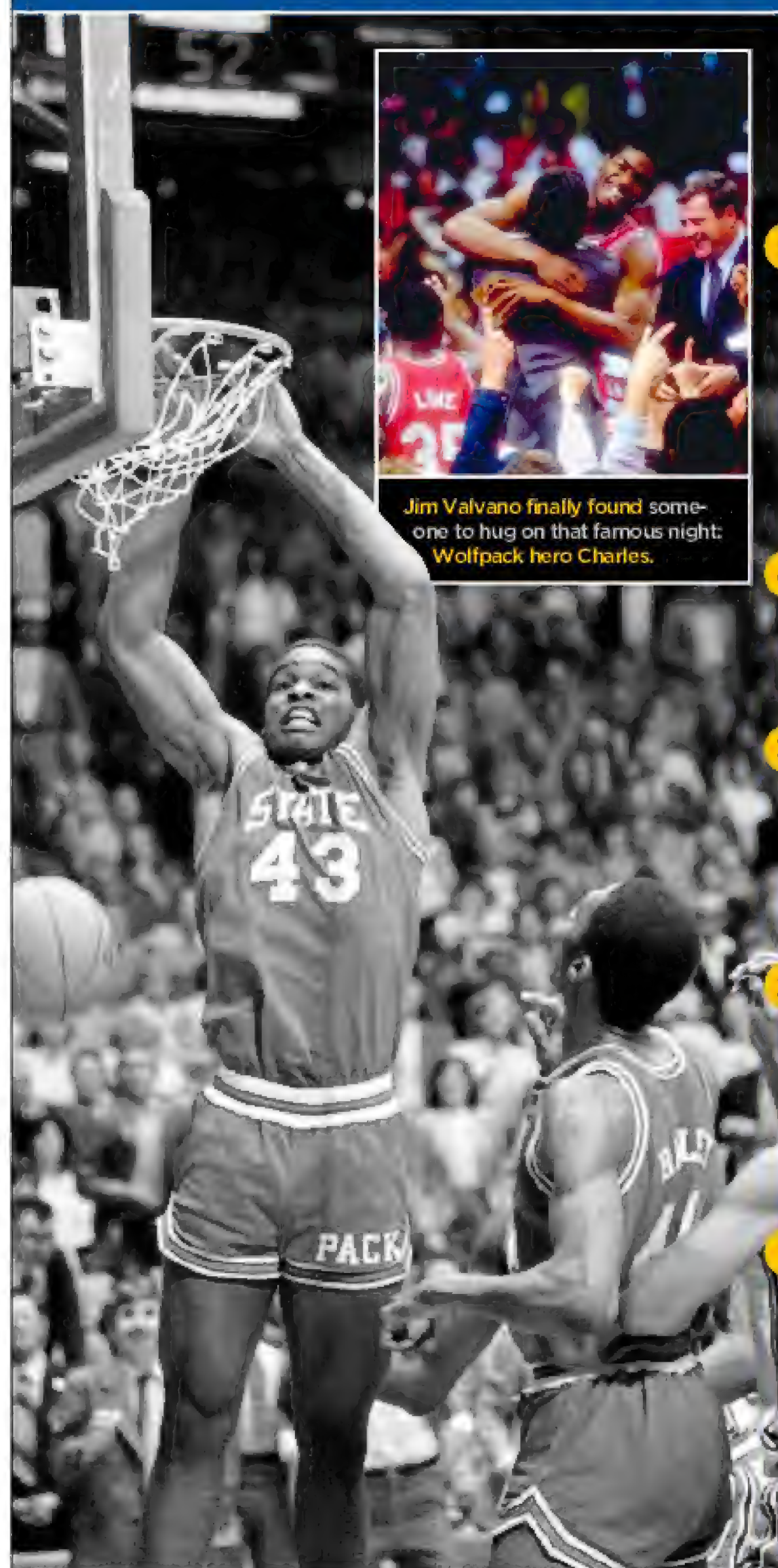


"My favorite thing to do when I'm stressed is take long walks on the beach," Sasha says. "I fantasize that a



boyfriend and I are making love as the waves wash against me." See more of Sasha's fantasies at Penthouse.com/sasha.

PENTHOUSE TOP 5 MARCH MADNESS BUZZER BEATERS



Jim Valvano finally found someone to hug on that famous night: Wolfpack hero Charles.

The NCAA men's basketball tournament is just around the corner. It's one of the top sports events for a number of reasons, including the heart-stopping finishes it always delivers. Here are the Top 5 in tournament history.

5. **Valparaiso 70, Mississippi 69, 1998, Midwest region, first round**—Jamie Sykes of 13th-seeded Valpo inbounds to midcourt, where Bill Jenkins makes a perfect touch pass to Bryce Drew, sprinting past him. It's a hardwood version of football's hook-and-ladder play, and Valpo has practiced it dozens of times, never thinking they'd actually use it. Drew stops right in front of his father, Homer—the Valpo coach—and pops a 23-foot three-pointer for the win over fourth-seeded Ole Miss.
4. **UCLA 75, Missouri 74, 1995, West region, second round**—Bruins guard Tyus Edney drives the length of the court in less than five seconds and makes a layup as time expires. The win propels UCLA to the third round, and they eventually win the tournament.
3. **Duke 104, Kentucky 103, 1992, East regional final**—Every sports fan has seen the replay countless times: His back to the bucket, Duke's Christian Laettner catches a 75-foot pass from Grant Hill with one second left in overtime. He dribbles, turns, and drains the game winner. But why didn't Kentucky guard the inbounds pass?
2. **Indiana 74, Syracuse 73, 1987, national final**—Keith Smart elevates in the corner and nails a 15-footer to give the Hoosiers the national championship. Narrating the replay for the television audience afterward, Smart mumbles something about being in the corner, and then, watching the basketball drop through the net, lets loose an emphatic "Bucket!" He doesn't need to say more.
1. **North Carolina State 54, Houston 52, 1983, national final**—The Wolfpack's Dereck Whittenburg heaves a desperation shot in the waning seconds. It's certain to fall short and take N.C. State's title hopes with it—until **Lorenzo Charles** plucks the ball out of the air and dunks it to give the Wolfpack the national championship over the mighty "Phi Slamma Jamma" Houston team, featuring Clyde Drexler and Akeem Olajuwon. Pandemonium erupts. State coach Jim Valvano charges around the court, looking for someone to hug.



HOT BUTTON: Is the Shoot-Out Good for the NHL?

The NHL introduced a full puck-bag of new rules following the lockout, including the shoot-out to break ties after overtime. We debate its merits.

YES: The NHL's new rules have done more to shake the league from the post-lockout doldrums than commissioner Gary Bettman himself could have hoped for, and the shoot-out is a huge part of that. First, the shoot-out gives hockey a guaranteed highlight on *SportsCenter* every night of the week. Second, and perhaps more important, *it eliminates ties*. Ties are hateful, Hollander. As you explore in your interview with New York Islanders goalie Rick DiPietro in this very issue of *Penthouse*, ties inspired the phrase "like kissing your sister." That expression is not only disturbing, it's also reserved solely to describe ties—it occurs in no other context in spoken English that I know of. That's how uniquely horrible ties are. Like records, ties are made to be broken. That's just what the shoot-out does—without hours of overtime.—J.B.

NO: Gee, what's next—pistols at 30 paces? The shoot-out is a cheap gimmick. It takes the game out of the players' hands. After skating hard and working his ass off for three periods, plus overtime, no player wants to decide the winner with a peewee practice drill. No matter how long it takes, you should *play* until you get a winner—this mandate is especially true in hockey.

The other option is to bring back hockey's banished jewel, the tie. True, it's commonly said that a tie is "like kissing your sister." But—and this shows how much you know, Bolster—in greater Saskatchewan and Finland's nocturnal region (two major hockey breeding grounds), kissing one's sister is a venerated custom.

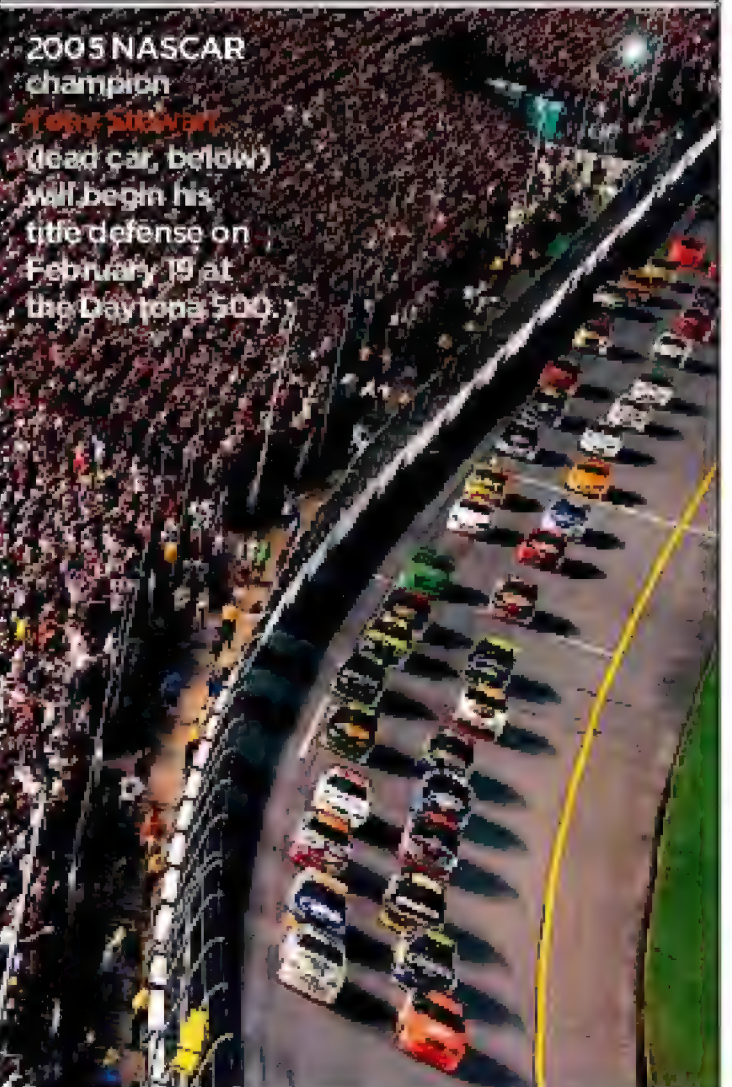
And it's far better than the shoot-out, which offends every player on the ice and taints hockey culture.—*Dave Hollander, author, 52 Weeks: Interviews With Champions! (Lyons Press)*

Sports IQ

Think you know sports? Test your knowledge, then stump your buddies with the questions.

1. Who was the last defensive player to be named Super Bowl MVP?
2. Who holds the single-game Super Bowl rushing record of 204 yards?
3. Who holds the single-game Super Bowl passing record of 414 yards?
4. In 1988, I won the Daytona 500 when I was 50 years, two months, and 11 days old, making me the oldest driver ever to win NASCAR's premier race. Who am I?
5. I led the 1961 Daytona 500 for 170 laps, but failed to win the race. Who am I?

2005 NASCAR champion
Tony Stewart
(lead car, below)
will begin his
title defense on
February 19 at
the Daytona 500.



ANSWERS: 1. Ray Lewis, LB, Baltimore Ravens, Super Bowl XXXV. 2. Timmy Smith, Washington Redskins, Super Bowl XXII. 3. Kurt Warner, St. Louis Rams, Super Bowl XXXIV. 4. Bobby Allison. 5. Edward Glenn "Fireball" Roberts.

Seven to Watch Come Tourney Time

While most college students are off binge drinking, competing in wet T-shirt contests, and having threesomes during spring break, a select few will be transforming themselves into household names during the NCAA basketball tournament. Here are seven potential breakout stars.—*Peter Schrag*



J. J. Redick,
senior,
Duke

The 2004–05 ACC Player of the Year, Redick is loved at home and despised on the road. Of course, opposing fans wouldn't ride him so much if he didn't have the most lethal jump shot in the college game. The Blue Devils senior holds the ACC record for most consecutive free throws (54), and averaged 21.8 points per game last season. There's one thing he doesn't have, though: an NCAA Championship ring.

Darius Washington Jr.,
sophomore,
Memphis

Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" will mean a lot to Darius Washington Jr. come March. In last season's Conference USA title game, the Memphis point guard missed two free throws that could have sent his team to the NCAA tournament. In a scene replayed far too many times, Washington collapsed to his knees and wept. Now he's out for vindication. There is no question that an NCAA title would free his mind.

Adam Morrison,
junior,
Gonzaga

He's got flowing brown hair, lives on the West Coast, and boasts the same last name. But no one compares Adam Morrison to the late Doors frontman. No, Adam is usually likened to Larry Bird, Kiki Vandeweghe, and Alex English. Morrison is a six-foot-eight small forward with a silky touch, and he can score inside, outside, and everywhere in between. This spring, he's aiming to end Gonzaga's recent NCAA tournament woes.

Dee Brown,
senior,
Illinois

Last year, Illinois came within five points of the national title. Twelve months later, they're considered only a sleeper. The familiar faces from last year are mostly gone: Deron Williams now starts for the Utah Jazz, Luther Head plays for the Houston Rockets, and Roger Powell Jr. graduated in May. But All-America guard Dee Brown remains, and don't be surprised if he carries the Illini deep into the tournament this year.

Marco Killingsworth,
senior,
Indiana

The six-foot-eight forward made a statement with 34 points and ten rebounds in an early-season loss to top-ranked Duke. Killingsworth had to sit out a season after transferring from Auburn, and he's been eagerly making up for lost time. Luckily for Indiana, sometimes one great player is all that a team needs to go all the way (See: Manning, Danny; Kansas, 1988; and Anthony, Carmelo; Syracuse, 2003).

Rudy Gay,
sophomore,
Connecticut

Last season, the six-foot-nine small forward slipped and fell during the final seconds of a loss to North Carolina State in the second round of the tournament. Wolfpack guard Julius Hodge stormed past Gay and scored the game-winning bucket. Still, Gay was a worthy recipient of *The Sporting News'* Freshman of the Year award, and he returns—older, wiser, and stronger—ready to make amends this year.

JamesOn Curry,
sophomore,
Oklahoma State

No player in the history of North Carolina high school basketball scored more career points than JamesOn Curry. Not David Thompson. Not Michael Jordan. The six-foot-three shooting guard averaged 40.2 points per game in his senior year. As a freshman at Oklahoma State last season, Curry averaged 15.2 points per game in three NCAA tournament games. He'll be the go-to guy in Eddie Sutton's offense this March.

Forbidden Sports Phrases of 2006

Sports announcers range from unlistenable (Paul Maguire, Joe Theismann) to serviceable (Jim Nantz, Phil Simms) to excellent (Al Michaels, John Madden). But whatever their aptitude, they're all guilty at one time or another of overusing stock phrases. We'd like to see the following utterances go the way of the single wing.

"Make plays" As in, "This guy just makes plays. What can you say?" Chekhov made plays, too, we hear.

"The — Nation" This one started with "the Raider Nation," picked up steam with "the Red Sox Nation" in 2004, and now it's completely out of control. Let's call a halt to nation-building.

"Step up," or any variation thereof As in, "The Spurs have a different guy stepping up every night." What, on the StairMaster?

"At the end of the day" At no time of the day is this one permitted anymore.

"Bulletin-board material" Do teams even have bulletin boards?

"Threw him under the bus" That's where the next guy who uses this one needs to go.

"Nasty" As used to describe a baseball pitcher's breaking ball. Time to retire it.

February Blues

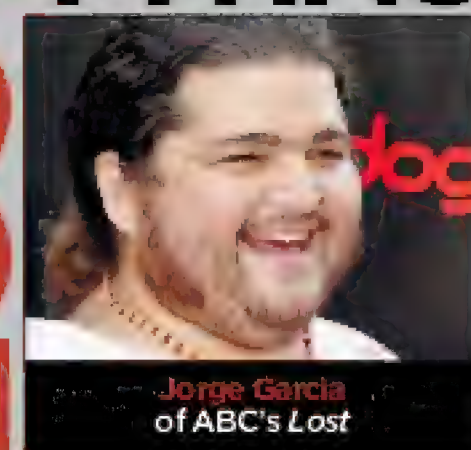
Sports fans often say that the post-Super Bowl, pre-baseball month of February is the **cruellest one on the calendar**. Desperate and despairing, many of them will go so far as to **wager on the Pro Bowl to get their sports fix in February**. It's pathetic and sad.

But take another look at this much-maligned month: The NFL seems to have permanently relocated the Super Bowl to February. This year it kicked off on the fifth. The NHL and NBA are in full swing during February, and each league stages its all-star game during the month. The Daytona 500 also launches in February, and this year the month features the Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy (see our preview in this issue). On top of all that, pitchers and catchers report to spring training in February, and yes, the Pro Bowl kicks off in Hawaii. You can bet on it. But why would you when there's so much else going on?

LONG TWIN



Tony Siragusa,
ex-NFL lineman



Jorge Garcia
of ABC's Lost



On the Record

"That's why you **don't let fans vote**.
Let them come to the game and clap."

—TNT commentator and former NBA All-Star
Charles Barkley, on the sometimes questionable
starters in the league's annual All-Star Game

Spring Break: Living Large

Are you ready to **graduate** from Ft. Lauderdale and the Padre Islands?

The following are the world's **top five beaches** awaiting big spring-break spenders.

1. China Beach, Danang, Vietnam: Remember the eighties television drama set on China Beach, where American GIs went for R&R during the Vietnam War? The real China Beach is even more gorgeous than the network version. It's 50 kilometers of pristine sand, with the nearby Marble Mountains looming dramatically over a gorgeous bay. Choose the luxury Furama Resort Danang, and order up a cold beer and grilled lobster on the beach.

2. Grace Bay Beach, Turks & Caicos Islands: Turks & Caicos is only an hour's flight from Miami, making it one of the easiest Caribbean destinations to reach. Grace Bay Beach, on the main island of Providenciales, features powdery sand that looks like sugar, and warm, azure water that is perfect for swimming, diving, and snorkeling. Take a

suite at the Grace Bay Club, or, if you want a private island, Parrot Cay Resort & Shambhala Retreat is just a boat ride away.

3. South Beach, Miami, Florida: A few years ago, naysayers proclaimed that Miami's Art Deco neighborhood had peaked. But the party hasn't stopped, and neither has the renovation of hotels, the construction of condos, the parade of models hoping for a movie contract, and the outdoor bars that rock 'til dawn. One of the world's largest beaches, South Beach has plenty of room for volleyball and topless bathers. Check into the Hotel Astor—away from the din of Ocean Drive—and dine at Prime 112.

4. Plage de Pampelonne, St. Tropez, France: The beach isn't wide, but it goes for kilometers and is the

scene for a whole lot o' livin'. About half of the sunbathers south of the Liberty Bar Restaurant are nude. Huge yachts anchor offshore near "clubs" that offer four-hour lunches of grilled seafood, ice buckets filled with fresh fruit, and magnums of champagne—which often gets sprayed at scantily clad women who are dancing on tabletops. Stay at the Byblos Hotel, and book lunch at Club 55 on the beach.

5. Wailea, Maui, Hawaii: Located on the sunny side of the island is this flat, perfect American beach. It offers world-class surfing, great snorkeling, whale watching, and exotic foliage, as well as golf, great restaurants, hotels, and sandy coves. Reserve a room at the impeccable Four Seasons, dine at Spago, and watch the sunset from a blanket on the sand.

Smack-Down

Been a naughty boy and need a good spanking? Then visit **School Dinners** in London during spring break, where you can indulge in a meal *and receive a nice smack on the ass*. At the restaurant, Headmistress Mrs. Bedworthy presides over a staff of frisky waitresses ("St. Trinians Girls") whose white dress shirts reveal generous cleavage that's only partly covered by school ties. The menu is traditional English fare: bangers and mash, as well as spotted dick and custard. Don't worry—the birds will translate for you. Oh, and arrive for dinner at 7 P.M. sharp or risk prompt punishment: a love smack from a waitress clad in a very short skirt and black thigh-high stockings. For more details, check out SchoolDinners.com.



Travel Traps

Watch your back on the road! Here's why:

■ The Great Train Robbery:

If you're riding the rails at night in Europe, it's best to travel with a friend or a group. Professional thieves often prowl trains for solo travelers, whom they incapacitate by shoving a chloroform-soaked cloth in their face. Recently, a student on an overnight nine-hour train ride from Budapest to Krakow nodded off to sleep three hours into her trip. An hour later she awoke, feeling as if she had a hangover. She discovered that her wallet, passport, iPod, laptop, and every article of clothing (except for what she had on) had been stolen. The U.S. consulate in Krakow told the distraught woman that such robberies were common, and even suggested that train staff might be taking a cut of the loot. Passengers on Italian and French trains also experience similar robberies. If you don't have a friend to sit with, try to make one onboard.

■ **Mexico City taxis:** Never hail a random cab in Mexico City. Crooks driving fake taxis frequently hold up passengers and force them to withdraw money from ATMs. Only take cabs from clearly marked hotel stands, and call for the same cab company to pick you up for your return trip.



Caution: Snoozing on trains can be dangerous.



Single Passes

The student traveler's best friend gets even better. Thieves or not, Europe's trains are a favorite among budget travelers, with Eurail Passes being the preferred way to see the Continent. Now, for the first time, you can buy a Eurail Pass for a single country. Participating nations include Finland, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Poland, Romania, Spain, and Sweden. You can travel up to ten days over a two-month period. Youth passes cost 35 percent less for travel in second class compared to first-class adult fare. You must be 25 or younger to qualify. RailEurope.com.

VICES & VANITIES

Sex From Z to A

ASK DOC ZDROK

Zero Interest

My girlfriend really turns me on, but she has absolutely no libido. She never initiates sex and usually turns me down. But whenever she does put out, she always gets off. How can I get her to be more interested in sex?—E.N., Connecticut

Women aren't always obsessing about sex like guys are. Our desire grows in response to ambiance and stimulation—that means more work for you, fella. Offer her a sensual massage, explore her sexual fantasies, or read erotica together. Kiss her temples, caress her arms, nibble on her neck, and gently trace her spine with your fingertips.

If she yawns through all this, she may be suffering from Female Sexual Arousal Disorder and should see a doctor. There are other ways to increase her libido:

Still, I jerk off at the thought of her seeing me naked. What's going on?—J.T., New York

What dangerous games our minds play! I am sure you're aware of how inappropriate and illegal it is to flash your neighbor, but the danger of getting caught raises your adrenaline level and makes it alluring. Neutralize the temptation by bringing it out from the recesses of your mind. Tell your friends about your fantasy, and let them have a laugh. Snap a rubber band on your wrist every time you get the urge to flash that poor lady. Once you've cured your urge to shock that fat laundress, find a hot, horny honey who's into nudity—especially yours. Don't let that penchant for impromptu stripping go to waste!

Size Matters

You've said before that penis size doesn't matter. Don't most girls

In the Meantime

My girl recently moved in with me. We have nothing in common, but she's always willing to give it up. Now she's starting to bring up the "M" word. I don't want to marry her right now, but I like having her around. Should I stay with her until I'm ready, or find someone I really want to be with?—P.S., Massachusetts

The problem with living with a "meantimer" is that you may miss out on the chance to meet someone who's right for you. You may be getting regular meals of so-so sex, but you're missing out on the filet mignon. If you don't risk enduring a few lonely nights by giving this chick the boot, you could end up staying with her unhappily ever after. Bottom line: You both deserve a satisfying meal. Dump her and set your sights on the real thing.

"Try a sensual massage, explore her fantasies, or read erotica together. If none of this works, drop this cold fish and find someone who'll rip off your pants when you come home!"

Many women swear by a drink called Nexcite (\$4.99 per bottle), which contains the stimulants caffeine, damiana, and ginseng. VitalTea and Love Potion (\$19.95 and \$39.99) purportedly boost blood flow to the genital area. Eros Therapy (\$395) is a prescription-only gadget that provides suction to her vulva. She may also benefit from prescription drugs. If none of this works, maybe she's just not into you. Drop this cold fish like a hot potato and find someone who'll rip off your pants the minute you walk through the door!

Laundry Lust

I keep fantasizing about coming out of my condo in the nude when my neighbor does her laundry. But she's an overweight, plain woman, and I have no sexual interest in her.

check out a guy's bulge? I'd like to make mine bigger.—B.R., Florida

Seriously, unless you're in a Speedo, we're probably not looking. And once we've decided we want to get in your pants, most of us are happy enough to see an average-size penis.

As far as making yours bigger, none of those pills, creams, and gadgets are worth a damn. The only permanent way to increase penis size is through extension surgery, or phalloplasty. Unfortunately, phalloplasty is costly, painful, and increases the size of the penis only in its flaccid state. Try a penis sleeve, which will also give your partner extra stimulation. Or try condoms with fun features, like beads, ribs, and ticklers. Make the most of your average penis, and I doubt you'll hear any complaints!

Girl Gripes

Why are women always bitching? My girlfriend is always getting in my face after sex. How do I get her to stop nagging me?—L.M., Mississippi

Women relate by talking, while men relate by doing. Women enjoy bonding after sex because the hormone oxytocin, which is released through orgasm, makes them feel warm and cuddly. So if you get her to lay off, chances are you'll never get laid again. But you can satisfy her craving for conversation if you set aside a convenient time for uninterrupted, face-to-face communication. Give her enough of this, and you can enjoy downtime without interruption. Who knows? You may find that a little Q.T. makes your sex life sizzle.



GETTING TO ME!

If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit

Penthouse.com/dr2, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com

or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

TOP 10

Spring-Break Blunders

You've been waiting all year for a week of earsplitting music, shots of cheap tequila, and meaningless hookups. But whether you're getting crazy in Daytona Beach, South Padre, or Cancún, make sure you avoid these spring-break fuck-ups.

1. Having your clothes stolen while you're trying to have sex on a deserted beach.
2. Wearing a skimpy G-string bathing suit on the ill advice of your Eurotrash buddy François.
3. Choking on the tequila worm in front of a group of hot girls.
4. Remembering after your fourth lemon drop that you were supposed to be the designated driver.
5. Accidentally slipping yourself a roofie.
6. Talking your babe into a threesome, then getting dumped for the other chick.
7. Signing your girl up for *Girls Gone Wild*, only to discover they're actually taping *Girls Gone Anal*.
8. Finally getting that hot bartender back to your hotel room—then having to interrupt your hookup to worship the porcelain god.
9. Finally getting that hot bartender back to your hotel room—then finding out your buddy has ripped off all your condoms.
10. Finally getting that hot bartender back to your hotel room—then discovering she has a mysterious rash.

Let the games begin! Make bedtime even more fun with sexy bedding, like *Sheets Gone Wild* and the *Kama Sutra Pillowcases*.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

Sheets Gone Wild and Kama Sutra Pillowcases

What: The *Sheets Gone Wild* package includes sheets, pillowcases, and a wild game. The sheets are printed with 35 sexual positions—toss a bean bag, and act out the position it lands on. There are no losers in this game! For a more classic romp, the *Kama Sutra Pillowcases* poetically describe various sexual posi-

tions for you both to master.

How: It's simple—just use them for inspiration.

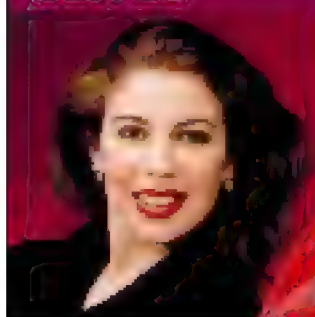
Downside: Some of the positions on *Sheets Gone Wild* are tricky, so make sure you're up to the challenge (and have a strong back!).

Bonus point: The *Sheets Gone Wild* instruction booklet describes the positions, and contains a G-spot map and reflexology chart so you can stimulate her from head to toe.

Where to get them: Find *Sheets Gone Wild* at Damon Anthony.com (prices vary). The *Kama Sutra Pillowcases* are available at Philosophers Guild.com (\$30).



SEX ED



Hot Tip From a Sexy Author

"A woman may like oral sex, but prefer to have it only as a prelude to intercourse.... If a woman asks you to stop oral sex, you should be flattered that you got her so turned on. Never think that you were not 'good enough' at oral sex to make her have an orgasm. In fact, it's probably just the opposite."—Sari Locker, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Amazing Sex, Third Edition* (Alpha, 2005)

BY JON WIEDERHORN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. MICHELLE
MARTIN-COYNE

Cowboy WIZARDS and the EPIC SPACE Machine

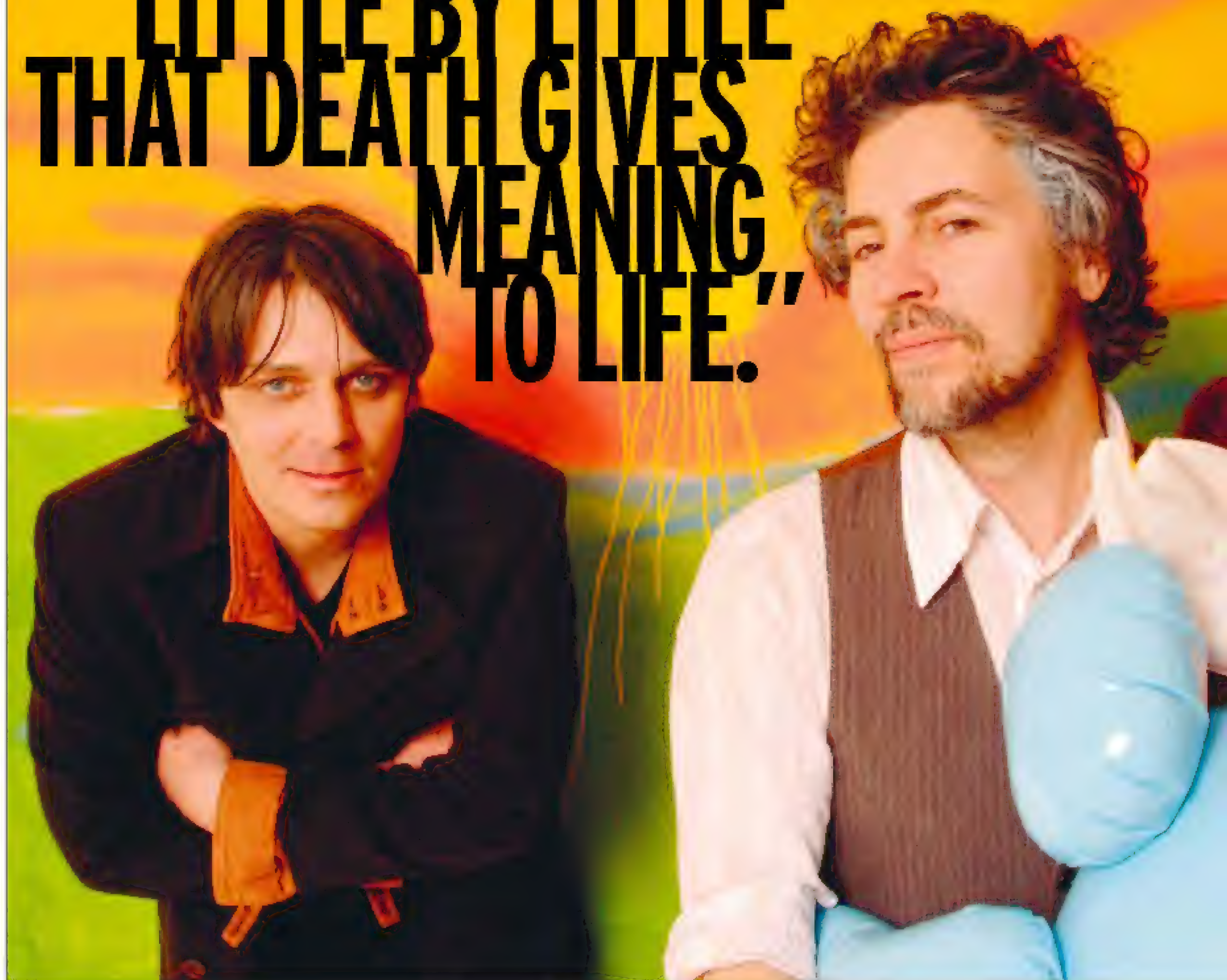
Despite death, drugs, and martians, the psychedelic rock band **THE FLAMING LIPS** have managed to remain existential optimists and find success by returning the love.





The existential optimists (from left to right): Steven Drozd, Wayne Coyne, and Michael Ivins

"I GUESS I LEARNED LITTLE BY LITTLE THAT DEATH GIVES MEANING TO LIFE."



Recently, a disheveled fan approached Wayne Coyne's house in Oklahoma City. He knocked on the door, walked around the house, and sat on the front stoop. Then he got up and knocked for 20 more minutes. Finally, the Flaming Lips frontman took action.

The singer didn't pull out a shotgun or call the police. He unlocked the door and greeted him. The overzealous fan was taking a road trip from Florida to California, and had stopped at Coyne's to get some relationship advice.

"We talked in the front yard for about a half hour," says Coyne, explaining why he's late for our interview. "The guy's girlfriend kicked him out. He decided to come to me for advice, and I tried to

help him through his struggle."

Coyne chuckles, noting that this kind of thing isn't usually tolerated by other celebrities. Then he says, with sincerity, "I kinda understand where the guy was coming from. If you were driving across the country and went through Oklahoma, you could think, *I should stop and see if Wayne's around*. I mean, if you were going across the North Pole, you'd probably say, 'Let's see if Santa's here.'"

Most rock stars act like politicians: They shake hands, sign autographs, and exchange small talk. But Coyne actually cares about his constituents. His empathy is one reason the Flaming Lips have lasted for 23 sonically adven-

turous years—despite lineup changes, misguided career moves, and a fickle music climate.

Initially, the Lips were a guitar-based rock band that somehow climbed the pop charts in 1994 with their offbeat hit, "She Don't Use Jelly." When they discovered producer Dave Fridmann in 1993, the group evolved into a surreal but serene entity that favored childlike wonder over the noisy subversion of other artsy rock bands. In doing so, the Flaming Lips maintained a palpable sensitivity and sonic vulnerability that drew a loyal fan base.

"I get people coming up to me all the time and saying things like, 'Man, I played your song at my dad's funeral,



and it was the greatest thing that ever happened.' Or 'I played that music when my son was born,' " Coyne says, reaching over to slap my knee. "When that kind of thing happens—when your music can touch so many people on different levels—it's really humbling. And I get paid for it, too? I mean, c'mon ... if this all ends tomorrow, I've had a great life no matter what."

A few weeks later, Coyne is relaxing on the porch of his hotel room in Long Beach, California, where the Flaming Lips have traveled to headline Xingolati, a hedonistic cruise that features a slew of jam-band artists like G.Love and Special Sauce, John Popper, and

Medeski Martin & Wood. Coyne's bearded face and gray-speckled hair are illuminated by the full moon while he speaks. Early tomorrow, the ship will set sail for Ensenada, Mexico. Tickets for the three-day jaunt sold for as much as \$1,000 per person, and Coyne wants to make sure every one of the 2,000 participants gets his money's worth. Suddenly he stands up, reaches into the pocket of his gray slacks, and pulls out a crinkled piece of white paper.

"I've written down some of the things people on the cruise have asked me to do," he says excitedly. One man has asked Coyne to help him propose to his girlfriend during the Lips' set. Coyne will also sing "Happy Birthday" to someone else's friend, and announce a couple's tenth anniversary. "If someone's gonna let me be a part of an event that they'll remember for their whole lives, then that's a big deal."

Unfortunately, some will remember Xingolati for another reason. During the cruise, one of the passengers overdosed and died, which cast an ugly pall over the otherwise joyous celebration. The incident was tragic, but it underscored an essential element of the Flaming Lips' philosophy: Where there is life, there is also death. On the song "Do You Realize??" from the band's 2002 album, *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*, Coyne sings, "Do you realize that everyone you know someday will die?" It's a message he has repeated over the years, and one that is informed by his own experiences: His father died during the recording of 1999's *The Soft Bulletin*; he lost his mother between the release of *Yoshimi* and the recording of the upcoming *At War With the Mystics*; Flaming Lips cofounder Michael Ivins nearly died in a car accident in 1996; and Coyne's songwriting partner, Steven Drozd, could have easily died from years of heroin addiction.

"I guess I learned little by little that death gives meaning to life, and because this existence is temporary, you pay a little more attention to it," Coyne begins. "It really makes you say, 'Let's check all this out now and see what's wonderful about it and live as much as we can in the moment.' Lots of people simply deny the fact that they're going to die, but death is a natural thing. It's like you're a toaster. One minute you're on and you're making toast and you're alive, and then the next, you're unplugged and you're dead." Coyne isn't exactly a romantic. He thinks of himself as an "existential optimist."

"A lot of people are surprised when bad things happen," he says. "I'm kind of surprised when we have a couple weeks when nothing bad has hap-

pened. "You have to accept that there's gonna be a lot of bad shit in [the world]. And once you can understand how bleak it is, if you're really observant, you'll see how wonderful it is, too."

Coyne's existential optimism echoes through *At War With the Mystics*—perhaps more strongly than ever. Lyrically, the singer touches on a variety of subjects, from his mom's death to the undying spirit of the counterculture. Musically, the band builds upon the innovations of the past seven years, creating a hybrid of everything from prog-rock to funk to glam. Over at the hotel bar, the usually silent bassist and sound manipulator Ivins adds, "I think [*Mystics*] has some of the rock elements of *Yoshimi*, but it's more organic, like *The Soft Bulletin*."

"There are a couple of songs on there that sound like nothing we've ever done before," adds Drozd, while waiting for his beer. "There's one that's really propelling and kind of reminds me of 'One of These Days' by Pink Floyd, and there's some stuff that makes me think of Queen. That's really exciting."

As enthusiastic as the band is about the new album (due for release this spring), much of its creation was an exercise in frustration. The band headed to Fridmann's studio in Fredonia, New York, in the beginning of 2004, but quickly got sidetracked by soundtrack offers, a tribute record, and a remix of *The Soft Bulletin* in surround sound. Within a few months of their arrival, the Lips had recorded 13 tracks—none of which were for *At War With the Mystics*. When they finally tried to focus on new material, the creative juices weren't exactly gushing over the floodgates. "It was discouraging because at the end of all these sessions we had, like, five or six songs, and none of them seemed like barn burners or anything especially new," Drozd says. "For a while, I was really worried that the Flaming Lips had run out of ideas."

In August, the band started finding new ideas that were both unusual and ear-pleasing. In their second-to-last session with Fridmann, they wrote five new songs.

One song, tentatively titled "The Wand," is about a homeless man who carries a giant stick that he's convinced gives him magical powers. "Time Travel," which may feature former *Blue's Clues* star Steve Burns, is about a deranged priest convinced he can span the years. In addition to such serious matters as life and death, the Flaming Lips are still into some weird shit. Over the years, such indulgences have caused the band to be lovingly labeled acid-damaged freaks—a title encouraged by their 2002 compilation,

"I DID ACID THREE TIMES, BUT I NEVER ENJOYED IT."

Finally the Punk Rockers Are Taking Acid. But Coyne and Ivins don't take drugs these days and, in fact, had only occasionally dropped acid in the past.

"I think we were always more drawn to the weird ideas of drug culture," says Ivins. "Anyone who's done drugs knows that you just can't get anything done if you're dropping a lot of acid. I think I've done a whole hit once. Usually I would do weird experiments—cut it into eighths and make tea out of it or something. Now, sometimes if I'm really drunk, I'll have a hit of pot and I won't have a hangover the next day. See, I use it for medical purposes, but that's about it."

"I did acid three times, but I never enjoyed it," Coyne adds after joining his bandmates at the bar. "Every time I did it, I thought maybe the next time I'd enjoy it, but I always felt like I was going insane. For me, taking drugs didn't make the world bigger and brighter and better. It made it more confusing and less beautiful."

Coyne may not be drug-damaged, but his aesthetic sometimes gives that impression. Over the years, he has overseen two separate "parking-lot experiments" that involved 40 people playing complementary noises on their vehicles' tape decks. The experiment was mirrored on the Lips' 1997 offering *Zaireeka*, which featured four CDs that needed to be played simultaneously for the record to make any sense. Then there were the dangerous, mad-scientist studio experiments of old that involved dangling amps from the ceiling and dunking electric guitars in toilets.

"I look at the Flaming Lips as some kind of cowboy wizard and his epic space machine," Coyne says cryptically. "Steven can write a song, or I could come up with a little three-chord thing and give it to the space machine, and it turns it into this giant biblical metaphor. When you add the ideas of Dave Fridmann and Michael [Ivins], there are endless possibilities in music and texture. It's great because our audience



almost expects us to go into outer space, explore around, and come back and tell them what we've found. And that works perfectly for me because it's what I want to do anyway."

Some of Coyne's creativity stems from his belief in the endless possibilities of musical experimentation, and part of it comes from the fact that he's a pretty weird guy. "It's strange because he's way more normal than you think he's gonna be, but he's also weirder than you think he's gonna be," Drozd says later in the evening as he waits for room service that will never materialize. "He'll open a bottle of soda and go, 'This carbonation thing—what is that? Why do the bubbles come out?' And I'll be like, 'I don't fucking care, man.' And he'll say, 'You really don't care? You don't care how this happened, how they worked it out?'"


Of course, Drozd's occasional annoyance at Coyne's weirdness pales in comparison to his love for the guy. If it weren't for Coyne's compassion, Drozd might never have survived his six-year battle with heroin. The first time he shot up was on his 21st birthday. He used dope recreationally for six months before he realized he was hooked. "I got really sick in Germany because I couldn't get it," he reveals. "I felt like I

was dying, and I realized I was in way over my head. Then it just became a problem for years that I couldn't shake."

For the first four years of his addiction, Drozd was a fully functional musician and songwriter. The drugs filled him with confidence and eradicated his anxiety. During the last year he was using, however, heroin became his worst enemy. "It got to the point where I didn't get any comfort out of it anymore," says Drozd, who has been clean for four years. "Even when I got a fix, I wasn't able to sit back and sigh and say, 'Okay, everything's cool now.' I would still be like, 'Man, what the fuck am I gonna do tomorrow?' A month before I actually quit, I sold everything I owned. I had no musical equipment, I didn't have a TV, I had no electricity, I was getting kicked out of my house, and I owed everyone money. I started to get a really creepy feeling that I was either going to be in jail or dead pretty soon."

After the band recorded *The Soft Bulletin*, Drozd stayed in Fredonia to get clean instead of going back to Oklahoma. Ivins also stayed in New York to work at the studio. Drozd slept on his couch for three months, which helped him stay away from drugs. At first, the notion of making music without dope was daunting, but with the support of his bandmates, Drozd rediscovered his muse. "I was so stressed out at first that everything creative was just stopped up," he says. "But then I started to normalize a bit, and now I find I definitely get way more done."

With the memories of Xingolati behind them and their new album coming out, the Flaming Lips can focus on their future. Drozd wants to spend more time with his wife and new baby, and Ivins hopes to remix a Dolby version of *Zaireeka*. Coyne will finish up work on his psychedelic—and probably unmarketable—movie, *Christmas on Mars*, which has occupied much of his free time for the past five years. The film takes place in the future on a dilapidated U.S. space station on Mars. Between the opening scene and the final credits, Santa commits suicide, a martian played by Coyne takes his place, and everyone on the colony tries to celebrate the magic of the holiday season amid a climate of uncertainty. In other words, it's Coyne's surreal vision of existential optimism in action.

"I guess I always return to this sort of parade of optimism because I want people to know it's not fake," concludes Coyne. "You can't wait for a situation to just turn sunny and say, 'Well, now my life is good.' If you have a normal life, a lot of it's gonna be horrible, but you have to turn around and make it good." 



PENTHOUSE 
L I N G E R I E

by Coquette



The Penthouse Guide to the 2006 Winter Olympics

By John Bolster



TURIN TAKES



The last time Italy hosted the Olympics, *Dwight Eisenhower* was president, Muhammad Ali was *Cassius Clay* (light heavyweight gold medalist), and George W. Bush was an awkward teenager dreaming of a future with the Yale cheerleading squad. • That was in 1960, and the host city was Rome. This year, the *20th Winter Olympics* come to the industrial city of Turin, or Torino, tucked into the base of the Alpine ski resort Sestriere.



The Penthouse Guide to the 2006 Winter Olympics

These Games will feature a few new wrinkles, as well as ice hockey, skiing, snowboarding, and the usual menu of obscure winter sports that, like Oasis and Robbie Williams, are huge in Europe. The flame will be lit on February 10, and the competition runs for 17 days.

Inspired by the five Olympic rings, we answer five crucial questions about the 2006 Games.



Westcott has seven X Games medals; now he wants Olympic gold.

WHAT'S NEW?

Snowboardcross (SBX) makes its Olympics debut, joining parallel giant slalom and halfpipe as the IOC gives more props to Generation Y and its hordes of snowboarders. In SBX, riders race on a cross-country course sculpted into moguls, waves, banks, and spines (jumps with 90-degree angles). The top U.S. boarder is **Seth Wescott**, the 2005 world champion and a gold-medal favorite.

The Lifetime television event that is figure skating will use an entirely new scoring system this year to avoid a repeat of the judging scandal that marred the 2002 competition. Also, female figure skaters will compete in the nude. Okay, we made that one up just to keep your attention. But the new scoring system, the "Code of Points," works like this—oh wait, this is figure skating. You don't care. Suffice it to say that instead of 5.7's and 5.9's, skaters will be getting 131.26's and 129.34's.

WHAT'S COOL?

Jeremy Bloom. He's the U.S. freestyle moguls skier who was also a star football receiver and kick returner at the University of Colorado. Watch him go for gold in Turin; then, a week later, see how he rates at the NFL scouting combine. He has a genuine shot at both an Olympic medal and an NFL career.

Speaking of Bloom's football potential, former Cincinnati Bengals running back Tony Davis said, "Jeremy has killer acceleration. I'll bet there aren't five guys in the NFL who can match him in the first 20 yards." Bloom also dates *Real World San Diego* star **Cameran Eubanks**, and has loads of endorsement and modeling gigs. In fact, he might be *too* cool.

The **Halfpipe**. Full of big-air and mind-blowing tricks, it's one of the best spectator sports at the Olympics. Check out our interview with **Danny Kass**, gold-medal contender in the halfpipe, on page 126.

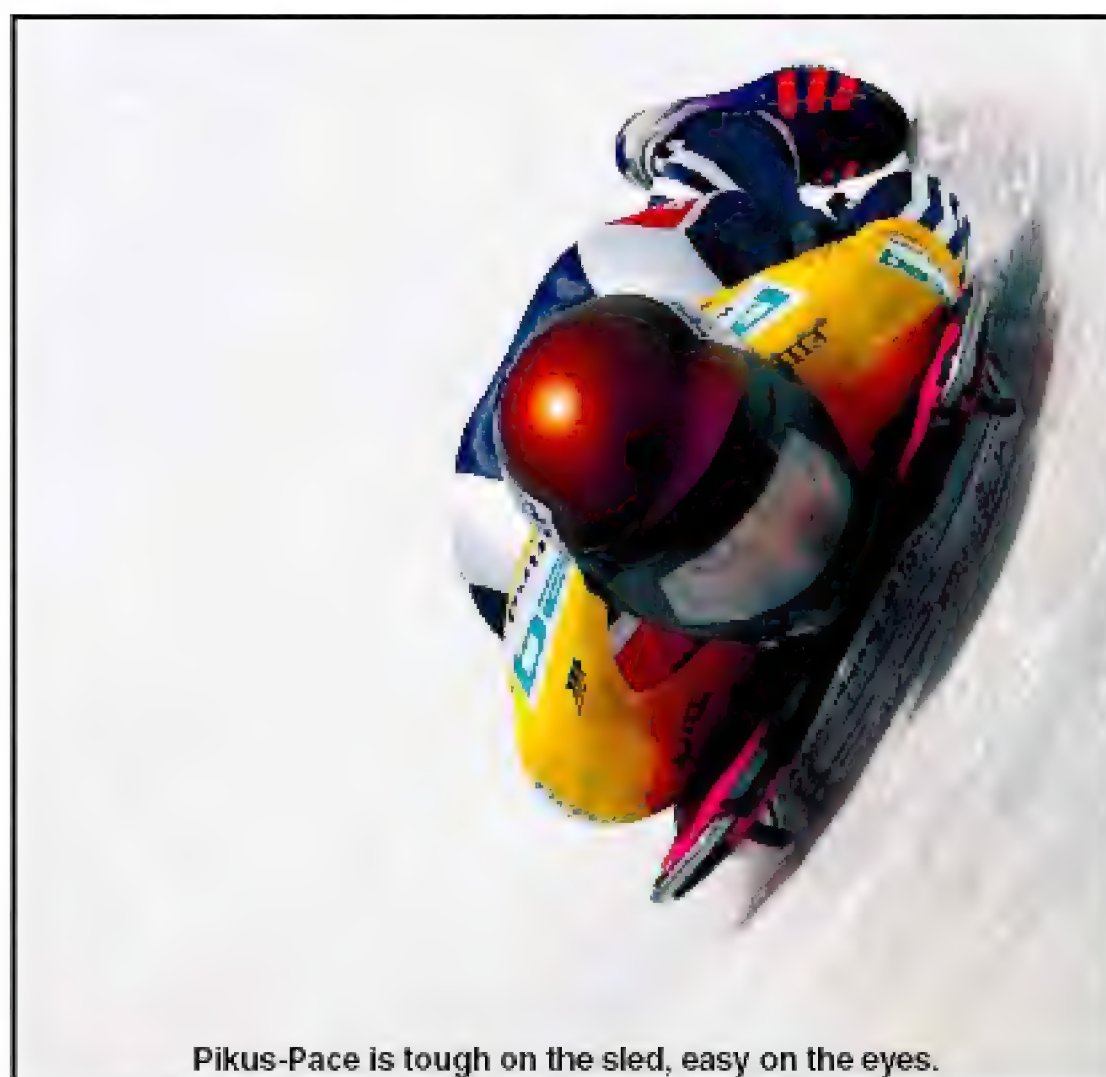


Some guys have all the luck. Bloom is one of them.

Luge and skeleton. Don't doubt it. We say any athlete who lies on a tiny sled and flies down a wickedly twisting ice track at 80 mph, with no brakes and no padding whatsoever, is cool. Plus, the founding organization of luge was called the **Internationale Schlittensportverband**. Try saying *that* after a few shots of Jäger.

Noelle Pikus-Pace. After dominating the World Cup circuit last season, the U.S. skeleton star collided with a four-man bobsled and suffered a compound fracture in her leg. Four weeks later she was back on the sled, gunning for Turin.

Olympic ice hockey. When the NHL changed its rules this

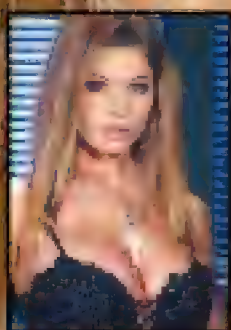
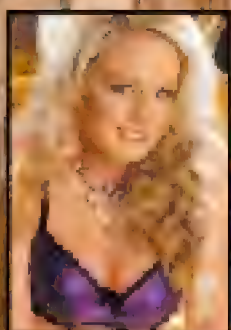
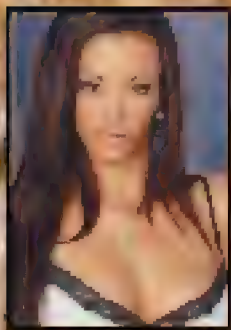


Pikus-Pace is tough on the sled, easy on the eyes.

year, eliminating the two-line pass infraction, cutting down on clutching and grabbing, and adding tag-up offsides, it was like the league jumped from black-and-white to color. Suddenly scoring was up, the game flowed, and it was a blast to watch.

Olympic hockey already had these rules in place. And

Do
you have
what
it
takes to
be
one of
the
chosen
few?



www.penthousemodels.com

Find out.



One of the greatest Olympic hockey moments in history.

since it's played on rinks that are a full 13 feet wider than NHL ponds, features "hurry-up" face-offs, and has no TV timeouts, it's even more fun to watch. Proof, meet pudding: Roughly 38 million people tuned in to the men's gold-medal game at the 2002 Olympics in Salt Lake City, making that clash between the U.S. and Canada the highest-rated hockey game—Olympics or NHL—since 1980.

That was the year, of course, that the United States shocked the Soviet Union in the most titanic upset in sports history, then beat Finland for the gold medal. You won't see an upset like that at this year's Olympics—not unless host country Italy somehow runs the table. But since **Canada**, the **U.S.**, the **Czech Republic**, **Sweden**, **Russia**, and **Finland** are all legitimate gold-medal contenders, you'll get a rip-roaring tournament with the best players on the planet buzzing all over the ice.

WHAT'S UNCOOL?

We could use this space to bash, say, **curling**, or **men's figure skating**—but you know what? We're better than that.

Curling—that shuffleboard-on-ice event where they do the scrubbing thing in front of the disc as it slides along—is so uncool, it's cool. As for male figure skaters, well, they've got enough trouble as it is.

No, here's what's really uncool about the Winter Games: **cross-country skiing** and **short-track speedskating**.

Cross-country skiing is like a snowy version of race-walking. In other words, it's more boring than watching your laundry spin. And nothing against U.S. medalist **Apolo Anton Ohno**, but where did they invent short track, on someone's frozen backyard pool? It's like musical chairs on ice: The field of skaters slowly circles the ludicrously small course for, like, 100 laps—until you think you're watching the warm-up—then they bolt for the finish at the last second. Half the field trips up the other half, which promptly files a protest with the judges, and you have to wait until the next day to see who "won."

ANY GOOD RIVALRIES?

Bode Miller vs. Hermann Maier, skiing

Austria's Maier absolutely owned the World Cup circuit in the late 1990s. At the '98 Olympics in Nagano, he recovered from a horrific-looking crash in the downhill to win gold medals in



Ohno? Oh, no! Short track is a snooze.

both the super G and giant slalom. In 2001, though, Maier nearly lost his leg—and his life—in a motorcycle accident, and missed the 2002 Games completely. Enter Miller of the United States, who won two silver medals in Nagano. With Maier still sidelined, Miller produced a breakout season in 2004–05, winning the World Cup overall title, and becoming the first skier since Luxembourg's Marc Girardelli in 1989 to win at least one race in every discipline. Skiing's two biggest stars will finally meet on the mountain in Turin. If they become too preoccupied with each other, though, American **Daron Rahlves**, 32, could sneak past them to the podium.

Michelle Kwan vs. her fragile psyche, figure skating

Legendary New York sports-radio host Chris "Mad Dog" Russo calls Kwan one of the Top 10 choke artists in sports history. Indeed, Russo—a nuts-and-bolts sports guy with a punishingly thick New York accent—has an unlikely obses-



▲ Bode Miller

▼ Hermann Maier

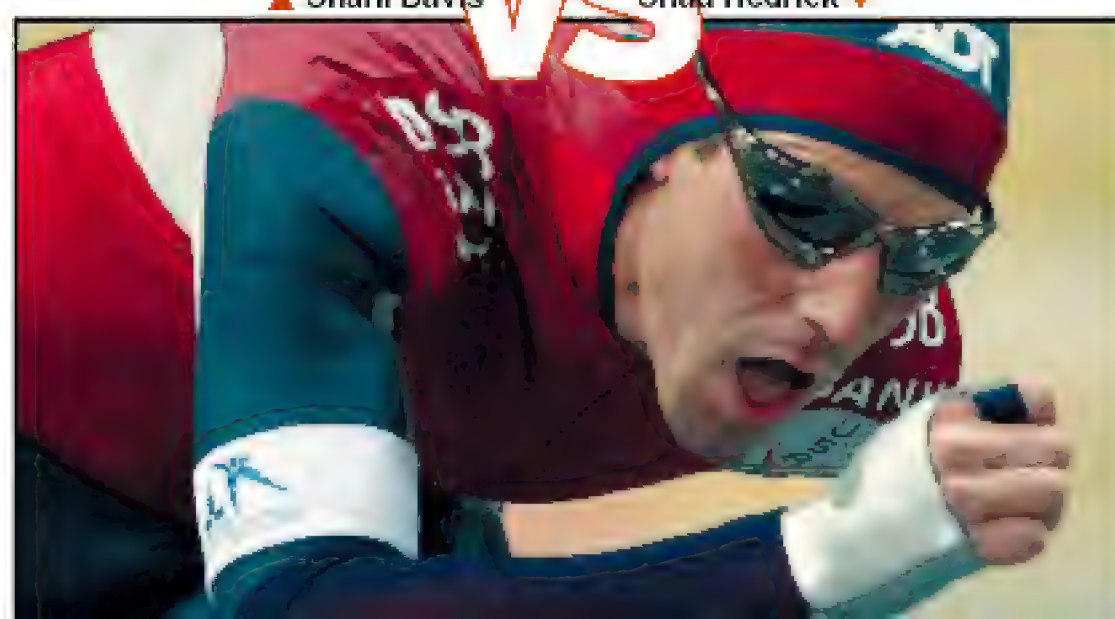
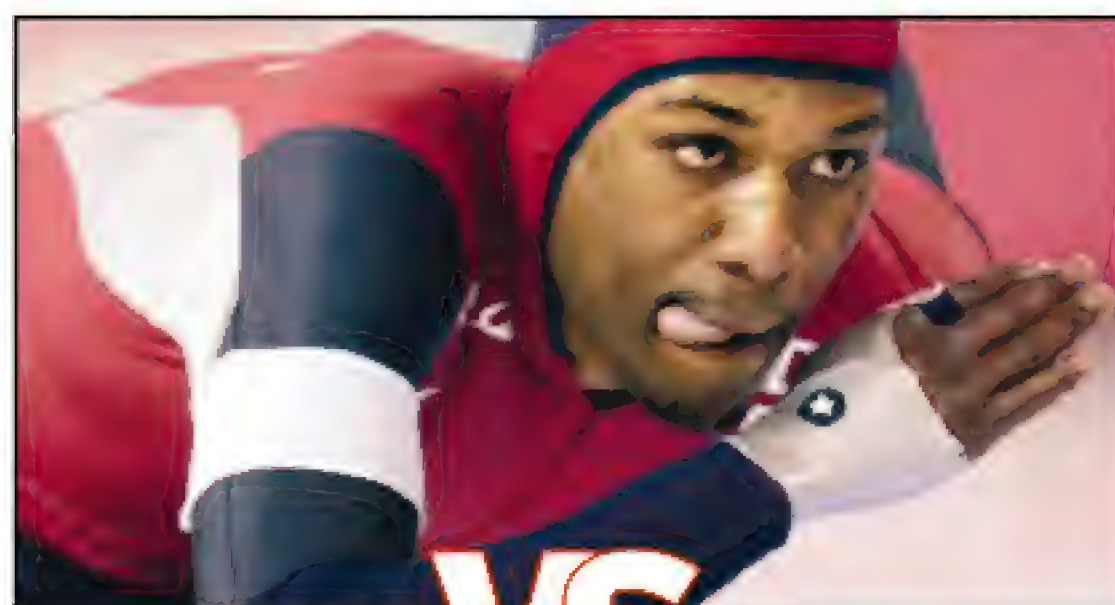




sion with the graceful figure skater, saying, "[Kwan] choked at the 2002 Olympics. All she had to do was perform solidly, and she couldn't. She fell right on her fanny. That's choking. No way around it. You'll remember that she also came up short in 1998, losing the gold to Tara Lipinski. I'm gonna give her a break on the first one. There is no excuse for Kwan losing the second one." Kwan has won *nine* U.S. titles and five world championships, but her lack of Olympic gold is the only reason she's still skating at age 25. If she beats U.S. teammate **Sasha Cohen** and the unfortunately named **Irina Slutskaya** of Russia in Turin, Russo may have to amend his list of sports' biggest choke jobs.

Shani Davis vs. Chad Hedrick, long-track speedskating

In the fall of 2005, Hedrick broke his teammate Davis's 1,500-meter world record, then set a world record in the 5,000 in the very first event of the World Cup season a few weeks



later. If Davis, the 2004-05 World Allround Champ, wins a gold medal, he'll make history as the second African American ever to top the podium at the Winter Games (after bobsledder Vonetta Flowers, who won gold in 2002).

Canada vs. the world, ice hockey

Canadians are the nicest, most genial people on the planet. They lead the world in exporting comedians: Mike Myers, Jim Carrey, Martin Short, and Matthew Perry are all Canucks, and there are a lot more where they came from. But when it comes to hockey, the kidding stops. Canada finished out of the medals at the 1998 Olympics in Nagano, and the entire country took it as a personal affront.

Then they looked at the records and realized they hadn't won a gold medal in hockey since 1952. Gosh darn it, they said, that has to change. So they appointed no less a figure than Wayne Gretzky to run the team, and sure enough, Team Canada won the 2002 Olympic tournament, defeating the U.S. 5-2 in the final. This year, Canada will look to cement its reputation as the world's No. 1 hockey nation.

WHO ARE THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE'S WINTER HOTTIES?

What Olympic preview would be complete without a list of the eye candy?

Lindsey Jacobellis, snowboarding

The world, X Games, and national champion in SBX.

Cassie Johnson, curling

You now have a reason *not* to change the channel. Unless



you're from Canada, in which case you now have two reasons to watch curling.

Sasha Cohen, figure skating

The gold-medal contender has to outskate teammate Michelle Kwan.

Hannah Teter, snowboarding

The 2004 X Games champ comes from snowboarding's First Family.

Noelle Pikus-Pace, skeleton

Skeleton hopeful is sexy and tough—see above.

Alissa Czisny, figure skating

Will brighten the field—if she makes it. ☺



Howlingly Hot Kristen Davis

KRISTIN DAVIS

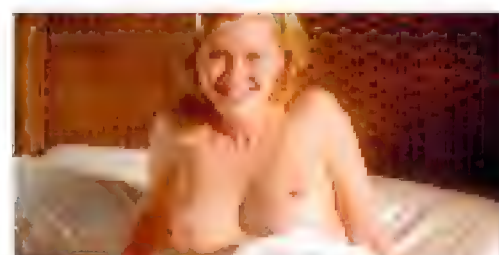
Howlingly hot Kristen Davis brings class and style to *The Shaggy Dog*, the Disney remake in which funnyman Tim Allen morphs into the talking canine. *The Shaggy Dog* barks proudly among Disney's most enduring franchises. Initially filmed in 1959, it was sequelized twice: once in 1976 as *The Shaggy D.A.*, and again in 1987 as the TV movie *The Return of the Shaggy Dog*. The original was redone once more in 1994 for the Disney Channel. Through all these *Shaggy* incarnations, there have been numerous knockouts bringing out the beast in the shape-shifting sheepdog, including Annette



series now on DVD, you can fast-forward to the episodes "Anchors Away" and "Frenemies" for some great views of *Sex* and Kristin's titties.

with her pouty sensuality, all-natural allure, and trademark coif, continues to resonate a half-century later. And as Bettie Page was

stars Denzel Washington as a detective attempting to talk down a thief (Clive Owen) who takes hostages after screwing up a bank heist. Things get complicated by the arrival of an attorney (Jodie Foster). Since captivating audiences as one of the best child actors of the 1970s, Jodie has blossomed into one of cinema's most alluring stars. Her appeal lies as much in her intelligence as it does in her sharp good looks. In *Inside Man*, the multiple Oscar winner keeps her shirt on, but she's treated us to her torso-trophies in the past. For the best view of everything Ms. Foster sports up front, track down the uncut version of the Dennis Hopper-directed



"In *Forever Mine*, Gretchen Mol gets it on with Joseph Fiennes, and gives us a great gander at her gargantuan globes—both during and after intercourse."

Funicello, Suzanne Pleshette, Cindy Morgan, and Natasha Gregson Wagner. So it's fitting that dark-maned, sophisticated Kristin takes her turn handling the leash. But don't expect to see her nude in a Disney flick. For that, turn to Kristin's most famous role—Charlotte York on HBO's *Sex and the City*. With the entire

GRETCHEN MOL

One of Hollywood's most underappreciated beauties, Gretchen Mol, electrifyingly embodies a legendary and elusive sex siren in *The Notorious Bettie Page*. Gorgeous Gretchen dyed her golden locks inky black to portray the titular figure. Fifties über-pinup Page,

(in)famous for her nude, flirty photo shoots and kinky, soft-core film loops, there's no shortage of Gretchen's gazongas and glutes in this *Notorious* new release. Mr. Skin gives the movie one free thumb way up.

While you're waiting for *Bettie* to hit home video, check out the 1999 indie *Forever Mine*. At the 16-minute mark, Gretchen gets it on with Joseph Fiennes and gives us a great gander at her gargantuan globes—both during and after intercourse. That's a pair you'll want to Mol over!

JODIE FOSTER

Inside Man is director Spike Lee's fresh twist on the cops-negotiating-with-robbers formula. The high-impact thriller

crime drama *Backtrack* (1990). Forty-five minutes in, Jodie shows off her funbags and fur-burger as she showers. She follows up with a fine-ass fanny shot as she slips into a nightgown. You'll feel a thrill inside, man.



Visit me
at my new
personal
website!



2006

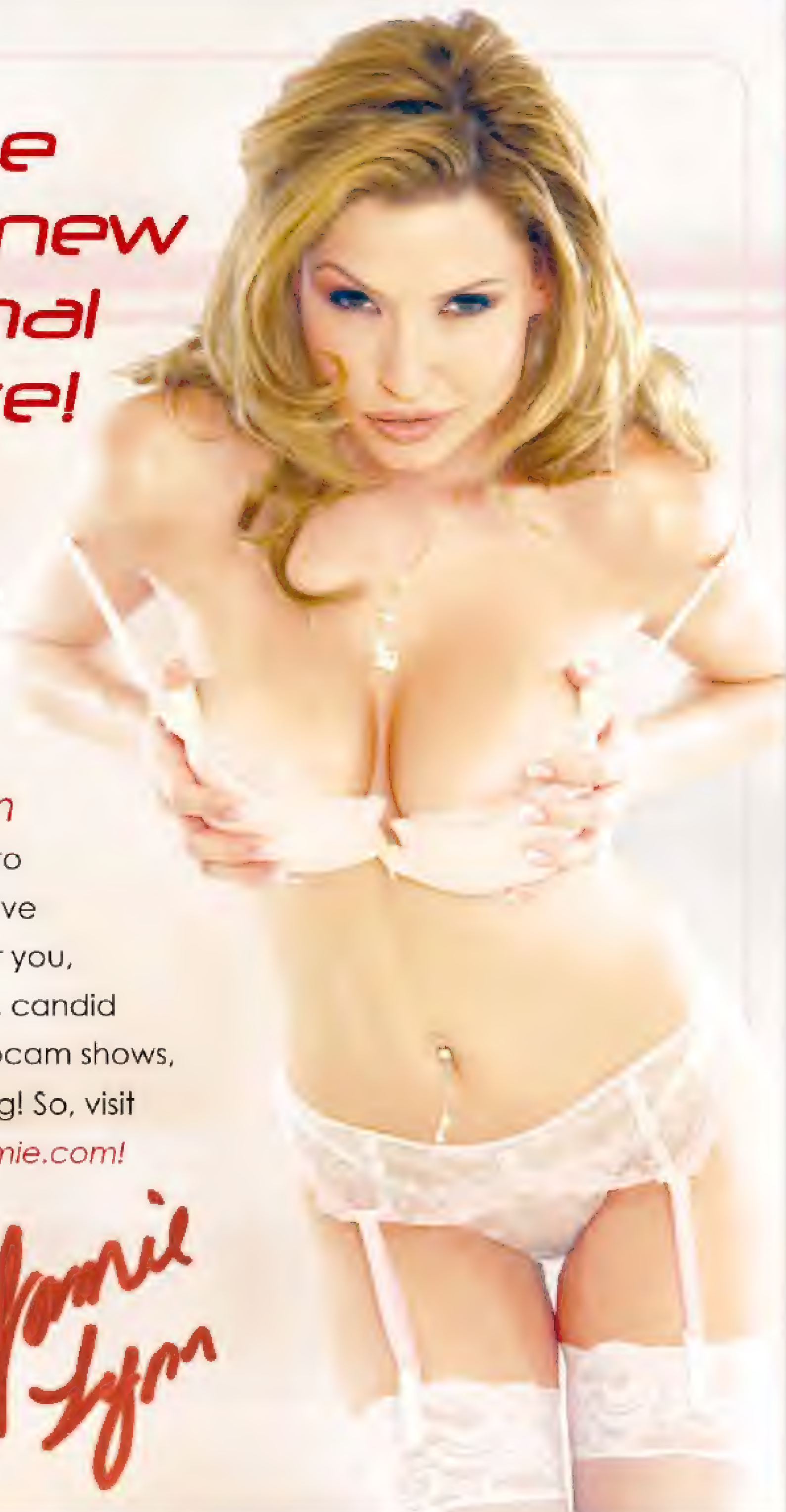
Winner: Jamie Lynn

My official website

SexyJamie.com

features special photo
galleries of me that I've
chosen especially for you,
plus exclusive videos, candid
photos, sexy live webcam shows,
and my personal blog! So, visit
me today at ***SexyJamie.com!***

♥ Jamie Lynn



Visit me today at

SexyJamie.com

What happens on spring break, stays on spring break ... until now!

SPRING BREAK Secrets

By Ronnie Koenig

Mix barely there bikinis, body shots, and bi-curious babes, and what do you get? A vacation that's better than your family's trip to the Grand Canyon, that's for sure! From wet T-shirt contests to random hookups, spring break gets wilder every year. Read on for the raunchy details.

Three in a Tent

Two of my male suite-mates and I didn't have enough money to go to the Dominican Republic with the rest of our friends, so we decided to go camping instead. I'd had a crush on Steve since high school, but I didn't know Don too well. I was half-hoping that Steve and I would hook up on the trip, but figured it wouldn't happen because of our third wheel.

We all slept in the same tent, and in the middle of the night, I slipped into Steve's sleeping bag. We'd shared a bed before "as friends," so it wasn't that weird. But I was

surprised to feel Steve's boner against me. We tried to keep quiet as we took off our clothes, but a moment later, I looked over to see that Don was wide awake and stroking himself in full view. He had the biggest cock I'd ever seen! I climbed out of the sleeping bag, straddled Steve, and started to ride him as Don masturbated to the scene. He asked if he could come on me, and before I could answer, he shot his hot come all over my back. It turned me on so much, I came instantly. I had wanted a little action on the trip, but I got double the fun!—*Irene*

Illustrations by Tristan Eaton







SPECIAL SPRING-BREAK BLOWOUT!

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 2006 

Buzzer Beaters!

March Madness
Milestones

Kiss and Tell

THE FLAMING LIPS
Sound Off

Great Dane

DANE COOK's
High-Voltage Comedy

Ice Pick

Olympic Snowboarder
DANNY KASS

Party Like a Rock Star

(We Show You How)

Unleash Her Inner Nympho

(You'll Thank Us Tonight!)

WARNING: NOT TO BE
SOLD TO PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE

welcome
to
spy69.dl.am



Penthouse.com

ON THE COVER

Pet of the Month
Jennifer Emerson

PICTORIALS

36 LOVE STORY

84 HOT PROPERTY
Pet of the Month Jennifer Emerson

110 PILLOW TALK

132 MAKING A SPLASH

FULL FRONTAL

10 GRAPHIC VIOLENCE
Brian Azzarello's *100 Bullets* and *Loveless*

12 FLICKS
Tsotsi—no Hollywood ending

14 DVDS
Everything you ever wanted to know about director Cameron Crowe, and much more!

16 SOUNDS
California Fried Buckethead

22 JOYSTICK
The future of handheld action

28 READS
Astronaut Mike Mullane's *Riding Rockets*

30 SIRENS
Imogen Heap

FEATURES

32 DRINKSMANSHIP
"Just Shoot Me."
By Samantha Judge

34 LOCKER ROOM
NHL's Rick DiPietro
Interview by Dave Hollander

46 GAMETIME
March Madness milestones.
By John Bolster

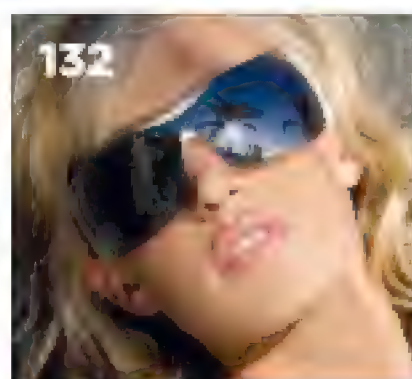
50 TOTAL TRAVEL
"Spring Break: Living Large."
By Rudy Maxa

52 VICES & VANITIES
Bring out her inner nympho; top spring-break blunders.
By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

84



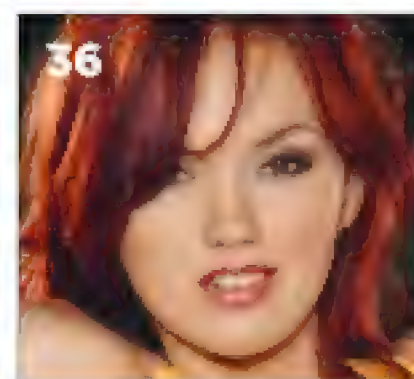
132



110



36



54 COWBOY WIZARDS AND THE EPIC SPACE MACHINE

Psychedelic rock band the Flaming Lips. By Jon Wiederhorn

60 TURIN TAKES A TURN

The *Penthouse* Guide to the 2006 Winter Olympics. By John Bolster

68 SPRING-BREAK SECRETS

What happens on spring break, stays on spring break ... until now! By Ronnie Koenig

76 UNDER THE RADAR

Comedian Dane Cook. Interview by Ed Condran

100 DRIVING FORCE

"Lamborghini's Raging Bull." By Jim McCraw

104 GROOM AT THE TOP

"Coming Clean." Service by Alyson Zamkoff

120 COVER YOUR ASS

If you put a little thought into your underwear selection, she'll be eager to rip 'em off you. Fashion by Linda Giustino

126 GRENADE LAUNCHER

Snowboarder Danny Kass. Interview by Dave Hollander

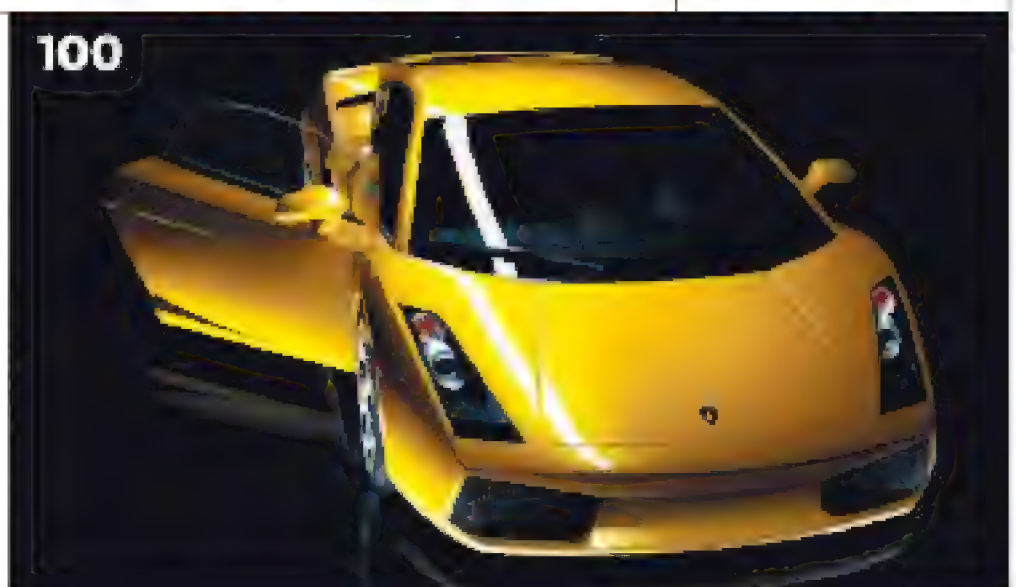
140 STAND-UP GUYS

Randy and Jason Sklar. Interview by Peter Schrager



DEPARTMENTS

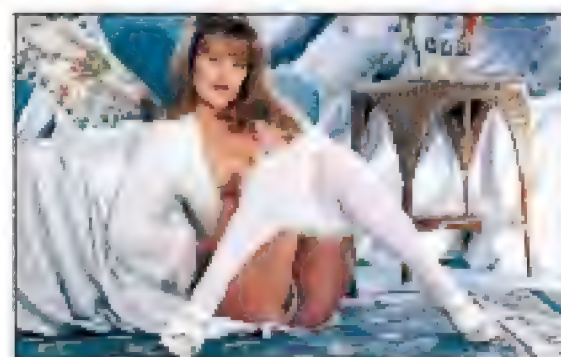
- 6 FORUM
- 66 CELEBRITY NUDES
- 81 MEN'S HEALTH AND FITNESS
- 97 SEX DIARY
- 98 FREEWHEELERS
- 106 TECHNOMANIA
- 143 DREAMS & DIVERSIONS
- 146 RECOVERING FRAT BOY
- 148 PENTHOUSE CLUBS
- 150 X-RATED VIDEO
- 152 ON THE DESK
- 154 PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD



MUTUAL FIXATION

Two months ago, I began corresponding with a man I'd met in an online chat-room. We started e-mailing each other, and at some point he asked me to describe myself. I'm comfortable with my appearance, so I told him the truth—that I was a woman with curves and that I liked strong men with muscles. I couldn't tell if he was just shy about describing himself or if he was truly lacking in the areas that usually appeal to me, but my initial impression was that he wasn't my type. When I pressed him for physical details, he held back.

Nevertheless, I decided to meet him when he suggested we have lunch.



When I saw this man, my pussy immediately got wet. He was tall, with beautiful eyes and a smile to match. And what a body! I found myself mentally undressing him, trying to gauge the size of his manhood.

During lunch, I started to tease my bottom lip. He immediately got the message and began watching every sensuous move my tongue made over the prongs of the fork. Over coffee, I teased him by saying that ever since I could remember, I've had an oral fixation and that I love to suck on things—big things.

He responded that he had a huge cock, and that some women couldn't even take it all in. I didn't need to hear anymore. I scooted over to his side of the booth and ran my manicured nails along his thigh, letting my hand inch higher until I found what I wanted. He wasn't exaggerating. I couldn't wait to wrap my lips around him. I heard his breath catch as I placed my hand atop his bulging shaft.

I gave him a lusty look and asked if he was ready to go. In no time flat we were in his car, heading for his place. When we arrived, we barely made it through the door. I pushed him back against the wall and lifted his shirt, kissing his chest and stomach, then pressing my hard nipples against his



his come. I couldn't swallow it all and let some flow back onto his still-erect cock. I couldn't wait to have that monster deep in my throat again—I could keep this up as long as he could.

I let his massive cock glide back into my mouth, grabbed his tight ass, and sucked him in. He tilted my head back so he could watch his cock slide in and out of my mouth. He was practically growling as his balls bounced off my chin. When he was ready to come this time, he let me know. I stopped sucking, pulled back, and used my fingers to pinch the head of his cock.

For the better part of an hour, I used my tongue, lips, and hands to entice him to the brink of orgasm, only to

“Over coffee, I teased him by saying that ever since I could remember, I’ve had an oral fixation and that I love to suck on things—big things.”

bare skin as I went down.

We stumbled to the bedroom and I watched him undress. The sight of his broad chest, muscular thighs, and firm ass made my pussy ache for a close encounter—but first things first. I pushed him back on the bed and wrapped my lips around the bulbous head of his enormous shaft. His moans were music to my ears, and I savored the power I had over him. I struggled to slide my mouth down the thick shaft. He was larger than most guys I'd been with, but I was absolutely determined to give it my best shot.

I sucked slowly at first, flicking my tongue across the tip, then taking the shaft into my mouth until I could feel the head hitting the back of my throat. I moved my mouth up and down his cock, stroking it with my hands in rhythm. When I looked up, his eyes were closed, his head was thrown back, and he was moaning in ecstasy.

As he shot into my mouth, I savored the salty taste of

pull back at the last minute. When I finally let him climax, there was a sweet explosion that rocked his world.

Then, just when I thought it couldn't get any better, he hooked my legs over his shoulders and confessed that he, too, had an oral fixation—he loved eating pussy. But that's a story for another time. I'm too horny from writing this to continue!—*F.M., North Carolina*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Have you seen the new Penthouse.com? Our new site has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, all the *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and a vast archive of sexy letters written by our readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.



PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

PENTHOUSE MEDIA GROUP, INC.
(U.S. edition)

EDITORIAL

Vice President/Editorial:	Peter Bloch
Managing Editor:	Barbara Rice Thompson
Deputy Managing Editor:	Sarah Nelson
Music/Video-Game Editor:	Rebecca Swanner
Sports Editor:	John Bolster
Senior Editors:	Deirdre M. Goldbeck, Regina Murrell (copy), Jonathan Stern
Staff Writer:	Elise Nersesian
Copy Editor:	Abigail Aronofsky
Assistant Editor:	Heather Franks
Contributing Editors:	Rachel Kramer Bussel, Bobbi Dempsey, Linda Giustino, Bill Heald (motorcycles), Dave Hollander, Jim McCraw (autos), Ken Sander, Ernest Volkman, Alyson S. Zamkoff, Dr. Victoria Zdrok

ART

Vice President/Graphics Director:	Frank DeVino
Senior Art Director:	Michael F. Di Iola
Associate Art Director:	John Faraci
Assistant Art Director:	Courtney Eltringham
Designer:	Anthony R. Scerri
Associate Photo Editor:	Toby Kaufmann
Art Rights Manager:	Maria Rothenberg
Photo Librarian:	Evelyn Butler
Assistant Photo Librarian:	Norma Delgado
Contributing Photographers:	Earl Miller, Brett Bereny, Viv Thomas

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Senior Advertising Director:	Rich McEntee
Advertising Director:	Andrew Leighton
Director, Promotions and Events:	Tricia Austin
Promotions Manager:	Lainie Speiser
Public Relations Manager:	Kathleen Berzon
Advertising Production Manager:	Vanessa Johnson
Offices:	West Coast: 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530; 510-237-4423 Japan: Jiro Semba, Intergroup Communications, Telex J25469IGLYO

CIRCULATION

Vice President/Director of Circulation:	Joe M. Gallo
Director, Newsstand Sales:	Paul G. Pearson
Traffic Director:	Bill Harbutt
Director, Subscriptions:	Lori Ramos
Customer Service Manager/Analyst:	Morgan Everett

ADMINISTRATION

Vice President/Entertainment:	James L. English
Vice President/Business Development:	J. M. Sullivan
Vice President/General Counsel:	Joshua R. Bressler
Director of Licensing:	Rick Holtman
Director of Internet Operations:	Michael McNicholas
Controller:	Frank Matasavage
Accounting Manager:	Anthony Maniscalco
Director, Model Recruitment:	Stacy Valentine

PRODUCTION

Vice President/Production:	Michael Tang
Production Manager:	Maria Kelleher
Associate Production Manager:	Gil Velez
Senior Photo Retoucher:	Jeremy Newman
Editorial Scanning Supervisor:	Jeff Anderson
Type Systems Supervisor:	Mario Iannotta

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

International Division Director: George Rojas (U.S.A.)	Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262
Australia:	Tel: 61-2-9-901-6161 • Fax: 61-2-9-901-6116
Greece:	Tel: 3010-259-4100 • Fax: 3010-258-6740
Holland:	Tel: 31-20-664-3016 • Fax: 31-20-662-6236
Hungary:	Tel: 36-1-437-0037 • Fax: 36-1-240-3934
Spain:	Tel: 349-3-292-2217 • Fax: 349-3-237-5824
Thailand:	Tel: 66-2-585-5672 • Fax: 66-2-910-3832
Ukraine:	Tel: 44-2490820 • Fax: 44-249-0871
United Kingdom:	Tel: 44-207-751-1112 • Fax: 44-207-751-1113
Internet:	Penthouse.com

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York: 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125
New York, N.Y. 10121
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For one year (12 issues), please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for \$46 (\$64 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You may also e-mail us at penthouse@palmcoastfd.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and ZIP code.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, see our Website, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Feb. 1996); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000, extension 7505. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail *Penthouse* editors:
penthouse.editors@penthouse.com



» No capes. No tights. No good versus evil. In **Brian Azzarello's** morally ambiguous comics universe, vengeance begets justice—and it's a **bloody good** time.

Graphic Violence



In his DC/Vertigo series *100 Bullets* and *Loveless*, Brian Azzarello—a 38-year-old Chicago native with an art school background—reminds readers what it is to think, fight, fuck, and lose like a man. *100 Bullets* is a Byzantine, hard-boiled book. Think *The Godfather*—meets—Raymond Chandler, with a touch of *Oz*. Azzarello weaves an elaborate conspiracy theory with low-life character sketches and a kooky but brilliant gimmick: What would you do if you were given 100 untraceable bullets and the opportunity to seek revenge on the one who most wronged you?

Azzarello's latest is *Loveless*, a vividly violent comic-book series about Southern Civil War veterans who wreak havoc throughout the West. These men don't need hugs; they'll cheat, lie, steal, and kill for their convictions. The author seems threatening as well. "That's just because I don't smile too much," Azzarello says, deadpan. "Smiles make people feel safe." In his comics, nobody grins.

Loveless joins HBO's *Deadwood* as part of a renaissance of the Western genre. Why are Westerns popular again?

Post 9/11, I think individuals sort of felt that need for the cowboy spirit. You know, actually being able to take on a threat singularly, which is kind of what a Western has to do with. The other side of that coin, though—and one I tend to be more simpatico with—is that it is the same cowboy spirit, but it's not directed at anything other than the evil rancher who's in charge right now. You know what I mean? I want control of my life, and I'm tired of someone else telling me what to do.

And suddenly, the cowboy spirit lives again.

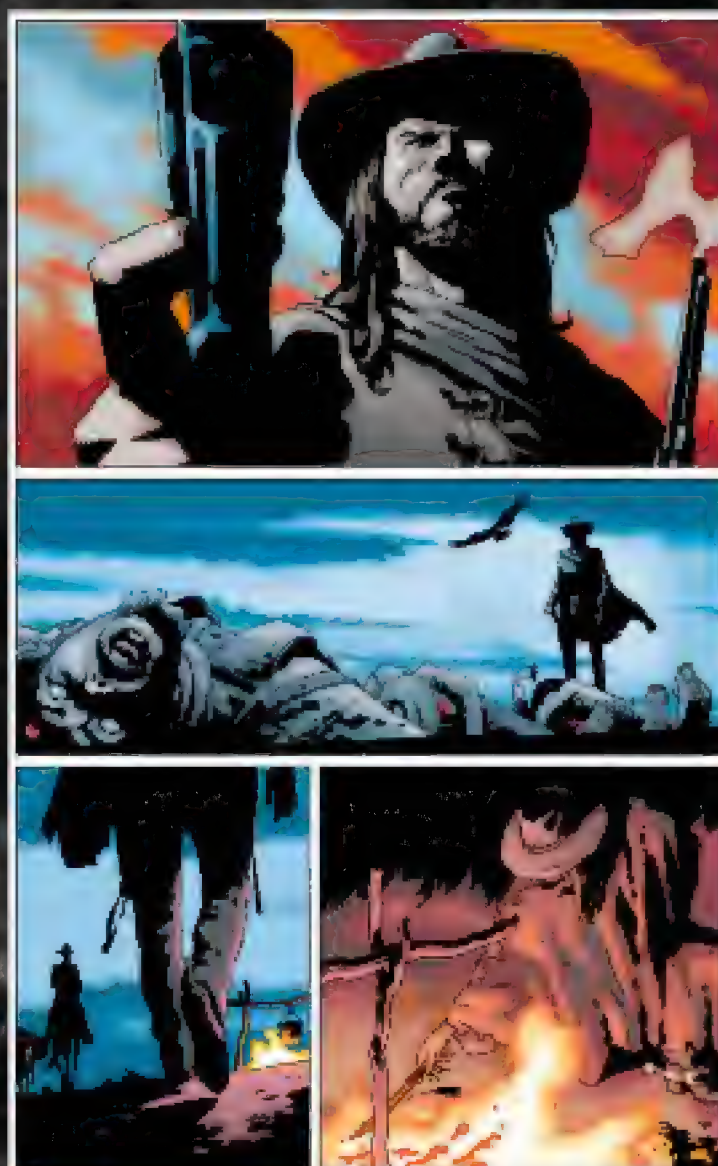
Well, I think it brings out a certain individualism. I think on both sides of the aisle people are really standing up for what they believe in. Even if what they believe in is wrong. [Laughs]

Loveless is decidedly not our fathers' Western.

For lack of a better term, we've been calling it a "noir spaghetti Western." It's dressed up like a Western, but it's much closer in theme to a noir crime story. These are unrepentant people. In a Western, the big themes are the frontier and a chance for an individual to reinvent [him-

self]. It's all about opportunity and what you can become. This book's more about what these people are and what drove them to the despicable state they're in. I know we are taking a risk by creating a series around bad people. There are no heroes in this book. There will not be any. **There are a lot of writers out there today—like Michael Chabon, who wrote *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay*, and Jonathan Lethem, who wrote *The Fortress of Solitude*—who rhapsodize about and romanticize old comic-book superheroes. Why do you resist all of that?**

I'm just not trying to recapture something I lost in my youth, you know? I was never



The bad and the ugly: Azzarello's book *Loveless* depicts the wildest West.

really a fan of superheroes. They don't do anything for me. Sure, they're called superheroes, but they beat people up. What's so super about that?

But you wrote *Superman* and *Batman* comics.

I put in my dues doing *Superman* and *Batman* for a while. That was just ...

[Pauses] While I enjoyed working on those characters for a short period of time, it's not something I could do for a

long time like a lot of these other guys who write comics. I don't know how they find something to say about a character for years that's not already done.

Is it the soap-opera syndrome? How many times is the doctor going to get amnesia or nearly die? It wears an audience out and it defies all plausibility, doesn't it?

The Joker's killed hundreds of people in Gotham City. Batman! Just put a fucking bullet in his head and get it over with! Cut it out with this "I can't kill anybody" bullshit. It's not for me.

You recently said that "making despicable characters compelling" is what you're all about. What draws you to that darkness?

The gray. As clichéd as it sounds, John Wayne Gacy's mother must have loved him. There was something good in that guy at one point.

Is that the key to making these characters compelling, not only for you as a writer, but also for your readers?

I think so. If you can make a reader understand that given a few different choices, this character could have turned out more like them—that's kind of interesting. These characters suffer internally for the most part. They don't really let it show, but they're suffering. God, there's a lot of regret in *100 Bullets*, unlike *Loveless*, where there's not a blob of regret.

Who were some of your influences as a young reader and writer?

The first Jim Thompson book I read, I was like, "What the fuck is this about?" It ends so horribly and it's bleak, and I was like, "I've gotta read more of this." I was a teenager and it was just so different. With Westerns ... I never liked Westerns until I saw *For a Few Dollars More*, and then suddenly they made sense. *Oh, I like this.* But the John Wayne stuff ...

Why are comics still dismissed by mainstream culture?

Nearly every article that's written about comics still uses that kid vocabulary to say that they're not for kids. But they're actually saying that they are still for kids.

When you sit down to write, what's your objective?

No. 1, entertain. If you can entertain and get some sort of message in there, good for you. [Laughs] If you don't have anything to say, don't write. ☐

FEATURE PRESENTATION

Tsotsi

(February 24)

Presley Chweneyagae, Terry Pheto

Director: Gavin Hood

» *Tsotsi* means thug. In the States, the comparable term would be "gangsta." But in a shantytown outside of Johannesburg, it's the street name of an orphaned gang leader. Based on the novel by Athol Fugard, filmed in the Soweto ghetto, and set to Kwaito music (South Africa's own hip-hop style), *Tsotsi* could be considered South Africa's *Boyz n the Hood*—or, more appropriately, its *City of God*.

Tsotsi (Chweneyagae) lives the thug life with his gang: Boston, who's the educated one; Butcher, who's the violent one; and Die Aap, who's the fat one. They spend their days robbing, stabbing, and stealing, and they fill their nights drinking and rolling dice. Their father figure is Fela, a small-time con who dresses in pimp suits and runs the local chop shop. They're the Lost Boys of the ghetto, with little direction or hope of having a life devoid of crime.

Tsotsi starts down his path of introspection when he shoots a woman and steals her BMW, her infant son in the backseat. *Tsotsi*,

whose moral barometer is seriously askew but not altogether missing, knows he can't leave the baby behind. He flashes back to his own childhood of living with his mother in a concrete pipe, even poorer than the residents of the shantytown. Although *Tsotsi*'s a damaged, abandoned kid, his stoic exterior collapses when he sees the baby, and he chooses compassion over self-preservation.

Of course, compassion on the streets means forcing a local mother, Miriam, to breast-feed the baby at gunpoint.

Director Gavin Hood does an admirable job of delving into the reality of South Africa—a land where apartheid may be officially gone, but a generation of angry, homeless children is still feeling its effects. The moral of the story may be that hope can flourish, even in places where everything seems hopeless. But it certainly has no Hollywood ending.



COMING SOON

Unknown White Male

(February 17)

Director: Rupert Murray

Imagine that you just woke up on a subway train heading out to Coney Island. You don't know how you got there, you don't know where you are ... and, most important, you don't know *who* you are. In Rupert Murray's inspirational documentary, we follow his friend Doug Bruce, who is suffering from inexplicable amnesia and has to rediscover the world around him. But what will happen to Doug's pristine new life if the memory of his old one returns?



16 Blocks

(March 3)

Bruce Willis, Mos Def

Director: Richard Donner

Richard Donner (*Lethal Weapon*) drops his cop/buddy-movie bucket down the well one more time. Jack, a police officer who is getting too old for this shit (Bruce Willis), has to escort a witness (rapper Mos Def) 16 blocks, from the precinct to the courthouse. Will they amble? Will they stop for pizza? Will they go through a series of shootouts and explosions as Jack's ex-partners try to kill his witness? You'll find out in March.



Block Party

(March 3)

Dave Chappelle, Mos Def, Kanye West

Director: Michel Gondry

Dave Chappelle, we can't stay mad at you—not when you've given us such a nice parting gift. Michel Gondry, the mad genius behind *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* and those White Stripes videos, directs one of the greatest hip-hop jammy-jams ever assembled, with Erykah Badu, Cody Chestnutt, Common, Mos Def, the Roots, Big Daddy Kane, Dead Prez, Jill Scott, Kanye West, and a reunited Fugees. That's a celebration, bitches.



MOVIE HAIKU



Running Scared (February 24)

Paul Walker, Chazz Palminteri

Director: Wayne Kramer

No Billy Crystal.

No Gregory Hines: just some

Guy named Paul Walker.



Firewall (February 10)

Harrison Ford, Paul Bettany, Virginia Madsen

Director: Richard Loncraine

Oh, Harrison Ford.

We can wait for *Indy 4*—

You're not a hacker.



Madea's Family Reunion (February 24)

Tyler Perry, Blair Underwood

Director: Tyler Perry

Gun-wielding grandma

Cracks on her whole family

And eats barbecue.

ALMOST HOME

Elizabethtown



Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous* celebrated the director's early life as a rock writer. *Elizabethtown* is even more personal.

» Like Crowe himself once did, Drew Baylor (Orlando Bloom) has to travel to Kentucky to bury his father amid kinfolk he's never met. Never mind the fact that Drew just lost his Nike-esque sneaker company \$972 million and tried to kill himself—he's the responsible one in the family, and there's soul-searching to be done. A quirky flight attendant named Claire (Kirsten Dunst), who possesses all the cuteness and pop-cult wisdom Crowe instills in his female characters, makes it her mission to unburden Baylor. They run around town together as Claire falls in love and Drew copes with his feelings of failure and loss. It's the kind of cinematic intimacy that Cameron Crowe does best.—*Jonathan Stern*



SAY ANYTHING ELSE

No one needs to hear "show me the money" ever again. But Crowe's movies have spawned many more oft-repeated quotes than that. Here's our guide to Crowe's prose for any occasion.

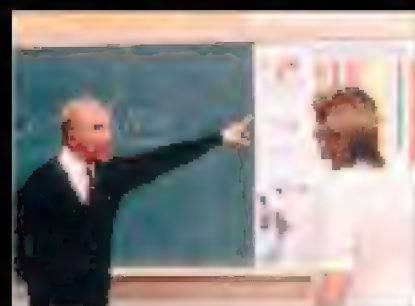


"And then it just becomes an industry of ... cool."

Lester Bangs, *Almost Famous*



Janet: **"Are my breasts too small for you?"**
Cliff: **[Pause] "Sometimes."**
Cliff Poncier and Janet Livermore, *Singles*

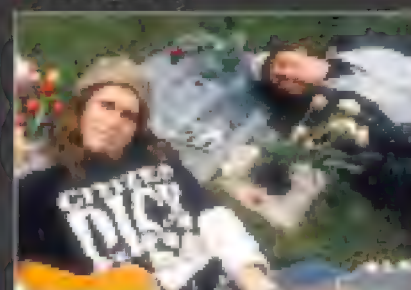


"You dick!"
Jeff Spicoli, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*

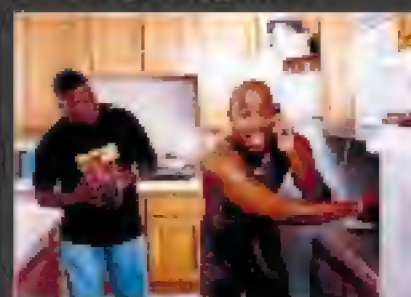
SCENE AND HEARD

Lloyd Dobler and a boom box: Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes," Stillwater on the radio: Elton John's "Tiny Dancer." Everybody knows these classic Crowe music moments, but can you match the tune to these scenes?

1. *Singles*



3. *Jerry Maguire*



2. *Almost Famous*

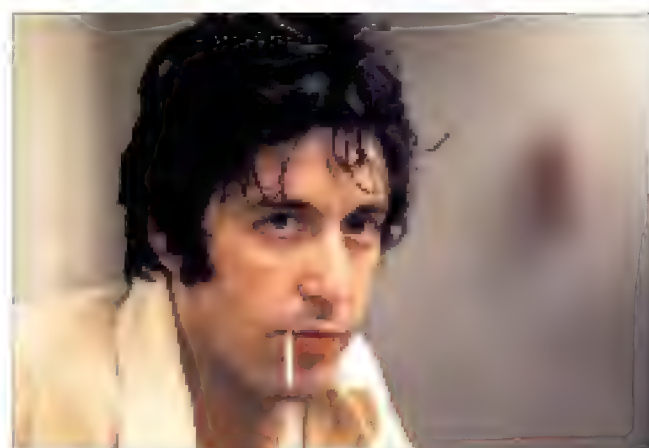


- A. "Voodoo Child"—Jimi Hendrix
- B. "The Wrong Come Up"—LV
- C. "Hey Joe"—Jimi Hendrix

ANSWERS: 1. C, 2. A, 3. B

BONUS QUESTION: Which Soundgarden hit did Chris Cornell write to fit a Citizen Dick song title? _____

REVIEWS



Those Seventies Shows

Network (\$27), still the most searing behind-the-scenes look at broadcast television, arrives in a two-disc set that has commentary by director Sidney Lumet, half a dozen making-of featurettes in a 30th-anniversary doc, and an interview with the late Paddy Chayefsky, the Oscar-winning writer.

Dog Day Afternoon (\$27), the film that cemented Al Pacino's star status, banks on new bonuses for the two-disc 30th-anniversary edition, including director commentary, a four-part making-of doc, and a vintage featurette on Lumet.

All the President's Men (\$27) might seem slightly less suspenseful now that the identity of Deep Throat has been revealed, but this dramatic account of the Watergate scandal still packs a punch. The new two-disc special edition includes Robert Redford's first-ever DVD commentary, making-of docs, and a new featurette on Deep Throat himself, former FBI deputy director Mark Felt.



TAKE-HOME TELEVISION

The Simpsons: Kiss & Tell

America's favorite sitcom family celebrates Valentine's Day. The set (\$15) features "Natural Born Kissers," where Homer and Marge spice up their sex life in public; "Large Marge," where Marge accidentally gets her boobs done; "Three Gays of the Condo," where Homer moves in with two gay roommates; and "The Way We Weren't," a flashback ep where Homer shows up late for a date.

Action

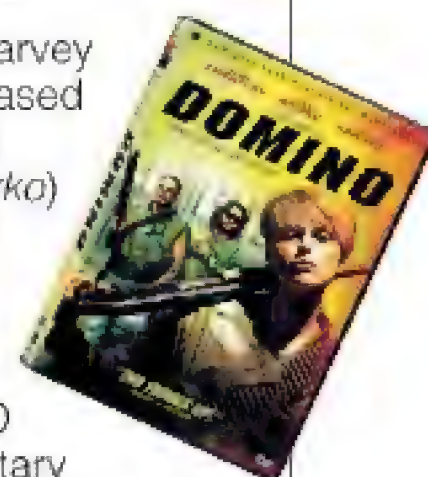
This was one of the most politically incorrect sitcoms of all time, so Fox canned it after eight episodes. (Yeah, we know they aired all 13 eps on FX. We still say they're wimps.) *The Complete Series—Uncut and Unbleeped* (\$25) has commentary tracks, a featurette, and a guide to must-know producer lingo.



ON THE HUNT

Domino

The late Domino Harvey was reportedly pleased with writer Richard Kelly's (*Donnie Darko*) tripped-out take on her, as played by Keira Knightley. Critics were less enthused. The DVD (\$28) has commentary tracks by director Tony Scott and Kelly, the obligatory deleted scenes, and two featurettes.





Q&A



Buckethead

» This incendiary guitarist played with the short-lived, re-formed Guns N' Roses, and may just be one of the best gunslingers of his generation. So, please, respect his decision to wear a chicken bucket on his head.

Where did you get your first bucket?

I got it in 1952. It was handed down to me [by] Colonel Sanders. It was a friend of a friend's.

What do you think of the Colonel?

He's the original playa. I have a picture of him [in which] he is sitting on a porch with his cane, surrounded by dead chickens. It looks like the cover of a hip-hop record, way before [Ludacris's] *Chicken N Beer*.

Why does this bucket say FUNERAL on it?

Because it's a tomb for chickens.

Have you ever considered wearing the bucket the other way around so the words are right-side up?

No, because the whole thing is to have them upside down—like dumping the chicken on my head—so it moves right through me. They feel good for the soul.

This one has a picture of *A Very Brady Sequel* on it.

Did you like that movie?

I like horror movies. I like real sick, disgusting movies. *Blood Harvest*... I love that movie.

"I'm less inhibited when I'm behind a mask. It helps me create without being hung up on exteriors."



You've worn a Hard Rock Cafe bucket. Why that one?

I liked how thick it was. It came filled with ice. I like ice a lot. When we're in Europe, nobody has ice there and I flip out about it.

How did your fascination with the bucket start?

I was raised in a chicken coop to help the chickens. There was this lady, and I would play her songs and she would knit in a rocking chair. There were these two guys who also worked on the farm, and they didn't like me because she paid more attention to me. Then she left for a trip, and they came and threw fried chicken in the chicken coop. That was the first time I ever realized that the chickens were killed, so I took the bucket, put it on my head, and killed those guys.

Is that why you don't show your face?

No, there are other reasons why I don't show my face. My face is disfigured.

What's the farthest one of your buckets has been?

Japan.

Do you go there a lot?

I try to. I love it there. I don't feel like a freak there. I'm sure they notice me because I'm so large, but they don't make me feel bad about it. I'd rather be invisible and move around without anyone seeing me.

Is that why you wear the mask?

Partially.

Do you have a different persona with each mask?

Yes.

Is this all an act then?

It's probably more that I'm acting when I'm not covered up. I'm less inhibited when I'm behind a mask. It helps me create without being hung up on exteriors. I used to force creativity, but I'm realizing you have to get out of the way of things. Let them come through naturally without messing with them too much.

Did you wear masks before you became a musician?

I've worn them all my life. To me, it's the greatest, most wide-open thing for me. I can pretty much do anything with a mask on.

You're a musician and a public figure. How did you make the choice to play music in front of hundreds of people?

It's two extremes. I feel comfortable in front of a crowd, [and] I love to play music. It makes me happy. I don't care about all of the things that come with it. If you can make people forget for that period of time what's hurting them, then I'm happy to do that.

Do you think you'll ever design your own buckets?

It depends [on] whether it was a natural thing. I like going to get them from the store. There's an absurdity to it that I really enjoy. When kids come to the show and they have buckets, I know they have experienced something similar to me, and I think that's pretty cool.

—Samantha Judge

GREG'S PLAYLIST

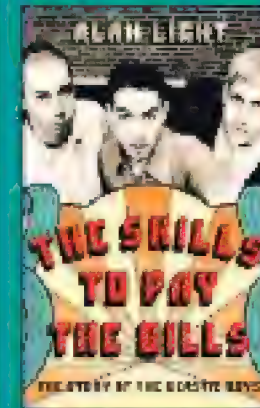


News Flash: Even hardcore rockers like Dillinger Escape Plan's vocalist **Greg Puciato** like "Hooked on a Feeling."

- 1.** *Loveless*, by My Bloody Valentine
Every now and then, a band writes a perfect album. This is one.
- 2.** "Stallkicker," by Oxbow
The singer of this band jerks off onstage, cries, and chokes audience members to the point of unconsciousness. My kind of dude.
- 3.** "Dyers Eve," by Metallica
A furious and perfect swan song from a band that definitely no longer exists. James Hetfield ... e-mail me. Seriously.
- 4.** "Hooked on a Feeling," by B. J. Thomas
You doubt this one? Don't. My taste is impeccable.
- 5.** "Your Skull Is Red," by Team Sleep
If you don't believe me, get fucking bent and go back to listening to Staind.
- 6.** "Angel of Death," by Slayer
Music to shoot people to.
- 7.** "Together as One," by Death
This guy is dead. Big bum-out. I'm gonna name my next band Wealth and see what happens.
- 8.** "Planets Collide," by Crowbar
This is probably what was playing in that bear's head when he ripped the insides out of that dumb-ass in the *Grizzly Man* movie.
- 9.** "When the Sun Hits," by Slowdive
Very underappreciated band ... depressing *and* uplifting.
- 10.** "Room a Thousand Years Wide," by Soundgarden
This was when Chris Cornell's voice was still mountain-shattering and this band was at the top of their game.

SAND PAPERS

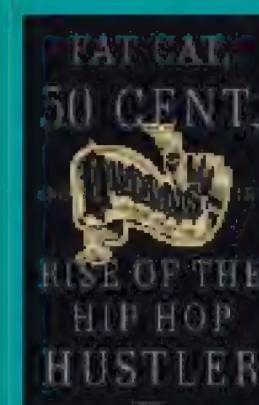
Relax on the beach and nurse your hangover with our favorite new books about music.



The Skills to Pay the Bills: The Story of the Beastie Boys, by Alan Light (Three Rivers Press)
This biography, named after the rap trio's video collection, shouldn't be written off as just another boring band bio. It was penned by a former *Spin* editor who knows more about the Beasties than they know about themselves.

Staring at Sound: The True Story of Oklahoma's Fabulous Flaming Lips, by Jim DeRogatis (Broadway Books)

In case this month's feature doesn't quench your thirst for knowledge about the psychedelic band, this biography will take you from their inception in 1983 through *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* in 2002.

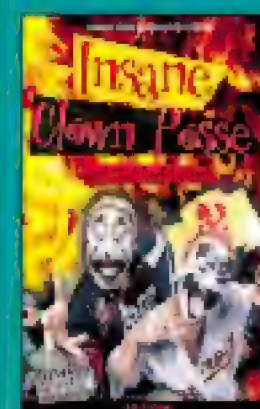
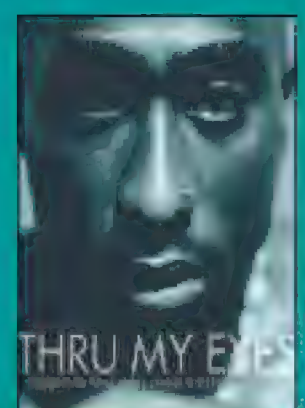


Queens Reigns Supreme: Fat Cat, 50 Cent, and the Rise of the Hip-Hop Hustler, by Ethan Brown (Anchor)

Get the stories behind the rap kings of one-time sleepy Queens, New York. From Run-DMC to Nas, you'll learn how the borough became a hip-hop hotbed complete with real-life gangsters.

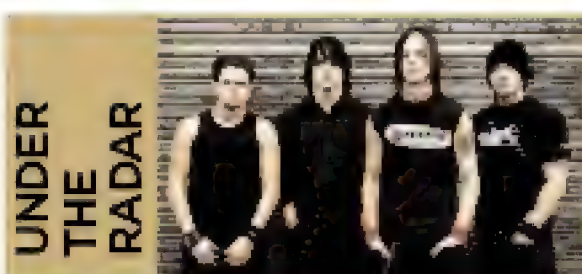
Thru My Eyes: Thoughts on Tupac Amaru Shakur in Pictures and Words, by Gobi (Simon & Schuster)

If you're a fan, check out this incredibly intimate book on the late, much beloved rapper. It contains previously unpublished photos of Tupac that were taken by one of his closest friends.



The Story of Insane Clown Posse, by Lou G. Stone (Omnibus Press)

They've been touted as one of the worst bands in rock. Read Stone's account of these face-painting guys from the Motor City and you may change your mind. Or maybe you'll just discover the reason why they suck so hard.



Tons of places worldwide have metal-infused hardcore scenes. Wales isn't one of them. That hasn't deterred **BULLET FOR MY VALENTINE**, the country's latest hard-rock group. The rib cage-vibrating screams on their newest record, *The Poison*, could frighten the likes of Dimmu Borgir. Their gritty guitars are reminiscent of metal's heyday, when bands like Cradle of Filth and Iron Maiden ruled headbangers' stereos. The U.K. has already fallen for this feisty band, and it looks like we're next.



REVIEWS



Yellowcard

Lights and Sounds, (Capitol) ★★★★★

Though it opens like the beginning of a Broadway musical or a romantic Hollywood film with tender piano and strings, after two minutes the album cuts away to straight-up, headbanging rawk. Instead of abandoning this classical sound after "Three Flights Up," the band weaves it throughout the record, funneling in horns on "Two Weeks From Twenty" and taking advantage of Sean Mackin's

impressive electric violin at the start of "Waiting Game." Though most of *Lights and Sounds* is as pop-punky as Ocean Avenue, a handful of the songs carry more bite than anything we've heard from the band yet. Whether this newfound introspection is a result of lead singer Ryan Key and bassist Pete Mosely moving to New York, or Yellowcard losing founding guitarist Ben Harper last year (much to the chagrin of many of their fans), the change is reflected in the guitar work and Key's lyrics.

Penthouse Pick: "Lights and Sounds"

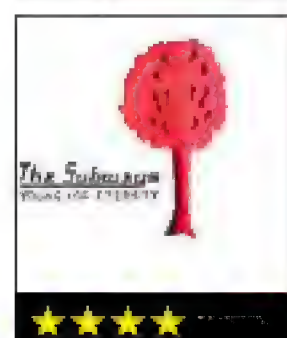
NOTABLE MENTIONS

Belle & Sebastian
The Life Pursuit
(Matador)

Bleeding Through
The Truth
(Trustkill)

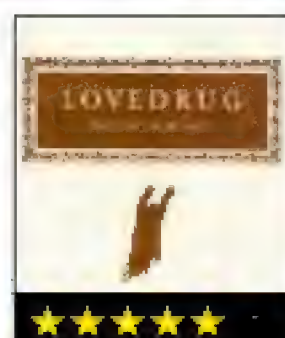
Audio Bullys
Generation
(Astralwerks)

Your girlfriend might like:
The Derek Trucks Band
Songlines
(Columbia)



The Subways

Young for Eternity
(City Pavement/
Infectious
Records)
Grunge meets punk in this Nirvana-inspired debut. Summer love and everything else from high school you tried to forget come together for anyone who wants to avoid adulthood like the plague.—
Ariella Monti



Lovedrug

Pretend You're Alive
(Militia/
Columbia)
Lovedrug is our new addiction. Check out this critically praised band, whose record offers a new spin on alternative rock with tracks like "Rocknroll" and displays its affection for Radiohead on softer songs like "Radiology."



Mudhoney

Under a Billion Stars
(Sub Pop)
This CD from these nineties superstars chugs along with a distinctive post-punk sound that feels like a blend of Sonic Youth and the Doors. Their focus on instrumentation and layered solos brings them into the twenty-first century.



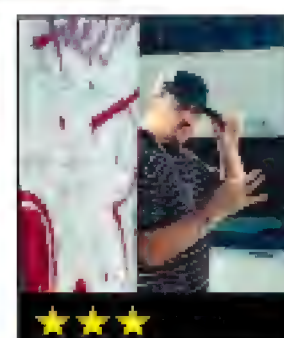
Say Anything

... Is a Real Boy
(Doghouse/J
Records)
Rock and electronica. Emo and humor. These combinations don't usually work well together, but Say Anything pulls off a rock opera that takes unexpected turns. They're not Green Day, but in the end, it's pleasant to listen to.



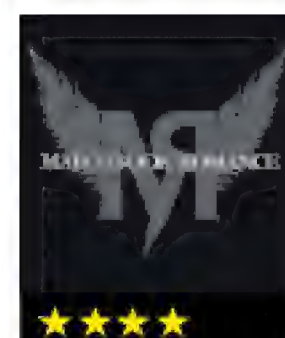
Mylo

Destroy Rock & Roll
(Breastfed/
SonyBMG)
We adored the ambient songs and hooky dance grooves of "Musclecars," but the frequent song pauses and funky remixes of classic dance songs made us wonder if there was something wrong with our stereo.



Bubba Sparxxx

The Charm
(Purple Ribbon)
Sparxxx convinced his friends the Ying-Yang Twins and Petey Pablo to lend their skills to his third record, which swings from amped-up club songs to introspective tunes. We just wish the rapper had taken a few more risks with the beats.



Matchbook Romance

Voices
(Epitaph)
They're known for a sound that bridges emo and pop-punk. On their sophomore effort, they manage to also incorporate a dark, goth-influenced sound (à la another band with "Romance" in their name, My Chemical Romance).

50 Ways to Fill Your iPod Player



50. Yo La Tengo
"The River of Water"

49. Ken Boothe
"Ain't No Sunshine"

48. Madball
"Can't Stop, Won't Stop"

47. Lunachicks
"E.D.G.A.R."

46. Booker T. & the MG's
"Day Tripper"

45. Love & Rockets
"Holiday on the Moon"

44. Bad Brains
"Big Takeover"

43. Devendra Banhart
"Pumpkin Seeds"

42. Mum
"We Have a Map of the Piano"

41. Dinosaur Jr.
"In a Jar"



40. Rasputina
"Antique High Heel Red Doll Shoes"

39. Fela Kuti
"Mr. Follow Follow"

38. L7
"Cat-o'-Nine-Tails"

37. Candiria
"Temple of Sickness"

36. Keane "The Way You Want It"

35. Miles Davis
"Round About Midnight"

34. Brendan Benson
"You're Quiet"

33. Nortec Collective
"Tijuana Makes Me Happy"

32. Patsy Cline
"Walkin' After Midnight"

31. Bikini Kill
"Rebel Girl"

30. Louis Armstrong
"What a Wonderful World"

29. H2O
"I See It in Us"

28. Bauhaus
"Bela Lugosi's Dead"

27. Tom Waits
"Kommienzuspedt"

26. Bobby Darin
"Mack the Knife"

25. Rancid
"Rwanda"



24. Bad Religion
"21st Century (Digital Boy)"

23. Jean Grae
"A-Alikes"

22. The Prodigy
"Jericho"

21. The Charlie Daniels Band
"The Devil Went Down to Georgia"

20. Lamb of God
"Purified"

19. Dizzee Rascal "Fix Up, Look Sharp"



18. Carole King
"I Feel the Earth Move"

17. Afrika Bambaataa
"Planet Rock"

16. Pavement
"Cut Your Hair"

15. Fall Out Boy
"Homesick at Spaco Camp"

14. Cat Power
"I Don't Blame You"

13. Dead Kennedys
"Too Drunk to Fuck"

12. Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
"Babe, You Turn Me On"

11. Rancid
"Ruby Soho"

10. Willie Nelson "Each Night at Nine"

9. Lyrics Born
"Bad Dreams"

8. Peaches
"Fuck the Pain Away"

7. Bloc Party
"Banquet"

6. The Detroit Cobras
"Weak Spot"

5. Flogging Molly "Drunken Lullabies"

4. It's a Beautiful Day
"White Bird"



3. Spoon
"I Turn My Camera On"

2. The Bouncing Souls "Kate Is Great"

1. Pixies
"Wave of Mutilation"



From Operation Ivy and Agnostic Front to Interpol and the Hives, independent music has always caught the ear of the discerning listener. I've found that some of my favorite albums are the ones recorded for independent labels. Though I often ~~know~~ ^{know} their are always gems on these "indie" recordings. So take a minute to check out my 50 choices from eMusic, and fill your iPod* with awesome music that will convince all your friends you're in the know.

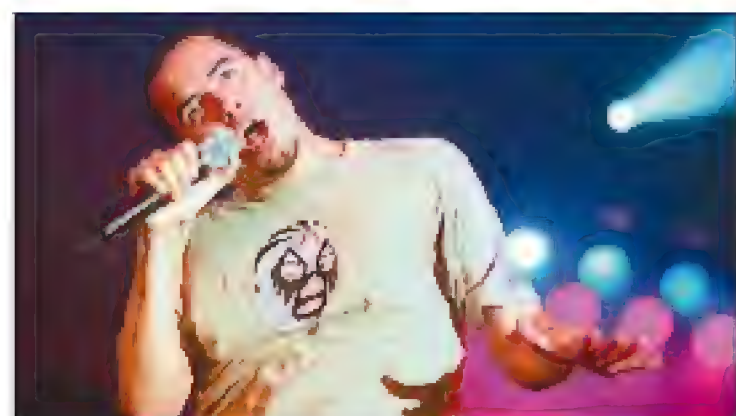


emusic

Fill your iPod* player with 100% independent music. To get 50 free downloads, visit www.emusic.com/ph



COLLECTOR OF THE MONTH



Toy Master

» Fans may know **Douglas "S.A." Martinez** for his rhyming and scratching in 311, but this tough guy is a kid at heart.

What kind of toys do you collect?
Shogun Warrior toys. In Japan they're called Jumbo Machinders, and they're made by Poppy. I haven't gotten one in a few years, but I have about 20 of them.

That doesn't sound like very many.
There are about 50. I started collecting them in the early nineties. We were in New York and I saw them in a shop, and I remembered that I had one as a kid. It made me want to get them again. I get them through eBay and Yahoo! Japan.
What's it like to bid on Japanese sites?

I have to go through a middleman because I don't speak or type Japanese. Once, I bid \$2,000—and I lost.

Ouch.

I know. The most I ever paid for one was \$1,000.

Which one is your favorite?

There's one called Daimos that is one of the harder ones to get. He's really cool. In America his front plate was just a sticker that you put on, but in Japan he had a whole piece that was molded for the chest plate.

Are they in boxes all over your house?

No, they're out of the boxes in a studio in my house. Some were in my basement. We had a lot of water near my house in California and the basement got some moisture, so I lost a few boxes.

Do 311 fans often talk to you about your toys?

No ... well ... I did go over to one person's house to see their collection. I think we started talking on a message board, and he ended up coming to a show. He brought his friend who was selling some, so I went over and checked them out.

Do you want to collect all 50?

I used to be really crazy about getting all of them, but now I just want specific ones because I'm running out of room.

Which one do you really want?

Danguard Ace. He's pretty bitchin'. I would make room for him.

ROCK PARTY

Use the top four tips we've culled from Hollywood scenesters on how to throw a celeb-worthy spring-break party!

DO:

Entertain your guests.

DON'T:

Do that by putting insects up your nose.

FUN FACT:

Ozzy Osbourne loved to party. According to legend, while the Prince of Darkness was raging with Mötley Crüe, he asked guitarist **Nikki Sixx** for a "bump." Sixx gave him a straw and, to his surprise (or, as we suspect, lack of surprise), Ozzy walked over to a group of ants and snorted them.

Make sure your guests get home safely.

Give out handguns as parting gifts.

Everyone was having a blast at **Ja Rule's** 2004 holiday party, until two men were blasted while they were leaving. Though one victim eventually recovered from the gunshot wound in his stomach, the other died hours after the party.

Invite all of your friends.

Invite Diddy.

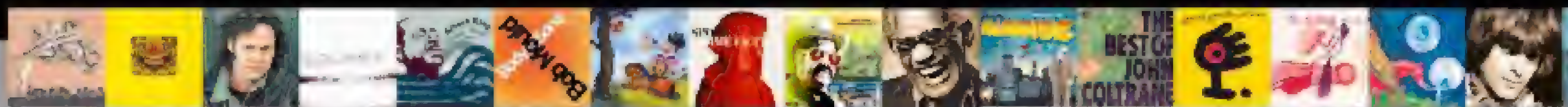
In 2002, **Diddy** threw a party at Cipriani in New York City. The invite read, "If your shoes are scuffed, you're going to have a problem. If you're wearing jeans, you're on the wrong track." Apparently, **Ethan Hawke** didn't pay attention. The star was turned away because his appearance wasn't up to the Bad Boy CEO's standards.

Come up with an original theme for your party.

Scare the shit out of your guests.

For his MTV Video Music Awards after-party in 2004, the award-winning **Usher** hired animal trainers and acrobats. Daredevils flipped over guests and swung across the Miami Shore Club's pool, while giant cats, including a panther, strutted around the party.





MUSIC THAT'LL MAKE YOU WEEP. AND NOT THE WAY BOY BANDS DO.

You'll find the largest collection of amazing independent artists at eMusic. You can download titles for just 25 cents and it all works with your iPod® player. And right now receive 50 free songs, which you get to keep forever just for checking out the site. eMusic. Over one million songs that'll have you crying, for more.

GET **50 FREE SONGS** FOR CHECKING OUT EMUSIC.COM/RAY

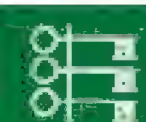
#1 Site for Independent Music



emusic.



Works with your iPod® player. ©Copyright eMusic.com, Inc. 2005. eMusic is a registered trademark of eMusic.com, Inc. All Rights Reserved. iPod® is a registered trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. Apple is not a partner or sponsor of eMusic.



DIAL-UP DIVERSIONS



Thumb Wars

» When mobile gaming first started, we couldn't have cared less. Our **LCD phone** display reminded us of the original Game Boy, and since we're not into puzzle games, the idea of having *Bejeweled* at our fingertips excited us about as much as getting a holiday fruitcake. But after a few years the graphics improved, and phone games became better suited to hard-core gamers. So what's the future of **handheld action**? Glad we asked.

PHONETASTIC!

Make sure your mobile device can hang with the latest software.

Here are some of our favorites:

LG VX9800 Verizon Wireless

Verizon's V Cast gives you instant access to tons of 3-D games and other multimedia content, like sports, weather, and movie trailers. The qwerty keyboard makes texting feel natural.

Nokia N91 Nokia

Now that Nokia is giving all its phones access to N-Gage titles, it's worth picking up the newest model. The N91 lets you play audio files (use a USB connection to transfer them from your computer), and the four-GB hard drive gives you plenty of room for games.

V604SH Vodafone

The crisp, 2.4-inch screen and embedded Motion Control Sensor that responds to hand movement make this phone great for gaming, and the 3.2-megapixel camera is nothing to balk at. The device is currently only available in Japan, but it should arrive in the U.S. early this year.



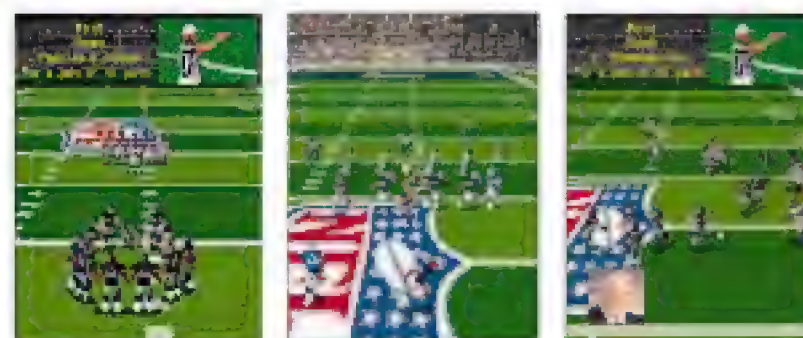
DOWNLOAD THIS!

Yes, you'll have to get over the single-finger controller. But once you do, here are games worth shelling out the dough for:



PAC-MAN (Namco)

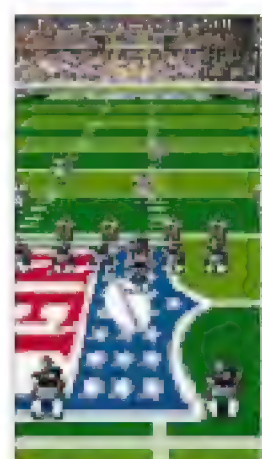
Classics never get old—even after 26 years. Chase down ghosts, eat pellets, and race after food like cherries and pretzels while you're stuck on the subway.



MADDEN NFL 06

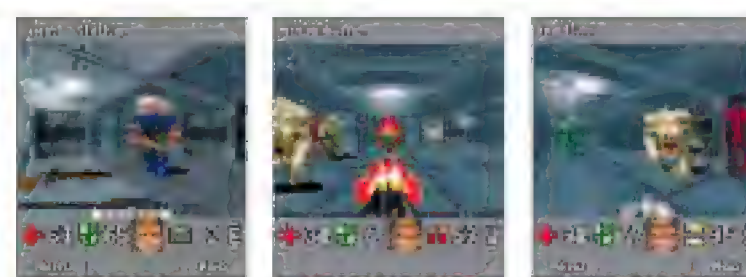
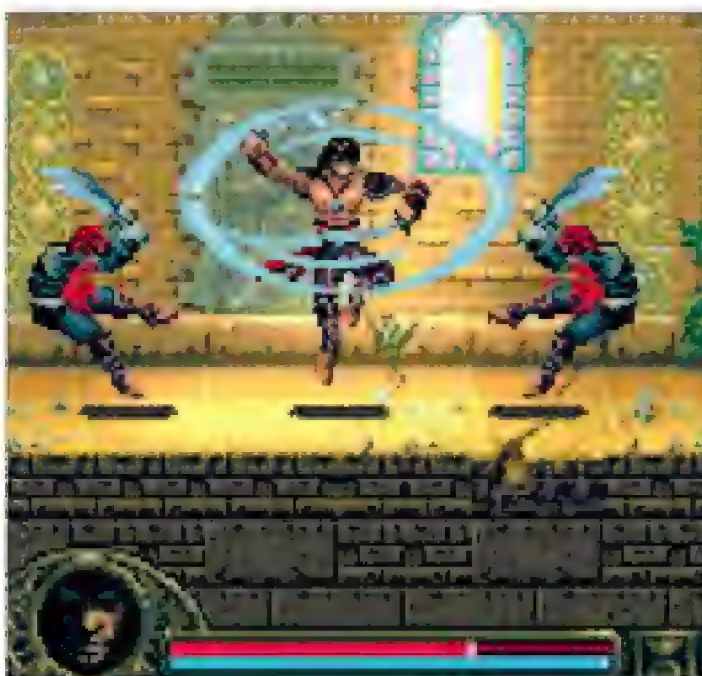
(EA Sports)

Now you can play *Madden* on the street without a PSP. One mobile bonus: This version doesn't have the "vision stick," that obnoxious quarterback control that has been frustrating console gamers.



PRINCE OF PERSIA: WARRIOR WITHIN (Gameloft)

In the third title for the mobile-phone series, the Prince is stronger and has acquired more time-manipulating powers. They help when you're being pursued by swarms of enemies.



DOOM (Jamdat)

Our favorite old-school splatter-fest. Armed with the BFG and eight other weapons, you'll be able to blow holes in gruesome imps and demons through ten dangerous levels.

HALO (In-Fusio)

Simply the best first-person shooter out there. No patience in the waiting room? A few rounds of wasting aliens with your giant gun will make you feel better about health care.



THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

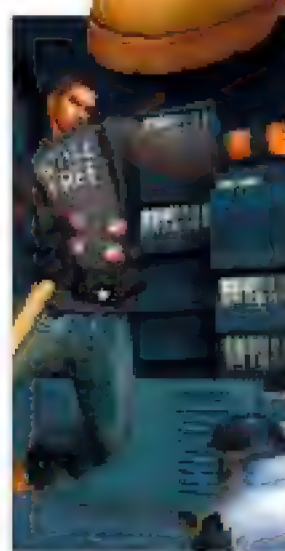
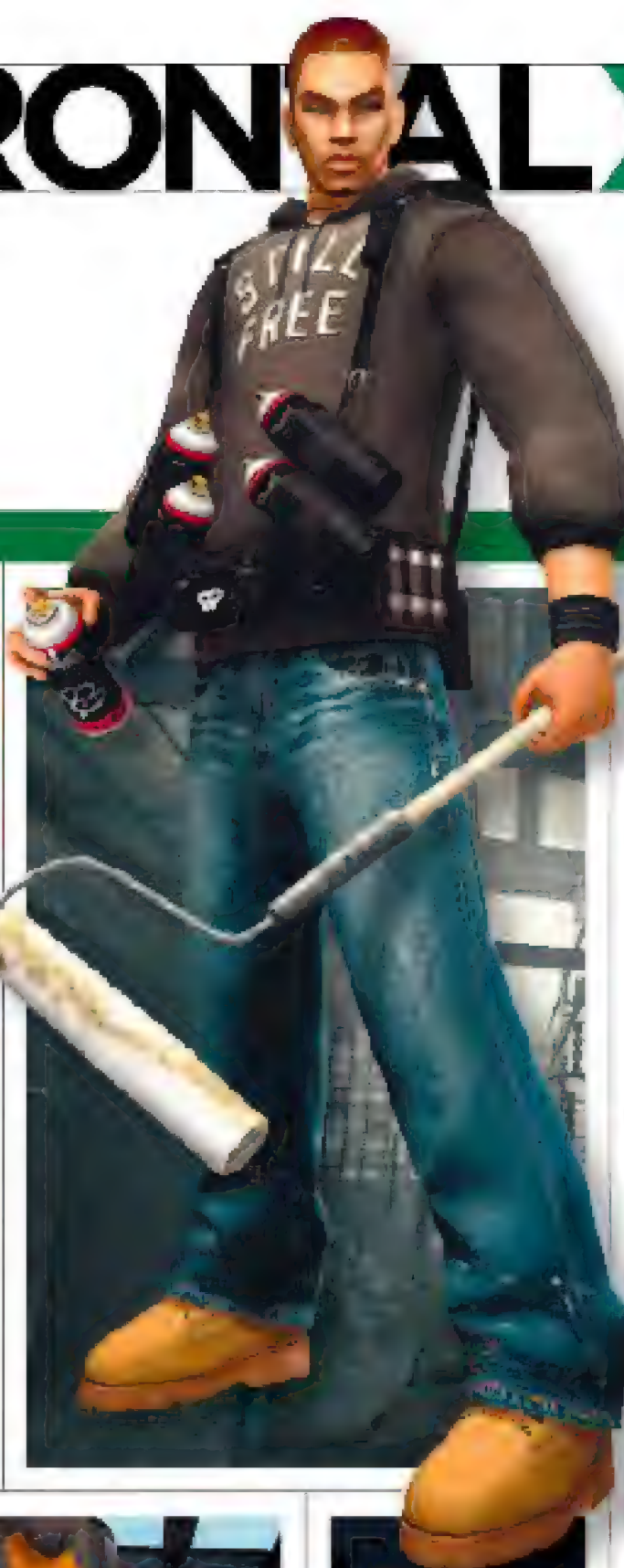
Why all the buzz about mobile gaming now? These three major innovations are turning our cell phones into portable arcades.

MULTIPLAYER: You talk to friends on your handset, so why not play them? New multiplayer networks allow subscribers to compete simultaneously against real people.

3-D TITLES: You might love *Tetris*, but wouldn't you rather be playing *Doom*? The development of 3-D gaming is bringing first-person shooters into the mobile-gaming fold.

BETTER GRAPHICS: You can actually see the screen now. As screen size and clarity have increased, mobile-game graphics and gameplay have become more sophisticated.

BEST IN SHOW



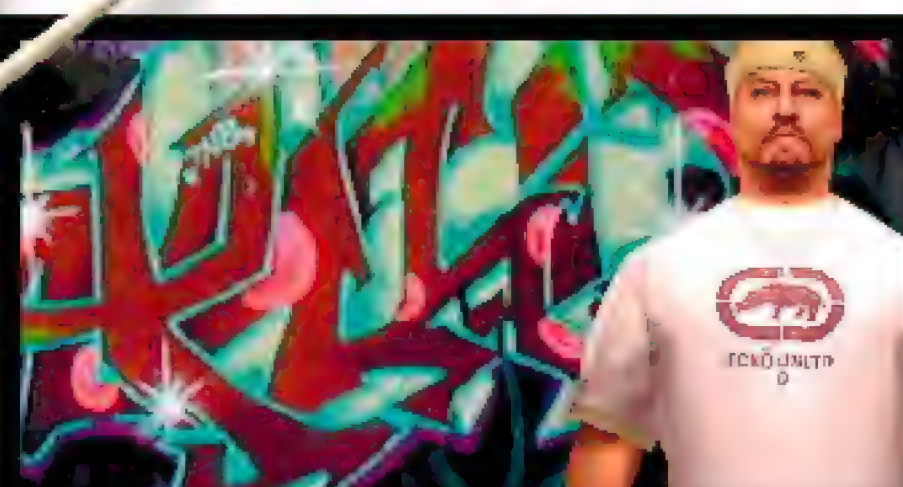
★★★★★

>> Marc Ecko's Getting Up

(PS2, Xbox, PC, PSP) Atari

Graffiti is usually illegal. That's why it's surprising that 65 graffiti artists, including Cope 2, T-Kid 170, and Shepard Fairey, came out of hiding to assist fashion designer Mark Ecko with his first game. By doing so, they added street cred to the first title strictly devoted to underground art.

You play as Trane (voiced by rapper Talib Kweli), an up-and-coming graf artist who has to prove he's worth the cans he's carrying without getting arrested or beaten down by a rival gang. Admittedly, this storyline doesn't break new gaming ground. The difference is in the gameplay. You get points for throwing pieces up on bridges and buildings. The higher they are, the bigger your rep. To be successful, you'll not only have to master your fighting skills to dissuade rivals, but also perfect your fancy footwork to successfully scamper over skinny ledges and railings to your goal. With intuitive controls and a great soundtrack, *Getting Up* is one of this winter's hot titles.



Spray Day

What's life really like for a graffiti artist? Just ask the legendary T-Kid 170.

What part do you play in *Getting Up*?

I'm one of the characters. All the graffiti artists have a true-to-life component that they [pass on to Trane]. In my case, it's my style of letters.

Letters?

I [have] a unique style that's viewed as one of the best around. I do my name and bring in everything else that I do. Once [Trane] learns that, he can do murals and bust out a style of letters at the same time.

Where are your favorite places to work?

I run around the Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, and all over Europe. I go to places and see walls that are really messed up, and ask for permission to do their walls.

How do you earn respect in the graffiti world?

You have to put your name up everywhere. When they were going to knock a building down, we'd start painting inside the building or paint the next building over. Once they knock it down, there's your name. We also used to climb down onto bridges and paint. You have to be an acrobat to do a lot of this stuff. You really got to have nerves of steel.

Do you get an adrenaline rush from it?

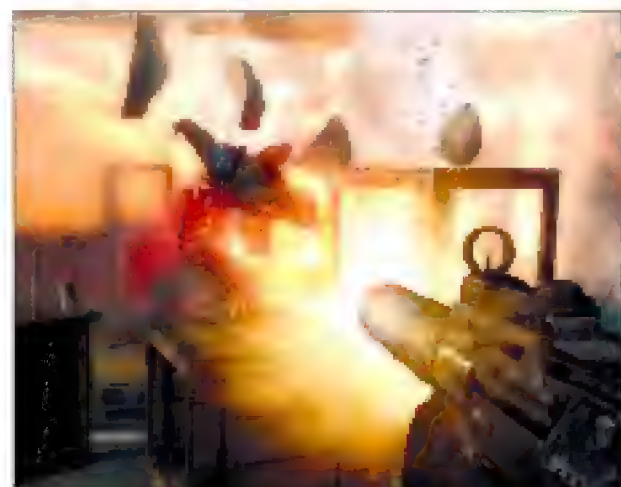
When we used to do the trains, you never knew when a cop was going to pop up. Your heart is beating. You smell the steel. It's an incredible feeling to be able to go into a yard or a tunnel and paint your name, knowing you only have so much time. You just keep challenging yourself: "What can I do? What can I get away with?"

Have you done anything really crazy?

One time we were raided by, like, 40 cops. As I'm running with the cops right behind me, I'm stopping and tagging, "T-Kid was here."

Read more about T-Kid 170 in *The Nasty Terrible T-Kid 170*, out now.

REVIEWS

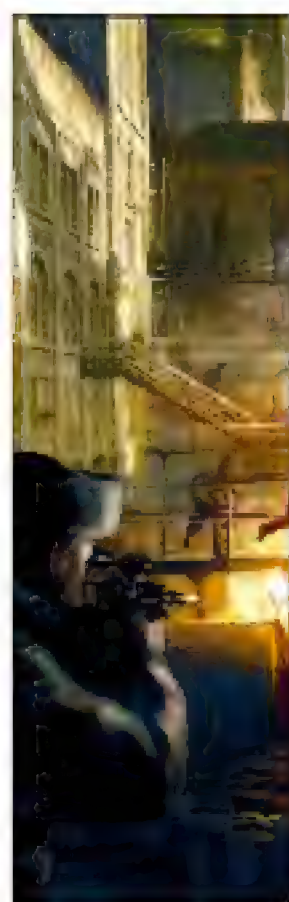
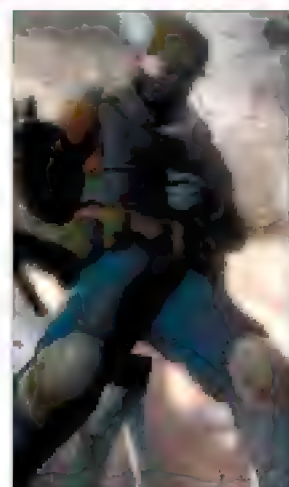


★★★★★

BLACK

(PS2, Xbox) EA

Screw covert missions. In *Black* (developed by the Burnout team), you get points for creating over-the-top explosions, Jerry Bruckheimer-style. Not only are the environments destructible, but you can use them to your advantage. Go ahead and kill your enemies by exploding a nearby car or dropping a sign on their heads—you'll see your score soar! Why stalk your adversary when you can just blow him up with a rocket launcher?



★★★★★

STACKED

With **DANIEL NEGRENEAU**

(Xbox, PS2, PC, PSP) Myelin

Stacked is a bit different from other poker titles. For starters, it's equipped with the smartest A.I. (known as Poki) to date in a poker game, which comes into play when you go head-to-head with pros like Daniel Negreanu in single-player mode. What really hooked us was the online play. If you play well enough, you'll have the chance to actually play against the game's stars in online tournaments.



★★★★

COMMANDOS STRIKE FORCE

(PS2, Xbox, PC) Eidos

In most military-based titles, the action involves tactically employing your squad from a third-person perspective. In the latest addition to the *Commandos* series, the WWII environment is familiar, but because it's a first-person shooter, you're more immersed in the action. Still aching for traditional *Commandos* gameplay? Go online and play against up to eight other gamers in a variety of modes, including deathmatch and sabotage.

USE YOUR THUMBS

» Our Favorite Handheld Games



METAL GEAR ACID 2
(PSP) Konami

We were skeptical that *Metal Gear Solid* would translate as a card game in which you build your deck similar to *Magic: The Gathering*. Not only did it succeed, but it inspired a sequel. This time, Solid Snake takes on a military company with twice as many cards as he had in the original. Unlock more by defeating former MGA bosses.



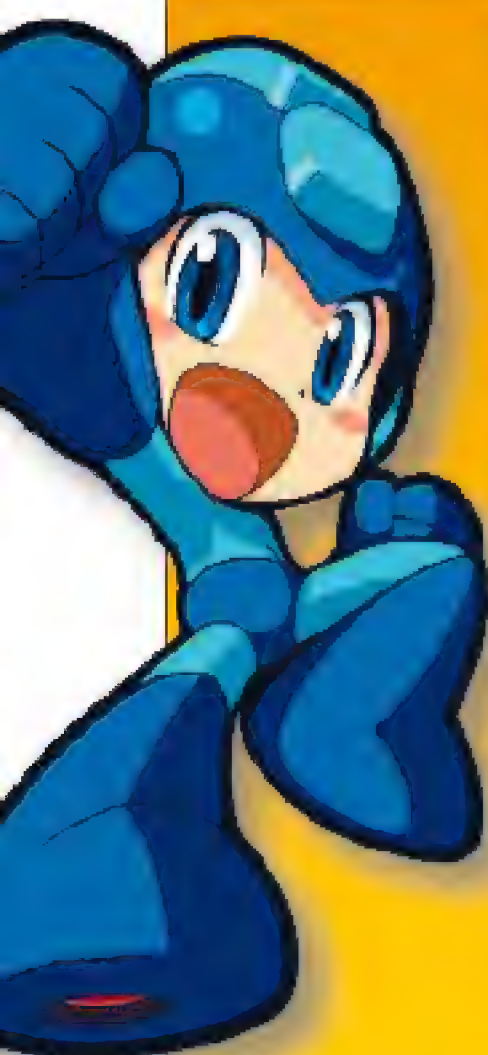
MEGA MAN POWERED UP
(PSP) Capcom

This remix of the original *Mega Man* brings a retro quality to the PSP, with its side-scrolling, two-dimensional style. Make your robotic enemies explode as you pummel through eight boss-controlled worlds before facing off against crazed scientist Dr. Wily. Hard-core fans will enjoy building their own levels and playing as any of the boss robots.



SCURGE: HIVE
(DS, GBA) Origin

When an alien race with a spelling problem invades Jenosa Arma's planet, the bounty hunter is determined to get them the hell off her world. Packed with puzzles and platform-style action, the game is fun, but you'd better save the world before Jenosa's rising infection meter fills up, or the parasite living in her blood will take over.



PACINO VS. PACINO

Grudge Match

This winter, a legendary mobster family goes up against a notorious gangster to see who's got the biggest *cojones*. Here's our bookie's idea of who might gain the upper hand.

**SCARFACE:
THE WORLD IS YOURS**
(VIVENDI UNIVERSAL)

**THE
GODFATHER**
(EA)

• CASTING •

The game won't feature Al Pacino's voice (just his likeness), but James Woods, Michael Rappaport, Cheech Marin, and Steven Bauer lent their voices to the title.

Many of the film's original actors, including Robert Duvall and James Caan, returned for the video-game adaptation. Marlon Brando's voice-over work had to be cut when he died.

Upper Hand: *The Godfather*. Even without Pacino and Brando, the game has a deep connection to the original masterpiece.

• AWARDS •

The 1983 film was nominated for three Golden Globes, has more "fucks" than most flicks, and is embraced by the hip-hop community worldwide.

The 1972 film won three Academy Awards, including Best Picture.

Upper Hand: *The Godfather*. Though Brian De Palma does fine work, nothing can deny *The Godfather*.

• SCRIPT •

Though the third-person shooter begins with the film's climactic ending, you'll play crazed gangster Tony Montana. Explore what might have happened if Montana hadn't died during that scene.

As a small-time mobster in the famed Corleone family, you dream of becoming the head of your own crime family. At key moments, you'll play a part in the legendary storyline.

Tie: *The Godfather's* faithful movie plot and *Scarface's* fan-fiction version are both enjoyable.

• HITS •

To climb back to his previous position of power, Montana has to launder money, smuggle cocaine, and, of course, shoot his enemies with a very large gun.

Bribing the police, throwing Molotov cocktails, and offing those who get in your way are part of the routine. But don't go overboard with the violence because you'll get arrested or erased.

Upper Hand: *Scarface*. If we didn't want to act like a cold-blooded killer, we wouldn't be playing a gangster title.

• QUOTE •

"Say hello to my little friend!"

"I'm going to make him an offer he can't refuse."

Upper Hand: *Scarface*. The phrase can be used in almost any conversation.

• MERCHANDISE •

We have this T-shirt with Al Pacino's face on it.

If you can't live without your very own severed horse head, drop by Kropserkel.com and pick up one for \$70.

Upper Hand: *The Godfather*. Until they come out with a Tony Montana-brand M-14 machine gun, all we get is this lousy T-shirt.

Winner: *The Godfather, 3-2*. The Cuban gangster may be more violent, but just blowing people away doesn't make you a made man.

HACK THE SYSTEM



Though *not* sanctioned by Sony, one of the cooler things your PSP can do is play homemade games. To do this, you have to convince your operating system it's running on version 1.50. Here's your guide to downgrading your PSP from 2.0 to 1.50 without turning it into a brick.

1. Find a reliable site and download the 1.50 downgrade for the 2.0 firmware.
2. Unzip the file. It may be detected as a virus by your virus scanner. Don't sweat this.
3. Open the PSP root menu, *not* the PSP folder located in this file. Copy INDEX.DAT and H.BIN into it. It is *very* important that you copy them to the root menu.
4. Go into PSP/PHOTO. Copy OVERFLOW.TIF here.
5. Go into PSP/GAME. Make a folder called UPDATE. Open this folder, and copy EBOOT.PBP here.
6. Disconnect the USB cord. Plug the AC adapter into your PSP.
7. Under the photo icon, highlight (no need to click) OVERFLOW.TIF.
8. Wait a full minute, then turn off your PSP. Make sure it fully shuts down.
9. Restart your PSP.
10. Under the game icon, click on the 1.50 update. Follow the onscreen prompts.
11. Be prepared for it to crash when it hits 99 percent complete. Turn off your PSP.
12. Restart your PSP. When you see the error screen, press "O." The PSP will restart.
13. Find the emulators for the systems you want. Download their ROMs, all of which should play on the PSP.

Keep in mind that Sony doesn't condone hacking your system, so doing this is going to void your warranty. Also, Sony continuously updates its firmware, so you'll need to keep downloading new downgrades.

DIGITAL VIXEN



Name:	Mai Shiranui
Alias:	Ninja Babe
Birthday:	January 1
Home:	Ja• an
Height:	5'4"
Measurements:	34-22-36
Turn-on:	Beating u• men
Turnoff:	S• iders
Hobbies:	Cooking, battledore, and shuttlecock
Combat style:	Shiranui
Favorite accessories:	Fans and fire
See her in:	King of Fighters: Maximum Impact 2

Q&A

Rocket Man

Ever wonder what it's like to pop a **boner** in low Earth orbit? Astronaut **Mike Mullane** gets candid about interstellar decorum. By J. Rentilly

Most of us haven't experienced zero gravity. Is there anything on Earth that compares?

To be technically correct, astronauts are not weightless because there's no gravity. It's because we're falling with it. Maybe skydiving is close to the feeling, but there's nothing really that compares.

What's a day in the life of an astronaut like once you're in space?

You spend several hours loading computer software, checking out satellites, and doing your work. As far as down-time goes, we got an hour a day for exercise, half-hour for mealtime—though most people just grab a handful of cookies and sit at the window. I spent a lot of my sleep-allocated time looking out that window.

How do sparkling-clean bowels make for a good astronaut?

You get one chance when you're applying to be an astronaut to pass this exam. I wanted to make sure that when the doctor looked up my ass, he was going to need his sunglasses. I gave myself four enemas, when I was only supposed to do two. I didn't shit for two weeks, but it was a price I was willing to pay to be normal.

What are some of the physical consequences of space travel?

One thing that happens is space adaptation syndrome. It's vomiting, is what it is. Another major physiological change is spine lengthening. Our vertebrae are compressed here on Earth by gravity. I was an inch and a half taller in space than I am today. It takes, I'm told, two weeks for that to go away, and it can give you a pretty bad backache. We have a lot of blood and

fluid that's held in the lower parts of our body by gravity. In weightlessness, it gets more evenly distributed through your body, and it feels like an uncomfortable sense of eye-popping fullness in your head that is always there. The thing about that is, it gives you terrific boners in space. This Viagra effect will be good for space colonists one day. It also makes females' breasts larger.

When returning to Earth, do problems occur in the body?

When you come back, doctors tell

you that if you're in procreating mode, you should purge your sperm because it could be damaged by space radiation. They want you to start with a fresh load—Earth-made sperm—not something you took with you to space.

Tell me about peeing in space. What are the toilets like?

It's interesting to urinate in space into a vacuum cleaner. You basically wet-vac the tip of your penis. One of the guys proposed marriage to that urinal. By the way, urine dumps in space are spectacular. They freeze instantly, so they look like tracer bullets floating into space. It's really pretty to watch.

What's the most embarrassing part of the examination process?

In a pressure suit, you need something for urine collection. When you're getting measured for your suit, all these cute young girls with clipboards take your measurements. On a table, there are four different-size condoms. She says, "Try these on and tell me which one fits." You put it on, and the other end plugs into a one-way urine bag that wraps around your crotch and your waist. I tell people, "That girl has heard a lot of lies."



Does sex happen in space?

I don't think it's ever been done on a space shuttle. The best you could do is go into the air lock. But if you do that, everybody would know. Astronauts can't keep secrets. ☹️

EXPERT OPINION

John Hodgman, author of *The Areas of My Expertise*, shows how even you can create stunning works of hirsute majesty with this handy table of expert barber techniques.



下载地址: <http://www.pearsoned.com>

Name	Needed Equipment	Rate of Difficulty
Sand traps	Dark shovels, sand bucket, long sticks, long sticks, bucket	0.5
The Continental Method	Marine sand, with No. 1 sand	0.5
Handcuffs	Handcuffs, strong rope, rope, sand bucket, bucket, bucket, bucket	0.5

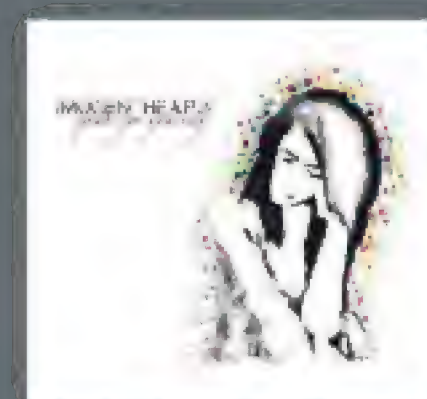
FIGURE 10
Adaptive
Management

The Vanishing	Stripped, naked, screaming man, on the ground, critically	80%
The Shattered Nation	Two men, one, kneeling, head bowed, crying, clutching a small child, a woman in other position	87%
The Hidden Story	Two young women, standing, upper half, with arms, holding what could be sugar, for the young people, all are in uniform, bare	96%

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Imogen Heap

» If you loved the soundtracks for *Garden State* or *The O.C.*, then you're already familiar with **Imogen Heap**. She's the feminine voice on Frou Frou's song "Let Go." Recently, Heap left the duo to pursue a solo career. After listening to her new album, *Speak for Yourself*, we agree that sometimes a little space *is* healthy.



We heard you had to refinance the mortgage on your apartment to pay for your record.

I did, and I'm really glad I did because it is going to pay off. Once I finished the record, I couldn't bear to hand it over to a major label. I wanted to have control, so I kept the ownership of the record, but I'm licensing it to RCA, who I absolutely love.

Does this have anything to do with your relationship with Island Records?

Yes, it was awful. In the begin-

ning, they promise you the world: "You're going to be the next big thing. We're going to put all our resources into you because we want you to be the flagship for our new label." Then Sugarbabes or whoever was getting more money put into them, and we could see that they weren't paying attention to us. If they're not into it or making the right videos, then people lose interest. Radio 1 is a big player in the U.K., and they didn't play our single. [Island] decided they



couldn't do any more with it. They left a message on my manager's answering machine, something like, "Well, you've probably heard the rumors, but we're not going to release the single. We don't think it's really working." That's when I decided that I didn't want to go through that anymore. I set up a label, and released my record in the U.K.

Garden State, The O.C., Shrek 2—what made you decide to get into soundtracks?

I think it was with *Garden State* [that] I realized a soundtrack could be [influential]. Then there are the *O.C.* guys. They're really creative with the music on the show, and they've become so essential to music.

You recorded your first record while in high school.

I'm very happy with that first record. Eight years down the line, I've worked with so many people, I really feel like I've found my sound. All credit goes to everything I've learned from Frou Frou. I'm really happy that at 27, I've managed to make a great album. It's a really unusual album. People will either think it's overcomplicated and has no songs, or think it's genius.

How do you know when a song is done?

Usually if I have no more time. Somebody said, "An artist's work is never finished; it's merely abandoned." I think there's a lot of truth in that on this record. I could have easily spent another four months on it. But once you've spent that long on a record, you start to dislike what you did the year before.

You recorded most of your samples?

I recorded everything on my own. My studio is by a train track, and I couldn't get a piano part [in] because all I could hear was [makes train sound] and the rumbling of the tracks. I said, "I'm just going to record the trains." At the end [of the song],

you can hear the trains passing. In "Hide and Seek," if you listen closely, you can hear what sounds like rain, but [it's] actually a frying pan.

Tell us about the limited-edition single you put out in the U.K.

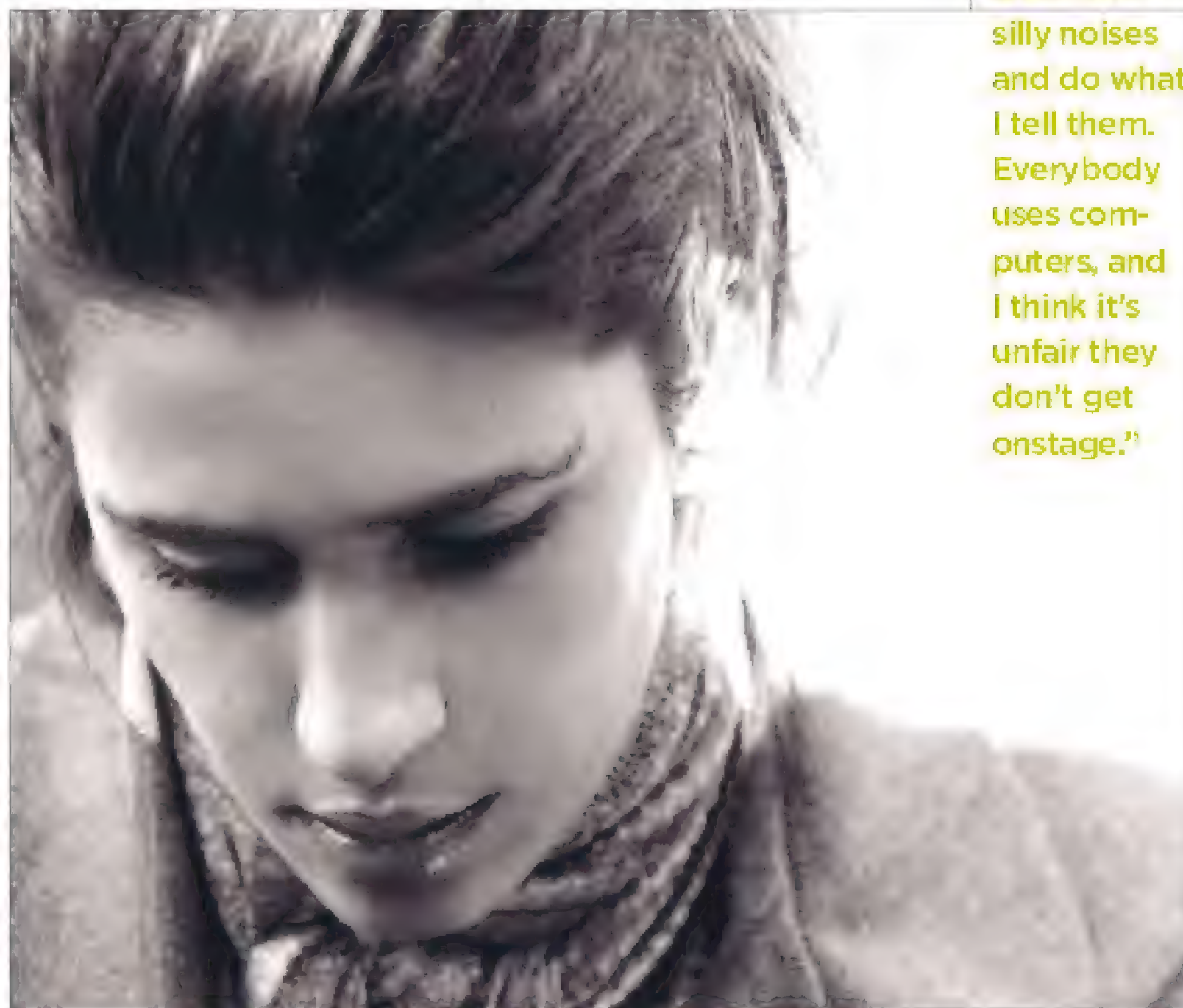
It has "Hide and Seek" on one side and an instrumental on the other, which is my first attempt at something classical and filmic.

head, I could program on the keyboard. So since the age of 12, I've been into programming music on computers. [When I was 17], I went to a school near London and studied music technology and engineering.

Are you handy with all electronics in general?

Yes. I love geeky toys. I love things that make silly noises and

"Since the age of 12, I've been programming music. I love geeky toys. I love things that make silly noises and do what I tell them. Everybody uses computers, and I think it's unfair they don't get onstage."



I have this new instrument that I bought in L.A. that's like a massively oversized thumb piano. It has five octaves and sounds amazing.

When did you first discover you wanted to produce music?

When I was 12 at boarding school. Every day I'd argue with my music master. He'd say, "Go make something difficult." He had this little nook, and in there was an Atari with this program called *Annotator* on it. I realized that anything that was in my

do what I tell them. Everybody uses computers, and I think it's unfair that they don't get onstage. At the moment it's just me and my toys, and there's only so much I can do on my own because I'm not playing a backing track.

What's time in the studio like?

I stop thinking about what's going on in the rest of the world and just deal with the studio when I'm doing my music. I'm completely selfish and I shut everyone out, but I have really great, understanding friends. ○+■

Well Versed in Thirst

Just Shoot Me

A spring without shooters is like a summer without Speedos. Preview some of the most popular spring-break destinations, two ounces at a time.

■ CALL A CAB

Wet Willie's
760 Ocean Drive
Miami Beach, Florida

South Beach may be known for its topless beaches and leggy models, but when it comes to the guys at Wet Willie's, they're more interested in your stagger than your catwalk. Call a Cab consists of only 153-proof grain alcohol. At the end of the night, you think you're hailing a taxi. To everyone else it sounds like, "I'll have another!"

■ HAWAIIAN PUNCH

Rumours Nightclub
410 Atkinson Drive
Honolulu, Hawaii

When night falls on the beaches of Honolulu, check out Rumours Nightclub, where you can taste *real* Hawaiian Punch (crème de almond, Southern Comfort, Smirnoff 100 proof, and pineapple juice). After a few, go ahead and hula ... we'll bring the camcorder.

■ LA CUCARACHA

Coco Bongo
9.5 Kukulkan
Cancún, Mexico

When traveling down to Mexico for the beautiful beaches and zesty taco stands, steer clear of prostitutes and policia in Cancún. Hit up Coco Bongo instead. La Cucaracha (Kahlúa, tequila, and water) is so authentic, you can be forgiven for staying at El Comfort Inn.

■ SLIPPERY DICK AND GORILLA FART

Howl at the Moon
8815 International Drive
Orlando, Florida

Tasty—even to the prudish—the Slippery Dick (Baileys Irish Cream and banana liqueur) and Gorilla Fart (Bacardi 151 and Wild Turkey) are two of our favorites from Orlando's Howl at the Moon. If neither appeals to you, the bar has a laundry list of original specialty shots.

■ DESERT SUNRISE

The Bikini Lounge
1502 Grand Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona

One of the top-ten spring-break destinations, Phoenix, Arizona, is where you'll find the Bikini Lounge. The tiki-themed bar's Desert Sunrise (DeKuyper Cactus Juice Schnapps and a splash of Rose's lime juice) makes the locals say, "Once you drink cactus, you never go back ... tus." Or something like that.

■ ASS JUICE

Double Down Saloon
4640 Paradise Road
Las Vegas, Nevada

You may avoid Indian food to spare yourself a fire down below, but this is one anal leakage you have to try. The bartenders at Double Down refuse to reveal what's in Ass Juice, but that's only because it varies. Five different spirits go into a shaker, but only one potent shot comes out.

Plan your trip around the parties!

BACARDI'S WINTER EXPERIENCE

If you head in the opposite direction for spring break, you'll come face-to-face with Bacardi's Winter Experience. Bacardi Girls coast the slopes in Park City, Killington, Mammoth Mountain, Vail, Breckenridge, and Mount Snow. Grab a snow bunny and Bacardi's signature "Snow-hito." Remember: Everything is tropical in a hot tub. Bacardi.com

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE AT THE MAUI FILM FESTIVAL

Movie lovers, try vacationing in Maui this spring. The Bombay Sapphire-sponsored Maui Film Festival will be at the Grand Wailea Resort Hotel & Spa. If you're thinking, *Why would I want to spend my time in a dark theater?*, relax: The flicks are screened outdoors. There's no \$10 popcorn—just Mautinis, celebs, and paradise. MauiFilmFestival.com

■ BEACH BALL

Barefoot Bar & Grill
1404 Vacation Road
San Diego, California

Take a break in San Diego at the Barefoot Bar. Their specialty is the Beach Ball (Malibu Rum, blueberry schnapps, and pineapple juice). It's a fruity blend that goes perfectly with the impeccable weather and beautiful blonde locals.

■ THE BULL AND THE BEAR

The Exchange
1130 Main Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

No scratch for break? Stuck in the Midwest? Check out Cincinnati's hottest hangout, The Exchange. It's an oxygen, cocktail, and shot bar under one roof. Hit up the shot bar and slug some stock market-inspired creations, like the Bull (Bacardi O, Chambord, Red Bull, and sour mix) and the Bear (a caustic, secret recipe). Order them together for an insider deal.

■ BIG MO SHOOTER

Louie's Backyard
2305 Laguna Boulevard
South Padre Island, Texas

South Padre Island wouldn't be half as cool if it weren't for Louie's Backyard. Featuring a huge menu and eight bars, this ginormous bar/club refuses to let anyone have a bad time. Because everything is big in Texas, order the Big Mo Shooter (Baileys Irish Cream, Kahlúa, vodka, dark crème de cacao, amaretto, and Frangelico).

■ MIND ERASER

Antonio's Nut House
321 S. California Avenue
Palo Alto, California

Sure, you've heard of the Mind Eraser (Kahlúa, Vanilla Stoli, and club soda). But at Antonio's Nut House, this shot, sipped through a straw, is a masterpiece. The combination of slurping and shooting will both freeze and free your brain.



Rick DiPietro

The New York Islanders goalie hopes to lead the U.S. to hockey gold at the 2006 Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy, this month.

Will the 2006 Winter Olympics and the new NHL inspire more Americans to play hockey?

I think so. Hopefully, if the coverage is good for the Olympics and the American team does well, that will spur a lot of interest. And I've only gotten positive feedback from fans on the new NHL.

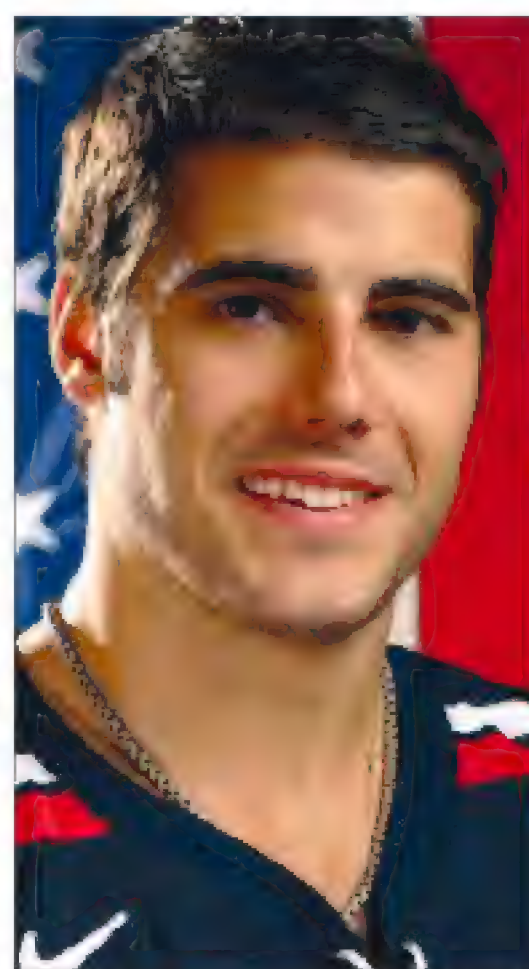
In the Olympics, who is the team to beat in men's hockey?

Having played against them

ey game is if you're watching a hockey game. So for a person who's not a hockey fan, you don't have much of a chance to see when games are on or who the players are—see their faces. In basketball, everybody knows Shaquille O'Neal. That's what draws people.

Czech right winger Miroslav Satan is a fellow Islander. How do you feel when you look at the back of his jersey and see that Satan plays for your team?

[Laughs] Man, it was a little weird at first. I think he's heard that for a long time, and the fans give it to him once in a while, especially in



be the winner and never the loser, then all of a sudden you're neither.

There's that old saying "A tie is like kissing your sister."

An ugly sister at that!

Does that expression make you uncomfortable?

I honestly don't know where it came from. I'm glad I don't have a sister, so I don't have to experience that.

Ron Greschner and Carol Alt. Wayne Gretzky and Janet Jones. Petr Nedved and Veronica Varekova. Why do hockey players get all the supermodels?

I don't know if that's true. I



"After a big win, I'll go to a restaurant and have a meal with the mask on so people will recognize me. Take away the mask and I'm nobody."

in the World Championships last summer, I say the Czech Republic is gonna be a tough team to beat.

What kind of kid decides to be a goalie?

Obviously, a troubled child. I always look back, and I just don't know why. At first it was the equipment—the cool mask, the pads. Plus, you got to be in the game for the entire time. You didn't have to change up or switch lines. Still, there's nothing like being a winger in the NHL.

What would you do to make the NHL more mainstream?

It has to be marketed on a more national level. I'm a big hockey fan, so I watch a lot of hockey. But if you're flipping through the channels on television, the only time you see a commercial for a hock-

Buffalo. I don't think anyone wants to mess around with him.

Are shoot-outs a good way to decide an NHL hockey game?

At this stage, I think so. We had one against Pittsburgh this season—18 shooters together, nine on each side—and I don't think one person in the entire arena was sitting down. It's great for the fans, and it gives the team an opportunity to leave the building with a sense of accomplishment. If they win, they get that extra point. But we won't have shoot-outs in the playoffs. Guys work too hard all year to get there, only to decide a game like that.

Shoot-outs are tough on goalies, but spotlight them at the same time.

It's a double-edged sword. You're the hero or you're the goat. There's definitely pressure on both sides, but as a goaltender you're facing that last shot, which means either win or lose. It's pretty nerve-racking with the fans watching you. When you're winning the shoot-outs, it's great. But when you're losing 'em, it's not the best position to be in, especially with the fans.

Do you miss ending games in a tie?

Not at all. I used to hate ending games in a tie. I would leave the rink thinking I just played 60 minutes of hockey, plus overtime, for no reason at all. It's like, *We just played this whole game and now it's—a tie. Why can't we keep playing so someone can win here?* You always want to

think only the hockey players who keep their real teeth get the supermodels.

Under the new NHL labor agreement, does the dental plan have special "bloody chiclets" coverage?

[Laughs] I haven't checked. I'll have to ask the guys on the team, seeing as a couple of them have lost some digits already. I'm lucky: I get to wear the mask.

Does the mask ever stay on after the game, Rick?

It depends. If I'm feeling a little freaky, I'll go home with it on. But most of the time, I take it off.

Any other occasions when it stays on?

After a big win, I'll go to a restaurant with the mask on so people will recognize me. Take away the mask and I'm nobody.



**FREE
DVD!**
WITH ORDER*

AN OFFER
YOU DON'T WANT
TO PASS UP

**12 ISSUES
FOR ONLY
\$15.95**

At a savings of 84% off the newsstand, *Penthouse* has even more to offer. More coverage of sports, music, cars, video games, and health and fitness.

And of course, there's more of the beautiful women you expect from *Penthouse*. With a two-year subscription at \$29.95 you'll save even more – \$169!

Credit-card holders call toll-free:

1-800-455-2392

Visit us at

www.penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Canadian and foreign orders send \$38.95 (includes GST) for 12 issues. All payments must be in U.S. dollars and checks must be drawn on a U.S. bank. Annual price is \$99.88; regular subscription price is \$46. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. *Free DVD sent upon payment and is for U.S. residents only. Offer expires 5/31/06. PEN 6603BH

© 2005 General Media Communications, Inc.



We're looking for the hottest girls in America. Go to PenthouseModels.com



LOVE STORY

Stunning 21-year-old Sasha Love is sweet, easygoing, and ready for adventure. "I'm really into men who can surprise me," she says. "And men who can make me laugh as well."

Photographs by Earl Miller





"It would be a total turn-on if a guy figured out what I love and surprised me with all those things on a date," she adds. Here are some hints: lasagna, slow R&B music, and the Dallas Cowboys.





"I've always loved sex," Sasha tells us. "Just lying back and thinking about making love gets me tingly



with excitement all over. And if I fantasize about a guy who's really hot, I'm unbelievably wet in no time."





"Once, my lover
and I went to a late-night movie, and I sat on his lap, slid him inside, and
came so hard, I almost screamed," the 34C-25-36
hottie says. "We didn't get caught, but I loved the thrill of knowing we could."

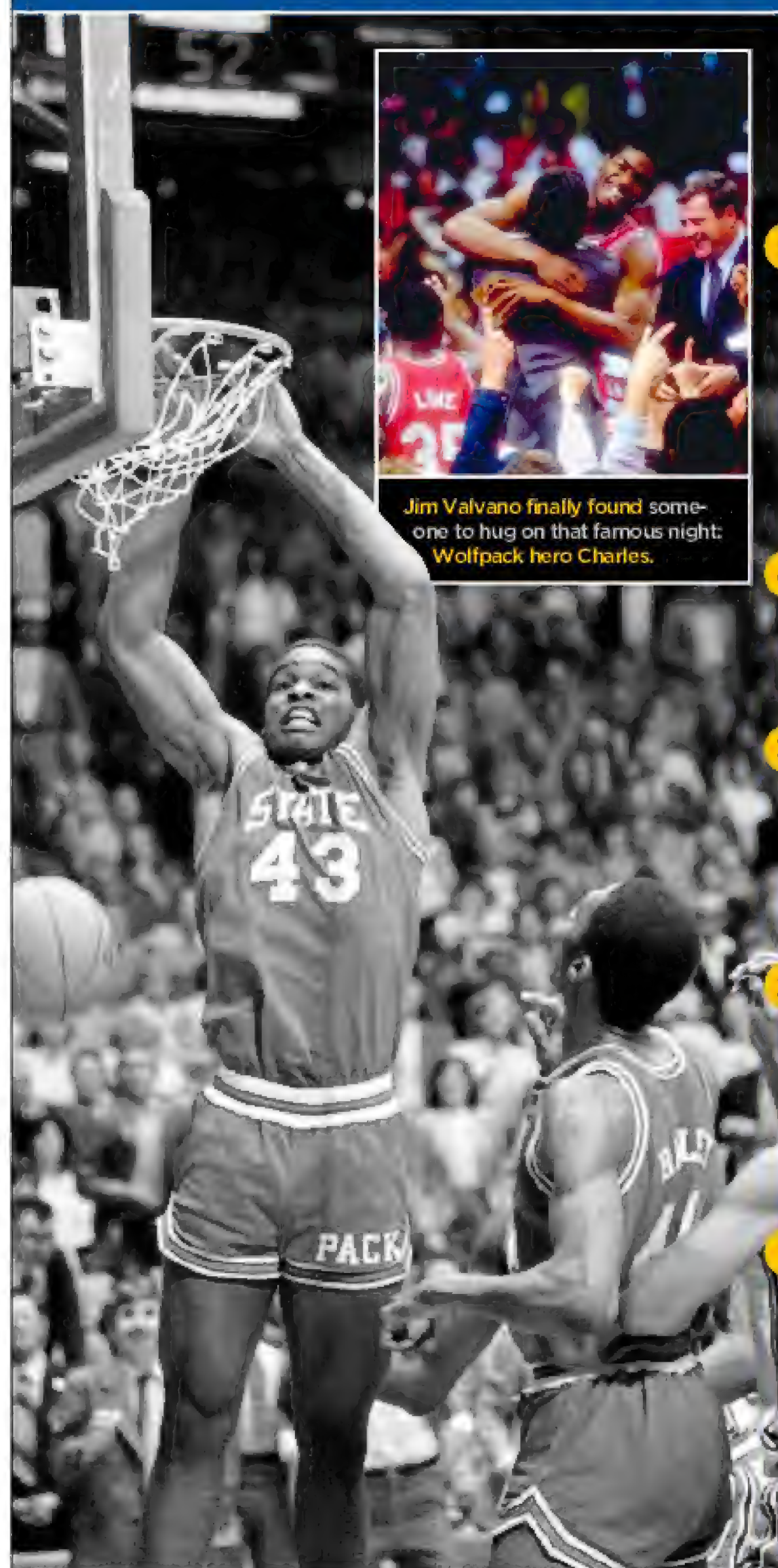


"My favorite thing to do when I'm stressed is take long walks on the beach," Sasha says. "I fantasize that a



boyfriend and I are making love as the waves wash against me." See more of Sasha's fantasies at Penthouse.com/sasha.

PENTHOUSE TOP 5 MARCH MADNESS BUZZER BEATERS



Jim Valvano finally found someone to hug on that famous night: Wolfpack hero Charles.

The NCAA men's basketball tournament is just around the corner. It's one of the top sports events for a number of reasons, including the heart-stopping finishes it always delivers. Here are the Top 5 in tournament history.

5. **Valparaiso 70, Mississippi 69, 1998, Midwest region, first round**—Jamie Sykes of 13th-seeded Valpo inbounds to midcourt, where Bill Jenkins makes a perfect touch pass to Bryce Drew, sprinting past him. It's a hardwood version of football's hook-and-ladder play, and Valpo has practiced it dozens of times, never thinking they'd actually use it. Drew stops right in front of his father, Homer—the Valpo coach—and pops a 23-foot three-pointer for the win over fourth-seeded Ole Miss.
4. **UCLA 75, Missouri 74, 1995, West region, second round**—Bruins guard Tyus Edney drives the length of the court in less than five seconds and makes a layup as time expires. The win propels UCLA to the third round, and they eventually win the tournament.
3. **Duke 104, Kentucky 103, 1992, East regional final**—Every sports fan has seen the replay countless times: His back to the bucket, Duke's Christian Laettner catches a 75-foot pass from Grant Hill with one second left in overtime. He dribbles, turns, and drains the game winner. But why didn't Kentucky guard the inbounds pass?
2. **Indiana 74, Syracuse 73, 1987, national final**—Keith Smart elevates in the corner and nails a 15-footer to give the Hoosiers the national championship. Narrating the replay for the television audience afterward, Smart mumbles something about being in the corner, and then, watching the basketball drop through the net, lets loose an emphatic "Bucket!" He doesn't need to say more.
1. **North Carolina State 54, Houston 52, 1983, national final**—The Wolfpack's Dereck Whittenburg heaves a desperation shot in the waning seconds. It's certain to fall short and take N.C. State's title hopes with it—until **Lorenzo Charles** plucks the ball out of the air and dunks it to give the Wolfpack the national championship over the mighty "Phi Slamma Jamma" Houston team, featuring Clyde Drexler and Akeem Olajuwon. Pandemonium erupts. State coach Jim Valvano charges around the court, looking for someone to hug.



HOT BUTTON: Is the Shoot-Out Good for the NHL?

The NHL introduced a full puck-bag of new rules following the lockout, including the shoot-out to break ties after overtime. We debate its merits.

YES: The NHL's new rules have done more to shake the league from the post-lockout doldrums than commissioner Gary Bettman himself could have hoped for, and the shoot-out is a huge part of that. First, the shoot-out gives hockey a guaranteed highlight on *SportsCenter* every night of the week. Second, and perhaps more important, *it eliminates ties*. Ties are hateful, Hollander. As you explore in your interview with New York Islanders goalie Rick DiPietro in this very issue of *Penthouse*, ties inspired the phrase "like kissing your sister." That expression is not only disturbing, it's also reserved solely to describe ties—it occurs in no other context in spoken English that I know of. That's how uniquely horrible ties are. Like records, ties are made to be broken. That's just what the shoot-out does—without hours of overtime.—J.B.

NO: Gee, what's next—pistols at 30 paces? The shoot-out is a cheap gimmick. It takes the game out of the players' hands. After skating hard and working his ass off for three periods, plus overtime, no player wants to decide the winner with a peewee practice drill. No matter how long it takes, you should *play* until you get a winner—this mandate is especially true in hockey.

The other option is to bring back hockey's banished jewel, the tie. True, it's commonly said that a tie is "like kissing your sister." But—and this shows how much you know, Bolster—in greater Saskatchewan and Finland's nocturnal region (two major hockey breeding grounds), kissing one's sister is a venerated custom.

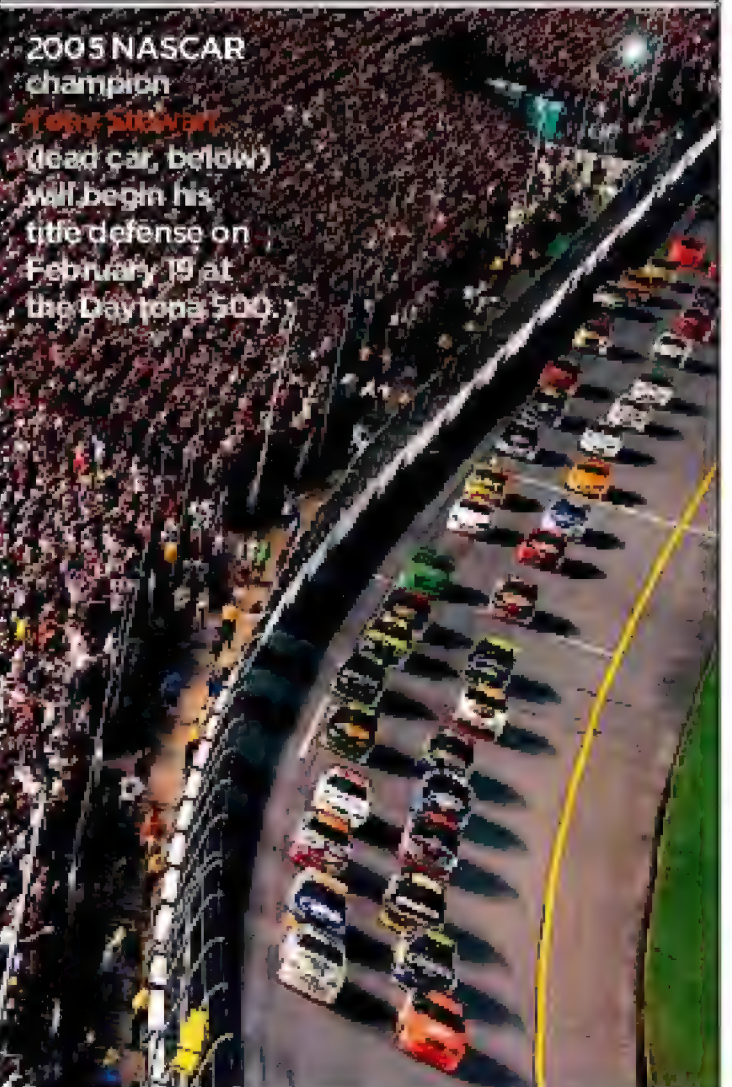
And it's far better than the shoot-out, which offends every player on the ice and taints hockey culture.—*Dave Hollander, author, 52 Weeks: Interviews With Champions! (Lyons Press)*

Sports IQ

Think you know sports? Test your knowledge, then stump your buddies with the questions.

1. Who was the last defensive player to be named Super Bowl MVP?
2. Who holds the single-game Super Bowl rushing record of 204 yards?
3. Who holds the single-game Super Bowl passing record of 414 yards?
4. In 1988, I won the Daytona 500 when I was 50 years, two months, and 11 days old, making me the oldest driver ever to win NASCAR's premier race. Who am I?
5. I led the 1961 Daytona 500 for 170 laps, but failed to win the race. Who am I?

2005 NASCAR champion
Tony Stewart
(lead car, below)
will begin his
title defense on
February 19 at
the Daytona 500.



ANSWERS: 1. Ray Lewis, LB, Baltimore Ravens, Super Bowl XXXV. 2. Timmy Smith, Washington Redskins, Super Bowl XXII. 3. Kurt Warner, St. Louis Rams, Super Bowl XXXIV. 4. Bobby Allison. 5. Edward Glenn "Fireball" Roberts.

Seven to Watch Come Tourney Time

While most college students are off binge drinking, competing in wet T-shirt contests, and having threesomes during spring break, a select few will be transforming themselves into household names during the NCAA basketball tournament. Here are seven potential breakout stars.—*Peter Schrag*



J. J. Redick,
senior,
Duke

The 2004–05 ACC Player of the Year, Redick is loved at home and despised on the road. Of course, opposing fans wouldn't ride him so much if he didn't have the most lethal jump shot in the college game. The Blue Devils senior holds the ACC record for most consecutive free throws (54), and averaged 21.8 points per game last season. There's one thing he doesn't have, though: an NCAA Championship ring.

Darius Washington Jr.,
sophomore,
Memphis

Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" will mean a lot to Darius Washington Jr. come March. In last season's Conference USA title game, the Memphis point guard missed two free throws that could have sent his team to the NCAA tournament. In a scene replayed far too many times, Washington collapsed to his knees and wept. Now he's out for vindication. There is no question that an NCAA title would free his mind.

Adam Morrison,
junior,
Gonzaga

He's got flowing brown hair, lives on the West Coast, and boasts the same last name. But no one compares Adam Morrison to the late Doors frontman. No, Adam is usually likened to Larry Bird, Kiki Vandeweghe, and Alex English. Morrison is a six-foot-eight small forward with a silky touch, and he can score inside, outside, and everywhere in between. This spring, he's aiming to end Gonzaga's recent NCAA tournament woes.

Dee Brown,
senior,
Illinois

Last year, Illinois came within five points of the national title. Twelve months later, they're considered only a sleeper. The familiar faces from last year are mostly gone: Deron Williams now starts for the Utah Jazz, Luther Head plays for the Houston Rockets, and Roger Powell Jr. graduated in May. But All-America guard Dee Brown remains, and don't be surprised if he carries the Illini deep into the tournament this year.

Marco Killingsworth,
senior,
Indiana

The six-foot-eight forward made a statement with 34 points and ten rebounds in an early-season loss to top-ranked Duke. Killingsworth had to sit out a season after transferring from Auburn, and he's been eagerly making up for lost time. Luckily for Indiana, sometimes one great player is all that a team needs to go all the way (See: Manning, Danny; Kansas, 1988; and Anthony, Carmelo; Syracuse, 2003).

Rudy Gay,
sophomore,
Connecticut

Last season, the six-foot-nine small forward slipped and fell during the final seconds of a loss to North Carolina State in the second round of the tournament. Wolfpack guard Julius Hodge stormed past Gay and scored the game-winning bucket. Still, Gay was a worthy recipient of *The Sporting News'* Freshman of the Year award, and he returns—older, wiser, and stronger—ready to make amends this year.

JamesOn Curry,
sophomore,
Oklahoma State

No player in the history of North Carolina high school basketball scored more career points than JamesOn Curry. Not David Thompson. Not Michael Jordan. The six-foot-three shooting guard averaged 40.2 points per game in his senior year. As a freshman at Oklahoma State last season, Curry averaged 15.2 points per game in three NCAA tournament games. He'll be the go-to guy in Eddie Sutton's offense this March.

Forbidden Sports Phrases of 2006

Sports announcers range from unlistenable (Paul Maguire, Joe Theismann) to serviceable (Jim Nantz, Phil Simms) to excellent (Al Michaels, John Madden). But whatever their aptitude, they're all guilty at one time or another of overusing stock phrases. We'd like to see the following utterances go the way of the single wing.

"Make plays" As in, "This guy just makes plays. What can you say?" Chekhov made plays, too, we hear.

"The — Nation" This one started with "the Raider Nation," picked up steam with "the Red Sox Nation" in 2004, and now it's completely out of control. Let's call a halt to nation-building.

"Step up," or any variation thereof As in, "The Spurs have a different guy stepping up every night." What, on the StairMaster?

"At the end of the day" At no time of the day is this one permitted anymore.

"Bulletin-board material" Do teams even have bulletin boards?

"Threw him under the bus" That's where the next guy who uses this one needs to go.

"Nasty" As used to describe a baseball pitcher's breaking ball. Time to retire it.

February Blues

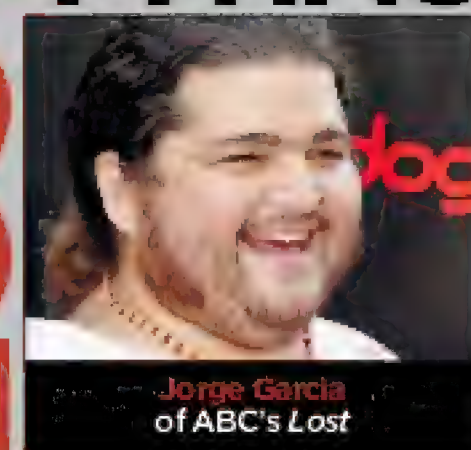
Sports fans often say that the post-Super Bowl, pre-baseball month of February is the **cruellest one on the calendar**. Desperate and despairing, many of them will go so far as to **wager on the Pro Bowl to get their sports fix in February**. It's pathetic and sad.

But take another look at this much-maligned month: The NFL seems to have permanently relocated the Super Bowl to February. This year it kicked off on the fifth. The NHL and NBA are in full swing during February, and each league stages its all-star game during the month. The Daytona 500 also launches in February, and this year the month features the Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy (see our preview in this issue). On top of all that, pitchers and catchers report to spring training in February, and yes, the Pro Bowl kicks off in Hawaii. You can bet on it. But why would you when there's so much else going on?

LONG TWIN



Tony Siragusa,
ex-NFL lineman



Jorge Garcia
of ABC's Lost



On the Record

"That's why you **don't let fans vote**.
Let them come to the game and clap."

—TNT commentator and former NBA All-Star
Charles Barkley, on the sometimes questionable
starters in the league's annual All-Star Game

Spring Break: Living Large

Are you ready to **graduate** from Ft. Lauderdale and the Padre Islands?

The following are the world's **top five beaches** awaiting big spring-break spenders.

1. China Beach, Danang, Vietnam: Remember the eighties television drama set on China Beach, where American GIs went for R&R during the Vietnam War? The real China Beach is even more gorgeous than the network version. It's 50 kilometers of pristine sand, with the nearby Marble Mountains looming dramatically over a gorgeous bay. Choose the luxury Furama Resort Danang, and order up a cold beer and grilled lobster on the beach.

2. Grace Bay Beach, Turks & Caicos Islands: Turks & Caicos is only an hour's flight from Miami, making it one of the easiest Caribbean destinations to reach. Grace Bay Beach, on the main island of Providenciales, features powdery sand that looks like sugar, and warm, azure water that is perfect for swimming, diving, and snorkeling. Take a

suite at the Grace Bay Club, or, if you want a private island, Parrot Cay Resort & Shambhala Retreat is just a boat ride away.

3. South Beach, Miami, Florida: A few years ago, naysayers proclaimed that Miami's Art Deco neighborhood had peaked. But the party hasn't stopped, and neither has the renovation of hotels, the construction of condos, the parade of models hoping for a movie contract, and the outdoor bars that rock 'til dawn. One of the world's largest beaches, South Beach has plenty of room for volleyball and topless bathers. Check into the Hotel Astor—away from the din of Ocean Drive—and dine at Prime 112.

4. Plage de Pampelonne, St. Tropez, France: The beach isn't wide, but it goes for kilometers and is the

scene for a whole lot o' livin'. About half of the sunbathers south of the Liberty Bar Restaurant are nude. Huge yachts anchor offshore near "clubs" that offer four-hour lunches of grilled seafood, ice buckets filled with fresh fruit, and magnums of champagne—which often gets sprayed at scantily clad women who are dancing on tabletops. Stay at the Byblos Hotel, and book lunch at Club 55 on the beach.

5. Wailea, Maui, Hawaii: Located on the sunny side of the island is this flat, perfect American beach. It offers world-class surfing, great snorkeling, whale watching, and exotic foliage, as well as golf, great restaurants, hotels, and sandy coves. Reserve a room at the impeccable Four Seasons, dine at Spago, and watch the sunset from a blanket on the sand.

Smack-Down

Been a naughty boy and need a good spanking? Then visit **School Dinners** in London during spring break, where you can indulge in a meal *and receive a nice smack on the ass*. At the restaurant, Headmistress Mrs. Bedworthy presides over a staff of frisky waitresses ("St. Trinians Girls") whose white dress shirts reveal generous cleavage that's only partly covered by school ties. The menu is traditional English fare: bangers and mash, as well as spotted dick and custard. Don't worry—the birds will translate for you. Oh, and arrive for dinner at 7 P.M. sharp or risk prompt punishment: a love smack from a waitress clad in a very short skirt and black thigh-high stockings. For more details, check out SchoolDinners.com.



Travel Traps

Watch your back on the road! Here's why:

■ The Great Train Robbery:

If you're riding the rails at night in Europe, it's best to travel with a friend or a group. Professional thieves often prowl trains for solo travelers, whom they incapacitate by shoving a chloroform-soaked cloth in their face. Recently, a student on an overnight nine-hour train ride from Budapest to Krakow nodded off to sleep three hours into her trip. An hour later she awoke, feeling as if she had a hangover. She discovered that her wallet, passport, iPod, laptop, and every article of clothing (except for what she had on) had been stolen. The U.S. consulate in Krakow told the distraught woman that such robberies were common, and even suggested that train staff might be taking a cut of the loot. Passengers on Italian and French trains also experience similar robberies. If you don't have a friend to sit with, try to make one onboard.

■ **Mexico City taxis:** Never hail a random cab in Mexico City. Crooks driving fake taxis frequently hold up passengers and force them to withdraw money from ATMs. Only take cabs from clearly marked hotel stands, and call for the same cab company to pick you up for your return trip.



Caution: Snoozing on trains can be dangerous.



Single Passes

The student traveler's best friend gets even better. Thieves or not, Europe's trains are a favorite among budget travelers, with Eurail Passes being the preferred way to see the Continent. Now, for the first time, you can buy a Eurail Pass for a single country. Participating nations include Finland, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Poland, Romania, Spain, and Sweden. You can travel up to ten days over a two-month period. Youth passes cost 35 percent less for travel in second class compared to first-class adult fare. You must be 25 or younger to qualify. RailEurope.com.

VICES & VANITIES

Sex From Z to A

ASK DOC ZDROK

Zero Interest

My girlfriend really turns me on, but she has absolutely no libido. She never initiates sex and usually turns me down. But whenever she does put out, she always gets off. How can I get her to be more interested in sex?—E.N., Connecticut

Women aren't always obsessing about sex like guys are. Our desire grows in response to ambiance and stimulation—that means more work for you, fella. Offer her a sensual massage, explore her sexual fantasies, or read erotica together. Kiss her temples, caress her arms, nibble on her neck, and gently trace her spine with your fingertips.

If she yawns through all this, she may be suffering from Female Sexual Arousal Disorder and should see a doctor. There are other ways to increase her libido:

Still, I jerk off at the thought of her seeing me naked. What's going on?—J.T., New York

What dangerous games our minds play! I am sure you're aware of how inappropriate and illegal it is to flash your neighbor, but the danger of getting caught raises your adrenaline level and makes it alluring. Neutralize the temptation by bringing it out from the recesses of your mind. Tell your friends about your fantasy, and let them have a laugh. Snap a rubber band on your wrist every time you get the urge to flash that poor lady. Once you've cured your urge to shock that fat laundress, find a hot, horny honey who's into nudity—especially yours. Don't let that penchant for impromptu stripping go to waste!

Size Matters

You've said before that penis size doesn't matter. Don't most girls

In the Meantime

My girl recently moved in with me. We have nothing in common, but she's always willing to give it up. Now she's starting to bring up the "M" word. I don't want to marry her right now, but I like having her around. Should I stay with her until I'm ready, or find someone I really want to be with?—P.S., Massachusetts

The problem with living with a "meantimer" is that you may miss out on the chance to meet someone who's right for you. You may be getting regular meals of so-so sex, but you're missing out on the filet mignon. If you don't risk enduring a few lonely nights by giving this chick the boot, you could end up staying with her unhappily ever after. Bottom line: You both deserve a satisfying meal. Dump her and set your sights on the real thing.

"Try a sensual massage, explore her fantasies, or read erotica together. If none of this works, drop this cold fish and find someone who'll rip off your pants when you come home!"

Many women swear by a drink called Nexcite (\$4.99 per bottle), which contains the stimulants caffeine, damiana, and ginseng. VitalTea and Love Potion (\$19.95 and \$39.99) purportedly boost blood flow to the genital area. Eros Therapy (\$395) is a prescription-only gadget that provides suction to her vulva. She may also benefit from prescription drugs. If none of this works, maybe she's just not into you. Drop this cold fish like a hot potato and find someone who'll rip off your pants the minute you walk through the door!

Laundry Lust

I keep fantasizing about coming out of my condo in the nude when my neighbor does her laundry. But she's an overweight, plain woman, and I have no sexual interest in her.

check out a guy's bulge? I'd like to make mine bigger.—B.R., Florida

Seriously, unless you're in a Speedo, we're probably not looking. And once we've decided we want to get in your pants, most of us are happy enough to see an average-size penis.

As far as making yours bigger, none of those pills, creams, and gadgets are worth a damn. The only permanent way to increase penis size is through extension surgery, or phalloplasty. Unfortunately, phalloplasty is costly, painful, and increases the size of the penis only in its flaccid state. Try a penis sleeve, which will also give your partner extra stimulation. Or try condoms with fun features, like beads, ribs, and ticklers. Make the most of your average penis, and I doubt you'll hear any complaints!

Girl Gripes

Why are women always bitching? My girlfriend is always getting in my face after sex. How do I get her to stop nagging me?—L.M., Mississippi

Women relate by talking, while men relate by doing. Women enjoy bonding after sex because the hormone oxytocin, which is released through orgasm, makes them feel warm and cuddly. So if you get her to lay off, chances are you'll never get laid again. But you can satisfy her craving for conversation if you set aside a convenient time for uninterrupted, face-to-face communication. Give her enough of this, and you can enjoy downtime without interruption. Who knows? You may find that a little Q.T. makes your sex life sizzle.



GETTING TO ME!

If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit

Penthouse.com/dr2, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, or send snail mail to Dr.

Victoria Zdrok, Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

TOP 10

Spring-Break Blunders

You've been waiting all year for a week of earsplitting music, shots of cheap tequila, and meaningless hookups. But whether you're getting crazy in Daytona Beach, South Padre, or Cancún, make sure you avoid these spring-break fuck-ups.

1. Having your clothes stolen while you're trying to have sex on a deserted beach.
2. Wearing a skimpy G-string bathing suit on the ill advice of your Eurotrash buddy François.
3. Choking on the tequila worm in front of a group of hot girls.
4. Remembering after your fourth lemon drop that you were supposed to be the designated driver.
5. Accidentally slipping yourself a roofie.
6. Talking your babe into a threesome, then getting dumped for the other chick.
7. Signing your girl up for *Girls Gone Wild*, only to discover they're actually taping *Girls Gone Anal*.
8. Finally getting that hot bartender back to your hotel room—then having to interrupt your hookup to worship the porcelain god.
9. Finally getting that hot bartender back to your hotel room—then finding out your buddy has ripped off all your condoms.
10. Finally getting that hot bartender back to your hotel room—then discovering she has a mysterious rash.

Let the games begin! Make bedtime even more fun with sexy bedding, like *Sheets Gone Wild* and the *Kama Sutra Pillowcases*.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

Sheets Gone Wild and Kama Sutra Pillowcases

What: The *Sheets Gone Wild* package includes sheets, pillowcases, and a wild game. The sheets are printed with 35 sexual positions—toss a bean bag, and act out the position it lands on. There are no losers in this game! For a more classic romp, the *Kama Sutra Pillowcases* poetically describe various sexual posi-

tions for you both to master.

How: It's simple—just use them for inspiration.

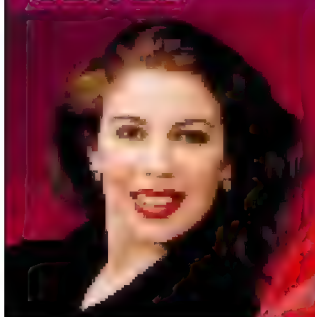
Downside: Some of the positions on *Sheets Gone Wild* are tricky, so make sure you're up to the challenge (and have a strong back!).

Bonus point: The *Sheets Gone Wild* instruction booklet describes the positions, and contains a G-spot map and reflexology chart so you can stimulate her from head to toe.

Where to get them: Find *Sheets Gone Wild* at Damon Anthony.com (prices vary). The *Kama Sutra Pillowcases* are available at Philosophers Guild.com (\$30).



SEX ED



Hot Tip From a Sexy Author

"A woman may like oral sex, but prefer to have it only as a prelude to intercourse.... If a woman asks you to stop oral sex, you should be flattered that you got her so turned on. Never think that you were not 'good enough' at oral sex to make her have an orgasm. In fact, it's probably just the opposite."—Sari Locker, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Amazing Sex, Third Edition* (Alpha, 2005)

BY JON WIEDERHORN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. MICHELLE
MARTIN-COYNE

Cowboy WIZARDS and the EPIC SPACE Machine

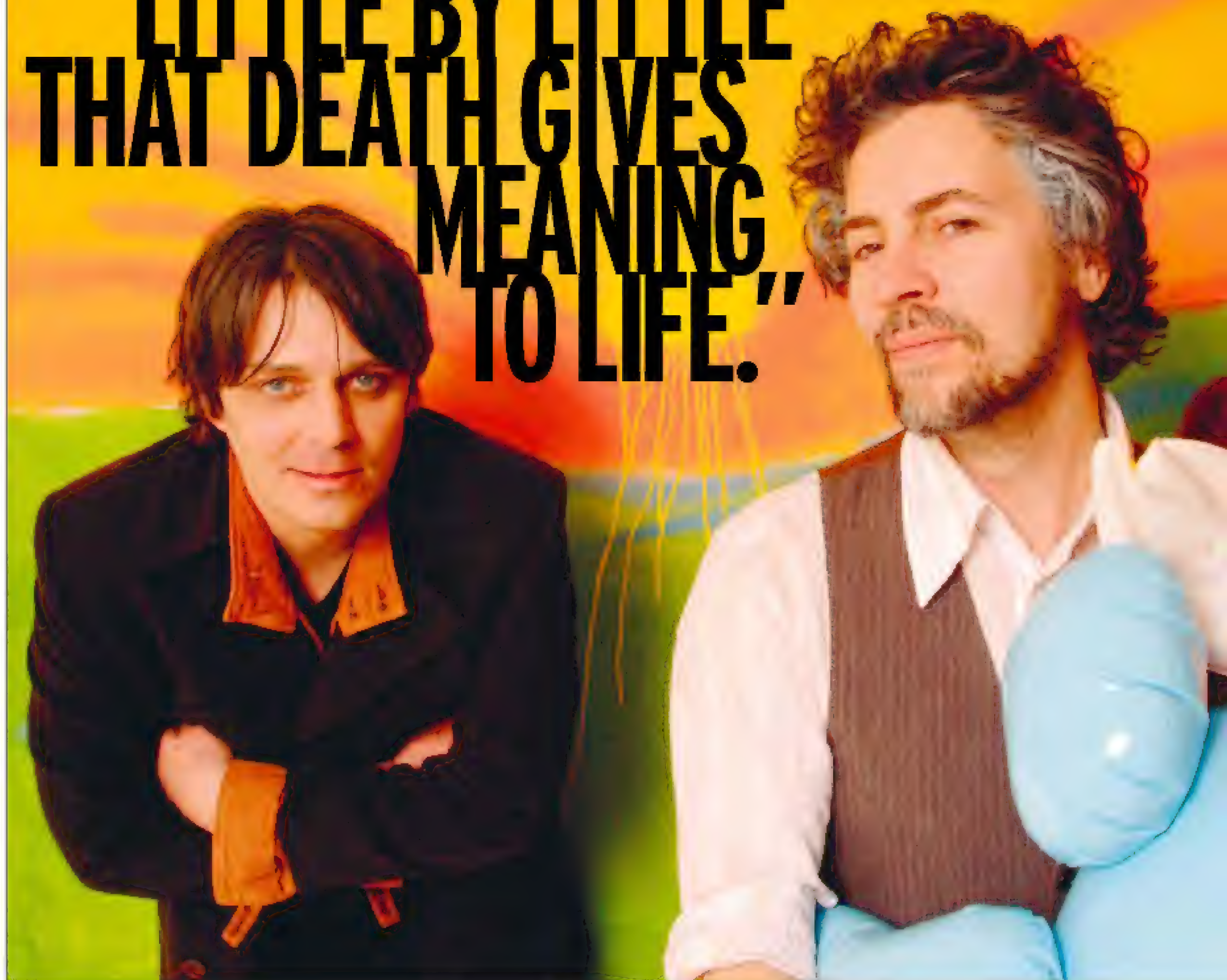
Despite death, drugs, and martians, the psychedelic rock band **THE FLAMING LIPS** have managed to remain existential optimists and find success by returning the love.





The existential optimists (from left to right): Steven Drozd, Wayne Coyne, and Michael Ivins

"I GUESS I LEARNED
LITTLE BY LITTLE
THAT DEATH GIVES
MEANING
TO LIFE."



Recently, a disheveled fan approached Wayne Coyne's house in Oklahoma City. He knocked on the door, walked around the house, and sat on the front stoop. Then he got up and knocked for 20 more minutes. Finally, the Flaming Lips frontman took action.

The singer didn't pull out a shotgun or call the police. He unlocked the door and greeted him. The overzealous fan was taking a road trip from Florida to California, and had stopped at Coyne's to get some relationship advice.

"We talked in the front yard for about a half hour," says Coyne, explaining why he's late for our interview. "The guy's girlfriend kicked him out. He decided to come to me for advice, and I tried to

help him through his struggle."

Coyne chuckles, noting that this kind of thing isn't usually tolerated by other celebrities. Then he says, with sincerity, "I kinda understand where the guy was coming from. If you were driving across the country and went through Oklahoma, you could think, *I should stop and see if Wayne's around*. I mean, if you were going across the North Pole, you'd probably say, 'Let's see if Santa's here.'"

Most rock stars act like politicians: They shake hands, sign autographs, and exchange small talk. But Coyne actually cares about his constituents. His empathy is one reason the Flaming Lips have lasted for 23 sonically adven-

turous years—despite lineup changes, misguided career moves, and a fickle music climate.

Initially, the Lips were a guitar-based rock band that somehow climbed the pop charts in 1994 with their offbeat hit, "She Don't Use Jelly." When they discovered producer Dave Fridmann in 1993, the group evolved into a surreal but serene entity that favored childlike wonder over the noisy subversion of other artsy rock bands. In doing so, the Flaming Lips maintained a palpable sensitivity and sonic vulnerability that drew a loyal fan base.

"I get people coming up to me all the time and saying things like, 'Man, I played your song at my dad's funeral,



and it was the greatest thing that ever happened.' Or 'I played that music when my son was born,' " Coyne says, reaching over to slap my knee. "When that kind of thing happens—when your music can touch so many people on different levels—it's really humbling. And I get paid for it, too? I mean, c'mon ... if this all ends tomorrow, I've had a great life no matter what."

A few weeks later, Coyne is relaxing on the porch of his hotel room in Long Beach, California, where the Flaming Lips have traveled to headline Xingolati, a hedonistic cruise that features a slew of jam-band artists like G.Love and Special Sauce, John Popper, and

Medeski Martin & Wood. Coyne's bearded face and gray-speckled hair are illuminated by the full moon while he speaks. Early tomorrow, the ship will set sail for Ensenada, Mexico. Tickets for the three-day jaunt sold for as much as \$1,000 per person, and Coyne wants to make sure every one of the 2,000 participants gets his money's worth. Suddenly he stands up, reaches into the pocket of his gray slacks, and pulls out a crinkled piece of white paper.

"I've written down some of the things people on the cruise have asked me to do," he says excitedly. One man has asked Coyne to help him propose to his girlfriend during the Lips' set. Coyne will also sing "Happy Birthday" to someone else's friend, and announce a couple's tenth anniversary. "If someone's gonna let me be a part of an event that they'll remember for their whole lives, then that's a big deal."

Unfortunately, some will remember Xingolati for another reason. During the cruise, one of the passengers overdosed and died, which cast an ugly pall over the otherwise joyous celebration. The incident was tragic, but it underscored an essential element of the Flaming Lips' philosophy: Where there is life, there is also death. On the song "Do You Realize??" from the band's 2002 album, *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*, Coyne sings, "Do you realize that everyone you know someday will die?" It's a message he has repeated over the years, and one that is informed by his own experiences: His father died during the recording of 1999's *The Soft Bulletin*; he lost his mother between the release of *Yoshimi* and the recording of the upcoming *At War With the Mystics*; Flaming Lips cofounder Michael Ivins nearly died in a car accident in 1996; and Coyne's songwriting partner, Steven Drozd, could have easily died from years of heroin addiction.

"I guess I learned little by little that death gives meaning to life, and because this existence is temporary, you pay a little more attention to it," Coyne begins. "It really makes you say, 'Let's check all this out now and see what's wonderful about it and live as much as we can in the moment.' Lots of people simply deny the fact that they're going to die, but death is a natural thing. It's like you're a toaster. One minute you're on and you're making toast and you're alive, and then the next, you're unplugged and you're dead." Coyne isn't exactly a romantic. He thinks of himself as an "existential optimist."

"A lot of people are surprised when bad things happen," he says. "I'm kind of surprised when we have a couple weeks when nothing bad has hap-

pened. "You have to accept that there's gonna be a lot of bad shit in [the world]. And once you can understand how bleak it is, if you're really observant, you'll see how wonderful it is, too."

Coyne's existential optimism echoes through *At War With the Mystics*—perhaps more strongly than ever. Lyrically, the singer touches on a variety of subjects, from his mom's death to the undying spirit of the counterculture. Musically, the band builds upon the innovations of the past seven years, creating a hybrid of everything from prog-rock to funk to glam. Over at the hotel bar, the usually silent bassist and sound manipulator Ivins adds, "I think [*Mystics*] has some of the rock elements of *Yoshimi*, but it's more organic, like *The Soft Bulletin*."

"There are a couple of songs on there that sound like nothing we've ever done before," adds Drozd, while waiting for his beer. "There's one that's really propelling and kind of reminds me of 'One of These Days' by Pink Floyd, and there's some stuff that makes me think of Queen. That's really exciting."

As enthusiastic as the band is about the new album (due for release this spring), much of its creation was an exercise in frustration. The band headed to Fridmann's studio in Fredonia, New York, in the beginning of 2004, but quickly got sidetracked by soundtrack offers, a tribute record, and a remix of *The Soft Bulletin* in surround sound. Within a few months of their arrival, the Lips had recorded 13 tracks—none of which were for *At War With the Mystics*. When they finally tried to focus on new material, the creative juices weren't exactly gushing over the floodgates. "It was discouraging because at the end of all these sessions we had, like, five or six songs, and none of them seemed like barn burners or anything especially new," Drozd says. "For a while, I was really worried that the Flaming Lips had run out of ideas."

In August, the band started finding new ideas that were both unusual and ear-pleasing. In their second-to-last session with Fridmann, they wrote five new songs.

One song, tentatively titled "The Wand," is about a homeless man who carries a giant stick that he's convinced gives him magical powers. "Time Travel," which may feature former *Blue's Clues* star Steve Burns, is about a deranged priest convinced he can span the years. In addition to such serious matters as life and death, the Flaming Lips are still into some weird shit. Over the years, such indulgences have caused the band to be lovingly labeled acid-damaged freaks—a title encouraged by their 2002 compilation,

"I DID ACID THREE TIMES, BUT I NEVER ENJOYED IT."

Finally the Punk Rockers Are Taking Acid. But Coyne and Ivins don't take drugs these days and, in fact, had only occasionally dropped acid in the past.

"I think we were always more drawn to the weird ideas of drug culture," says Ivins. "Anyone who's done drugs knows that you just can't get anything done if you're dropping a lot of acid. I think I've done a whole hit once. Usually I would do weird experiments—cut it into eighths and make tea out of it or something. Now, sometimes if I'm really drunk, I'll have a hit of pot and I won't have a hangover the next day. See, I use it for medical purposes, but that's about it."

"I did acid three times, but I never enjoyed it," Coyne adds after joining his bandmates at the bar. "Every time I did it, I thought maybe the next time I'd enjoy it, but I always felt like I was going insane. For me, taking drugs didn't make the world bigger and brighter and better. It made it more confusing and less beautiful."

Coyne may not be drug-damaged, but his aesthetic sometimes gives that impression. Over the years, he has overseen two separate "parking-lot experiments" that involved 40 people playing complementary noises on their vehicles' tape decks. The experiment was mirrored on the Lips' 1997 offering *Zaireeka*, which featured four CDs that needed to be played simultaneously for the record to make any sense. Then there were the dangerous, mad-scientist studio experiments of old that involved dangling amps from the ceiling and dunking electric guitars in toilets.

"I look at the Flaming Lips as some kind of cowboy wizard and his epic space machine," Coyne says cryptically. "Steven can write a song, or I could come up with a little three-chord thing and give it to the space machine, and it turns it into this giant biblical metaphor. When you add the ideas of Dave Fridmann and Michael [Ivins], there are endless possibilities in music and texture. It's great because our audience



almost expects us to go into outer space, explore around, and come back and tell them what we've found. And that works perfectly for me because it's what I want to do anyway."

Some of Coyne's creativity stems from his belief in the endless possibilities of musical experimentation, and part of it comes from the fact that he's a pretty weird guy. "It's strange because he's way more normal than you think he's gonna be, but he's also weirder than you think he's gonna be," Drozd says later in the evening as he waits for room service that will never materialize. "He'll open a bottle of soda and go, 'This carbonation thing—what is that? Why do the bubbles come out?' And I'll be like, 'I don't fucking care, man.' And he'll say, 'You really don't care? You don't care how this happened, how they worked it out?'"


Of course, Drozd's occasional annoyance at Coyne's weirdness pales in comparison to his love for the guy. If it weren't for Coyne's compassion, Drozd might never have survived his six-year battle with heroin. The first time he shot up was on his 21st birthday. He used dope recreationally for six months before he realized he was hooked. "I got really sick in Germany because I couldn't get it," he reveals. "I felt like I

was dying, and I realized I was in way over my head. Then it just became a problem for years that I couldn't shake."

For the first four years of his addiction, Drozd was a fully functional musician and songwriter. The drugs filled him with confidence and eradicated his anxiety. During the last year he was using, however, heroin became his worst enemy. "It got to the point where I didn't get any comfort out of it anymore," says Drozd, who has been clean for four years. "Even when I got a fix, I wasn't able to sit back and sigh and say, 'Okay, everything's cool now.' I would still be like, 'Man, what the fuck am I gonna do tomorrow?' A month before I actually quit, I sold everything I owned. I had no musical equipment, I didn't have a TV, I had no electricity, I was getting kicked out of my house, and I owed everyone money. I started to get a really creepy feeling that I was either going to be in jail or dead pretty soon."

After the band recorded *The Soft Bulletin*, Drozd stayed in Fredonia to get clean instead of going back to Oklahoma. Ivins also stayed in New York to work at the studio. Drozd slept on his couch for three months, which helped him stay away from drugs. At first, the notion of making music without dope was daunting, but with the support of his bandmates, Drozd rediscovered his muse. "I was so stressed out at first that everything creative was just stopped up," he says. "But then I started to normalize a bit, and now I find I definitely get way more done."

With the memories of Xingolati behind them and their new album coming out, the Flaming Lips can focus on their future. Drozd wants to spend more time with his wife and new baby, and Ivins hopes to remix a Dolby version of *Zaireeka*. Coyne will finish up work on his psychedelic—and probably unmarketable—movie, *Christmas on Mars*, which has occupied much of his free time for the past five years. The film takes place in the future on a dilapidated U.S. space station on Mars. Between the opening scene and the final credits, Santa commits suicide, a martian played by Coyne takes his place, and everyone on the colony tries to celebrate the magic of the holiday season amid a climate of uncertainty. In other words, it's Coyne's surreal vision of existential optimism in action.

"I guess I always return to this sort of parade of optimism because I want people to know it's not fake," concludes Coyne. "You can't wait for a situation to just turn sunny and say, 'Well, now my life is good.' If you have a normal life, a lot of it's gonna be horrible, but you have to turn around and make it good." 



PENTHOUSE 
L I N G E R I E

by Coquette



The Penthouse Guide to the 2006 Winter Olympics

By John Bolster



TURIN TAKES



The last time Italy hosted the Olympics, *Dwight Eisenhower* was president, Muhammad Ali was *Cassius Clay* (light heavyweight gold medalist), and George W. Bush was an awkward teenager dreaming of a future with the Yale cheerleading squad. • That was in 1960, and the host city was Rome. This year, the *20th Winter Olympics* come to the industrial city of Turin, or Torino, tucked into the base of the Alpine ski resort Sestriere.



The Penthouse Guide to the 2006 Winter Olympics

These Games will feature a few new wrinkles, as well as ice hockey, skiing, snowboarding, and the usual menu of obscure winter sports that, like Oasis and Robbie Williams, are huge in Europe. The flame will be lit on February 10, and the competition runs for 17 days.

Inspired by the five Olympic rings, we answer five crucial questions about the 2006 Games.



Westcott has seven X Games medals; now he wants Olympic gold.

WHAT'S NEW?

Snowboardcross (SBX) makes its Olympics debut, joining parallel giant slalom and halfpipe as the IOC gives more props to Generation Y and its hordes of snowboarders. In SBX, riders race on a cross-country course sculpted into moguls, waves, banks, and spines (jumps with 90-degree angles). The top U.S. boarder is **Seth Wescott**, the 2005 world champion and a gold-medal favorite.

The Lifetime television event that is figure skating will use an entirely new scoring system this year to avoid a repeat of the judging scandal that marred the 2002 competition. Also, female figure skaters will compete in the nude. Okay, we made that one up just to keep your attention. But the new scoring system, the "Code of Points," works like this—oh wait, this is figure skating. You don't care. Suffice it to say that instead of 5.7's and 5.9's, skaters will be getting 131.26's and 129.34's.

WHAT'S COOL?

Jeremy Bloom. He's the U.S. freestyle moguls skier who was also a star football receiver and kick returner at the University of Colorado. Watch him go for gold in Turin; then, a week later, see how he rates at the NFL scouting combine. He has a genuine shot at both an Olympic medal and an NFL career.

Speaking of Bloom's football potential, former Cincinnati Bengals running back Tony Davis said, "Jeremy has killer acceleration. I'll bet there aren't five guys in the NFL who can match him in the first 20 yards." Bloom also dates *Real World San Diego* star **Cameran Eubanks**, and has loads of endorsement and modeling gigs. In fact, he might be *too* cool.

The **Halfpipe**. Full of big-air and mind-blowing tricks, it's one of the best spectator sports at the Olympics. Check out our interview with **Danny Kass**, gold-medal contender in the halfpipe, on page 126.

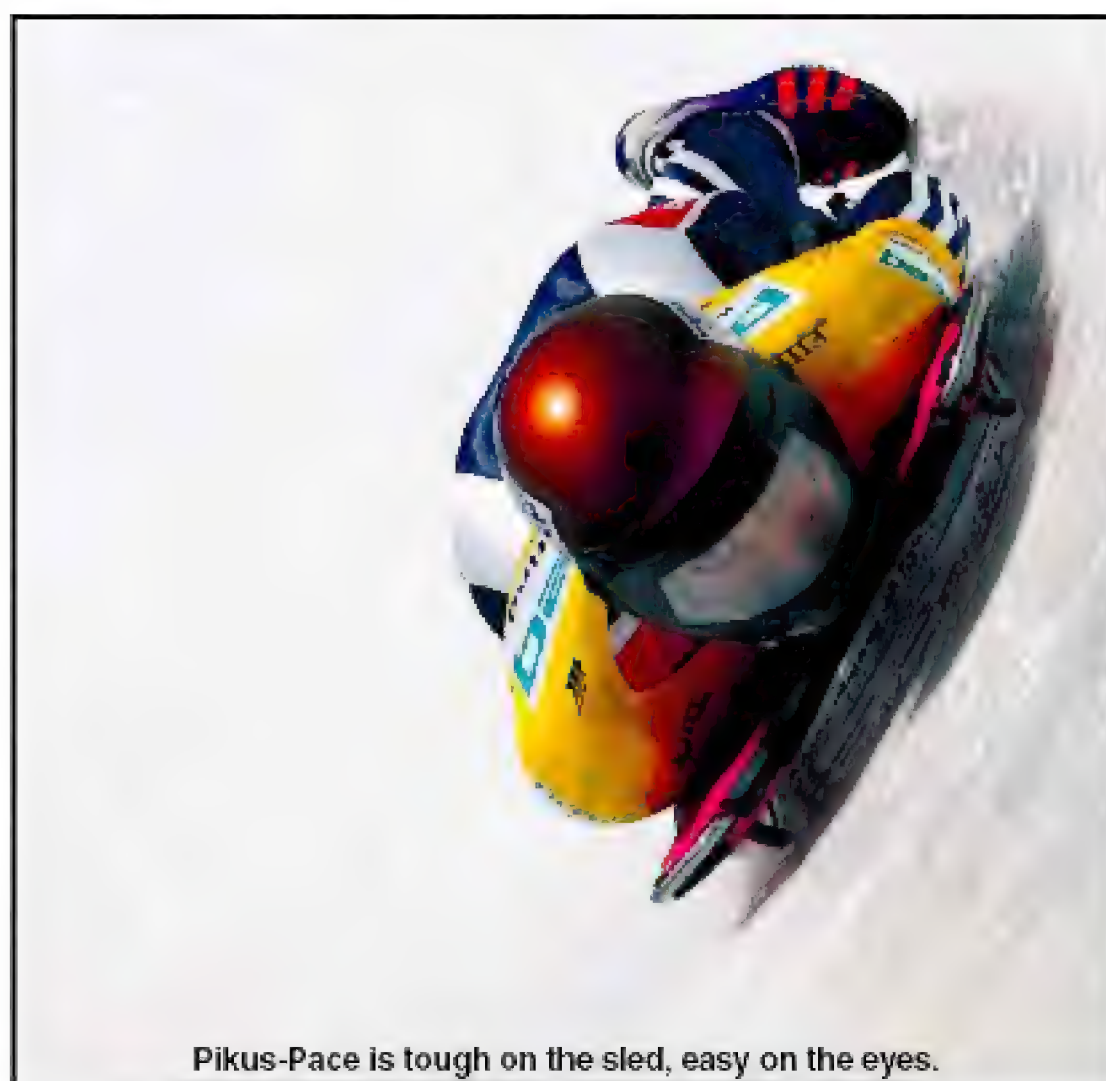


Some guys have all the luck. Bloom is one of them.

Luge and skeleton. Don't doubt it. We say any athlete who lies on a tiny sled and flies down a wickedly twisting ice track at 80 mph, with no brakes and no padding whatsoever, is cool. Plus, the founding organization of luge was called the **Internationale Schlittensportverband**. Try saying *that* after a few shots of Jäger.

Noelle Pikus-Pace. After dominating the World Cup circuit last season, the U.S. skeleton star collided with a four-man bobsled and suffered a compound fracture in her leg. Four weeks later she was back on the sled, gunning for Turin.

Olympic ice hockey. When the NHL changed its rules this

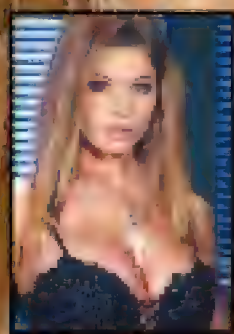
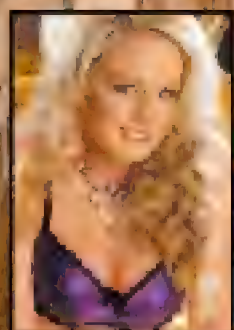
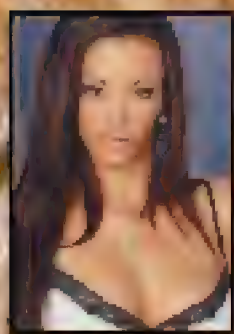


Pikus-Pace is tough on the sled, easy on the eyes.

year, eliminating the two-line pass infraction, cutting down on clutching and grabbing, and adding tag-up offsides, it was like the league jumped from black-and-white to color. Suddenly scoring was up, the game flowed, and it was a blast to watch.

Olympic hockey already had these rules in place. And

Do
you have
what
it
takes to
be
one of
the
chosen
few?



www.penthousemodels.com

Find out.



One of the greatest Olympic hockey moments in history.

since it's played on rinks that are a full 13 feet wider than NHL ponds, features "hurry-up" face-offs, and has no TV timeouts, it's even more fun to watch. Proof, meet pudding: Roughly 38 million people tuned in to the men's gold-medal game at the 2002 Olympics in Salt Lake City, making that clash between the U.S. and Canada the highest-rated hockey game—Olympics or NHL—since 1980.

That was the year, of course, that the United States shocked the Soviet Union in the most titanic upset in sports history, then beat Finland for the gold medal. You won't see an upset like that at this year's Olympics—not unless host country Italy somehow runs the table. But since **Canada**, the **U.S.**, the **Czech Republic**, **Sweden**, **Russia**, and **Finland** are all legitimate gold-medal contenders, you'll get a rip-roaring tournament with the best players on the planet buzzing all over the ice.

WHAT'S UNCOOL?

We could use this space to bash, say, **curling**, or **men's figure skating**—but you know what? We're better than that.

Curling—that shuffleboard-on-ice event where they do the scrubbing thing in front of the disc as it slides along—is so uncool, it's cool. As for male figure skaters, well, they've got enough trouble as it is.

No, here's what's really uncool about the Winter Games: **cross-country skiing** and **short-track speedskating**.

Cross-country skiing is like a snowy version of race-walking. In other words, it's more boring than watching your laundry spin. And nothing against U.S. medalist **Apolo Anton Ohno**, but where did they invent short track, on someone's frozen backyard pool? It's like musical chairs on ice: The field of skaters slowly circles the ludicrously small course for, like, 100 laps—until you think you're watching the warm-up—then they bolt for the finish at the last second. Half the field trips up the other half, which promptly files a protest with the judges, and you have to wait until the next day to see who "won."

ANY GOOD RIVALRIES?

Bode Miller vs. Hermann Maier, skiing

Austria's Maier absolutely owned the World Cup circuit in the late 1990s. At the '98 Olympics in Nagano, he recovered from a horrific-looking crash in the downhill to win gold medals in



Ohno? Oh, no! Short track is a snooze.

both the super G and giant slalom. In 2001, though, Maier nearly lost his leg—and his life—in a motorcycle accident, and missed the 2002 Games completely. Enter Miller of the United States, who won two silver medals in Nagano. With Maier still sidelined, Miller produced a breakout season in 2004–05, winning the World Cup overall title, and becoming the first skier since Luxembourg's Marc Girardelli in 1989 to win at least one race in every discipline. Skiing's two biggest stars will finally meet on the mountain in Turin. If they become too preoccupied with each other, though, American **Daron Rahlves**, 32, could sneak past them to the podium.

Michelle Kwan vs. her fragile psyche, figure skating

Legendary New York sports-radio host Chris "Mad Dog" Russo calls Kwan one of the Top 10 choke artists in sports history. Indeed, Russo—a nuts-and-bolts sports guy with a punishingly thick New York accent—has an unlikely obses-



▲ Bode Miller

▼ Hermann Maier

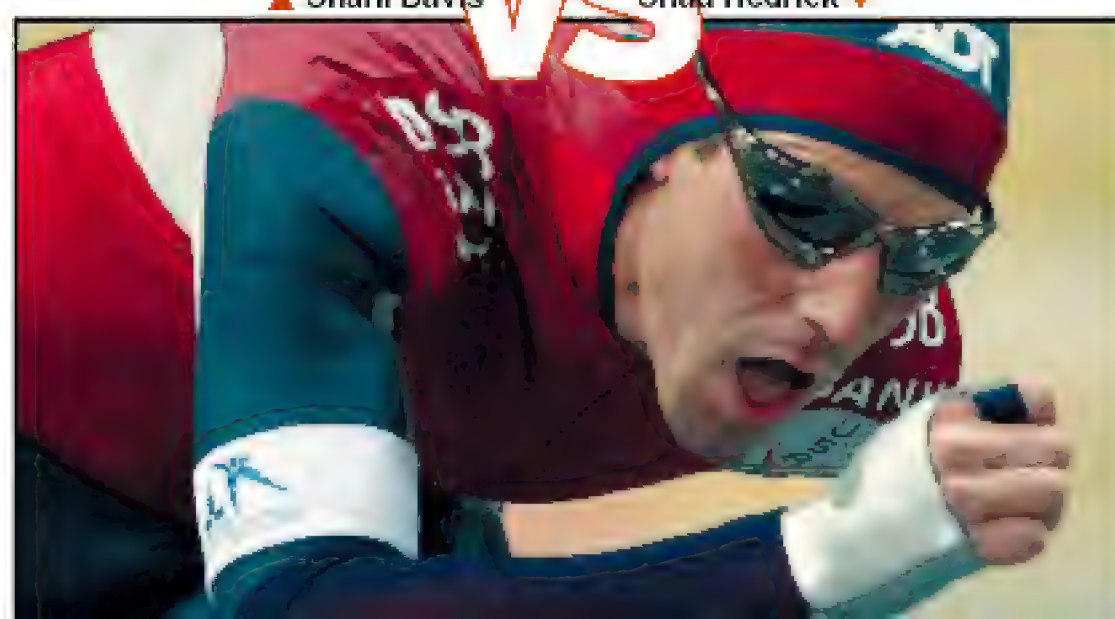
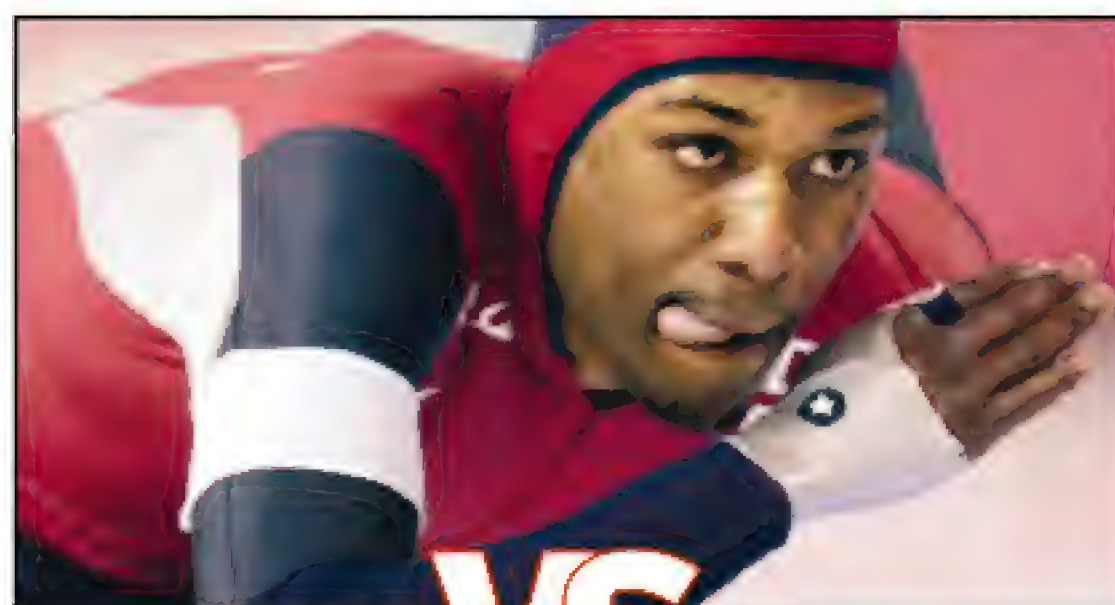




sion with the graceful figure skater, saying, "[Kwan] choked at the 2002 Olympics. All she had to do was perform solidly, and she couldn't. She fell right on her fanny. That's choking. No way around it. You'll remember that she also came up short in 1998, losing the gold to Tara Lipinski. I'm gonna give her a break on the first one. There is no excuse for Kwan losing the second one." Kwan has won *nine* U.S. titles and five world championships, but her lack of Olympic gold is the only reason she's still skating at age 25. If she beats U.S. teammate **Sasha Cohen** and the unfortunately named **Irina Slutskaya** of Russia in Turin, Russo may have to amend his list of sports' biggest choke jobs.

Shani Davis vs. Chad Hedrick, long-track speedskating

In the fall of 2005, Hedrick broke his teammate Davis's 1,500-meter world record, then set a world record in the 5,000 in the very first event of the World Cup season a few weeks



later. If Davis, the 2004-05 World Allround Champ, wins a gold medal, he'll make history as the second African American ever to top the podium at the Winter Games (after bobsledder Vonetta Flowers, who won gold in 2002).

Canada vs. the world, ice hockey

Canadians are the nicest, most genial people on the planet. They lead the world in exporting comedians: Mike Myers, Jim Carrey, Martin Short, and Matthew Perry are all Canucks, and there are a lot more where they came from. But when it comes to hockey, the kidding stops. Canada finished out of the medals at the 1998 Olympics in Nagano, and the entire country took it as a personal affront.

Then they looked at the records and realized they hadn't won a gold medal in hockey since 1952. Gosh darn it, they said, that has to change. So they appointed no less a figure than Wayne Gretzky to run the team, and sure enough, Team Canada won the 2002 Olympic tournament, defeating the U.S. 5-2 in the final. This year, Canada will look to cement its reputation as the world's No. 1 hockey nation.

WHO ARE THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE'S WINTER HOTTIES?

What Olympic preview would be complete without a list of the eye candy?

Lindsey Jacobellis, snowboarding

The world, X Games, and national champion in SBX.

Cassie Johnson, curling

You now have a reason *not* to change the channel. Unless



you're from Canada, in which case you now have two reasons to watch curling.

Sasha Cohen, figure skating

The gold-medal contender has to outskate teammate Michelle Kwan.

Hannah Teter, snowboarding

The 2004 X Games champ comes from snowboarding's First Family.

Noelle Pikus-Pace, skeleton

Skeleton hopeful is sexy and tough—see above.

Alissa Czisny, figure skating

Will brighten the field—if she makes it. ☺



Howlingly Hot Kristen Davis

KRISTIN DAVIS

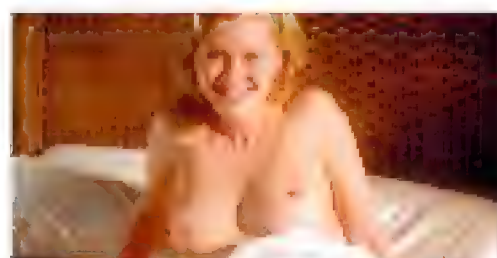
Howlingly hot Kristen Davis brings class and style to *The Shaggy Dog*, the Disney remake in which funnyman Tim Allen morphs into the talking canine. *The Shaggy Dog* barks proudly among Disney's most enduring franchises. Initially filmed in 1959, it was sequelized twice: once in 1976 as *The Shaggy D.A.*, and again in 1987 as the TV movie *The Return of the Shaggy Dog*. The original was redone once more in 1994 for the Disney Channel. Through all these *Shaggy* incarnations, there have been numerous knockouts bringing out the beast in the shape-shifting sheepdog, including Annette



series now on DVD, you can fast-forward to the episodes "Anchors Away" and "Frenemies" for some great views of Sex and Kristin's titties.

with her pouty sensuality, all-natural allure, and trademark coif, continues to resonate a half-century later. And as Bettie Page was

stars Denzel Washington as a detective attempting to talk down a thief (Clive Owen) who takes hostages after screwing up a bank heist. Things get complicated by the arrival of an attorney (Jodie Foster). Since captivating audiences as one of the best child actors of the 1970s, Jodie has blossomed into one of cinema's most alluring stars. Her appeal lies as much in her intelligence as it does in her sharp good looks. In *Inside Man*, the multiple Oscar winner keeps her shirt on, but she's treated us to her torso-trophies in the past. For the best view of everything Ms. Foster sports up front, track down the uncut version of the Dennis Hopper-directed



"In *Forever Mine*, Gretchen Mol gets it on with Joseph Fiennes, and gives us a great gander at her gargantuan globes—both during and after intercourse."

Funicello, Suzanne Pleshette, Cindy Morgan, and Natasha Gregson Wagner. So it's fitting that dark-maned, sophisticated Kristin takes her turn handling the leash. But don't expect to see her nude in a Disney flick. For that, turn to Kristin's most famous role—Charlotte York on HBO's *Sex and the City*. With the entire

GRETCHEN MOL

One of Hollywood's most underappreciated beauties, Gretchen Mol, electrifyingly embodies a legendary and elusive sex siren in *The Notorious Bettie Page*. Gorgeous Gretchen dyed her golden locks inky black to portray the titular figure. Fifties über-pinup Page,

(in)famous for her nude, flirty photo shoots and kinky, soft-core film loops, there's no shortage of Gretchen's gazongas and glutes in this *Notorious* new release. Mr. Skin gives the movie one free thumb way up.

While you're waiting for *Bettie* to hit home video, check out the 1999 indie *Forever Mine*. At the 16-minute mark, Gretchen gets it on with Joseph Fiennes and gives us a great gander at her gargantuan globes—both during and after intercourse. That's a pair you'll want to Mol over!

JODIE FOSTER

Inside Man is director Spike Lee's fresh twist on the cops-negotiating-with-robbers formula. The high-impact thriller

crime drama *Backtrack* (1990). Forty-five minutes in, Jodie shows off her funbags and fur-burger as she showers. She follows up with a fine-ass fanny shot as she slips into a nightgown. You'll feel a thrill inside, man. ☺



*Visit me
at my new
personal
website!*



2006

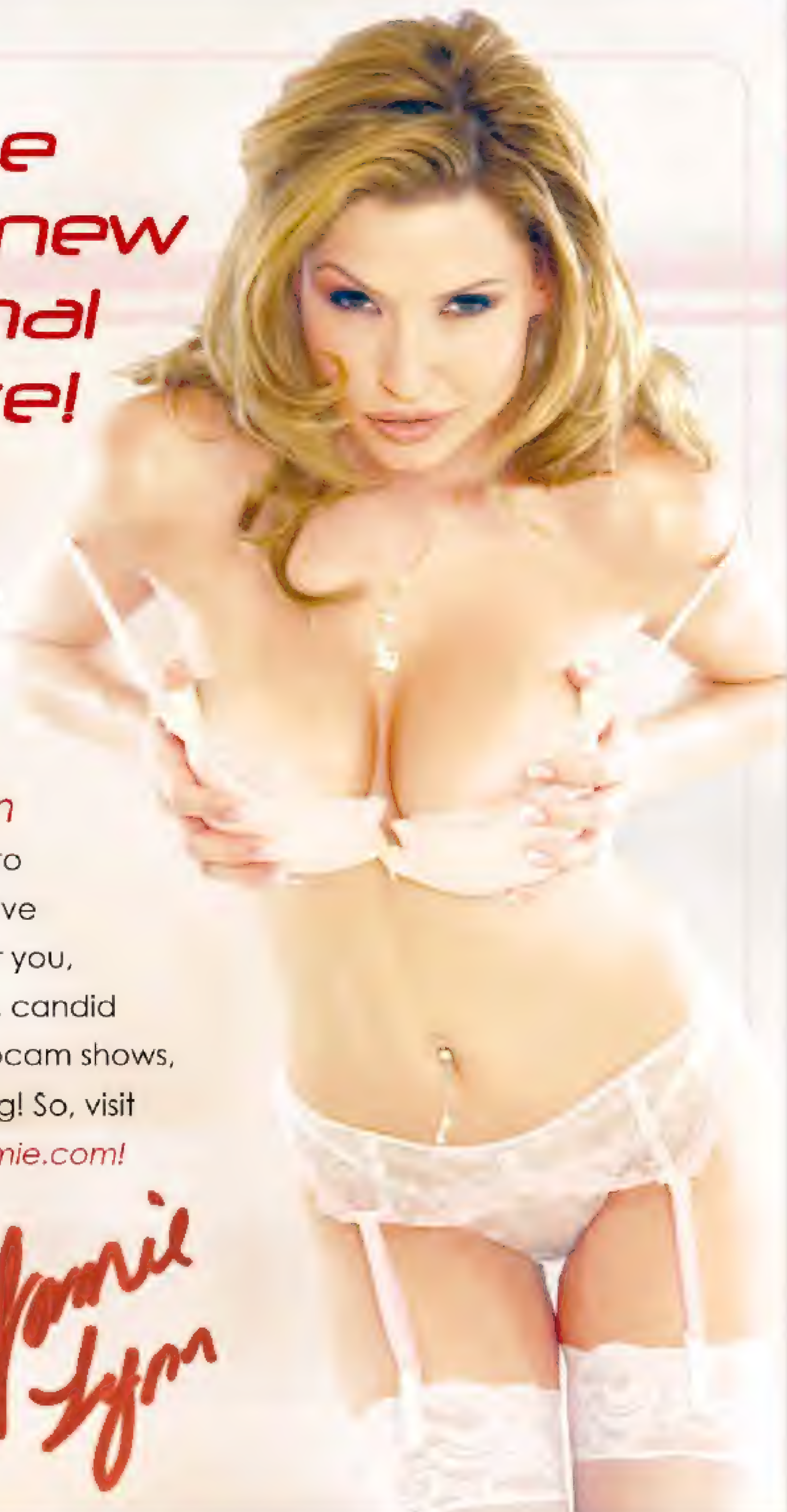
Winner: Jamie Lynn

My official website

SexyJamie.com

features special photo
galleries of me that I've
chosen especially for you,
plus exclusive videos, candid
photos, sexy live webcam shows,
and my personal blog! So, visit
me today at ***SexyJamie.com!***

♥ Jamie Lynn



Visit me today at

SexyJamie.com

<http://www.SexyJamie.com>

What happens on spring break, stays on spring break ... until now!

SPRING BREAK Secrets

By Ronnie Koenig

Mix barely there bikinis, body shots, and bi-curious babes, and what do you get? A vacation that's better than your family's trip to the Grand Canyon, that's for sure! From wet T-shirt contests to random hookups, spring break gets wilder every year. Read on for the raunchy details.

Three in a Tent

Two of my male suite-mates and I didn't have enough money to go to the Dominican Republic with the rest of our friends, so we decided to go camping instead. I'd had a crush on Steve since high school, but I didn't know Don too well. I was half-hoping that Steve and I would hook up on the trip, but figured it wouldn't happen because of our third wheel.

We all slept in the same tent, and in the middle of the night, I slipped into Steve's sleeping bag. We'd shared a bed before "as friends," so it wasn't that weird. But I was

surprised to feel Steve's boner against me. We tried to keep quiet as we took off our clothes, but a moment later, I looked over to see that Don was wide awake and stroking himself in full view. He had the biggest cock I'd ever seen! I climbed out of the sleeping bag, straddled Steve, and started to ride him as Don masturbated to the scene. He asked if he could come on me, and before I could answer, he shot his hot come all over my back. It turned me on so much, I came instantly. I had wanted a little action on the trip, but I got double the fun!—*Irene*

Illustrations by Tristan Eaton





Caged Heat

One spring break, I went to the Bahamas with eight girls from my lacrosse team. After three years of spending spring break sweating on the field and running around in old schoolgirl kilts, we were ready to strip down to our bikinis and get into some trouble.

As soon as we got there, we changed into our sexiest outfits and headed straight to the Zoo, a seedy nightclub with strobe lights and cages hanging everywhere. Even better, they served the tallest and stiffest drinks I'd ever had. After the first drink, my head was already fuzzy, my muscles were loose, and the bass from the music seemed to massage my body down to my oozing core.

It was barely midnight, but the girls and I were already climbing into the cages. I shared a cage with Becky and Kelly. I don't know how it happened, but in the midst of our performance, Kelly leaned in and put her mouth on mine. It happened so fast, but her lips were soft and we were having so much fun that I just went with it. But Becky was jealous of the attention we were getting from the crowd, so she kissed me, too. It soon became a contest of who could get the biggest response from the crowd by flashing our breasts and making out with one another. Let's just say we didn't have to buy any of our own drinks that night!—*Nellie*

Hot and Cold

During my senior year of college, my friends and I decided to go snowboarding for spring break. Our first afternoon there, I saw this amazingly hot guy. We spent the rest of the day checking each other out.

That night, a friend and I were in an outdoor hot tub, surrounded by mountains and snow. A few minutes later, Hot Snowboarder Guy came outside and got in next to us. My friend immediately climbed out of the tub (could she have been more obvious?), leaving the two of us

alone. I waded closer to him, making sure he could see my full, round breasts bouncing in the bubbles.

I ran my hand over my breasts, sending shivers through my body. I undid the string of my bikini top and pulled it off. My tits bounced as I rubbed my clit under the water. Hot Snowboarder Guy reached up and took my rock-hard nipple in his fingers, pinching gently. He then reached out of the hot tub and scooped up a little handful of snow. He rubbed

“It soon became a contest of who could get the biggest response from the crowd by flashing our breasts and making out.”

the cold snow into my nipples and slipped a finger inside me. That was all I needed to come, clenching around his finger. We spent the next few nights monopolizing the hot tub—it was definitely a spring break to remember!—*Katherine*

Get the Picture

One year, my friends and I went to Florida for spring break. After a few days, I needed a break from the constant drinking and decided to sit by the pool and draw. I started sketching two hot girls in front of me.

“Are you sketching us?” asked the tanned girl with

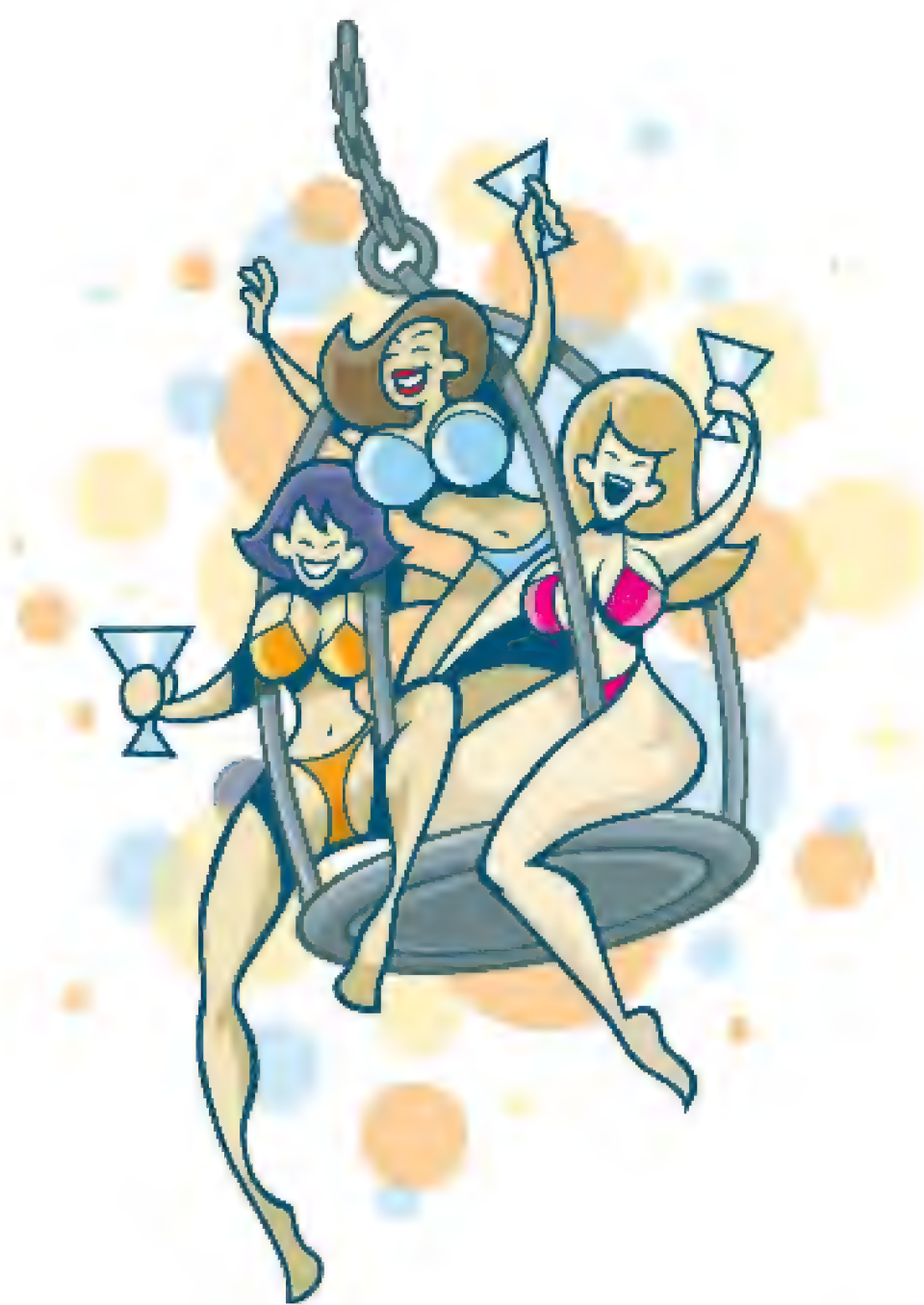
long brown hair.

“Yeah,” I admitted.

“Can I see?”

Valerie loved the pictures and asked if I wanted to sketch her topless. I laughed it off, but she grabbed my hand and took me back to her room. She pulled off her bikini top to reveal small, beautiful breasts, a shade lighter than her bronzed skin. She took my hand and placed it on her breast, and I started caressing her as she moaned. She pulled down the top of my one-piece

everyday life, it would be okay. After lying on the beach all day, we went back to Ali and Dana's room and started drinking. Eventually we hopped in the shower together as a way to get things started. None of us knew what the hell we were doing, so we just started kissing and feeling one another's breasts. I was getting really turned on, and when we took things into the bedroom, I pushed Ali's head between my legs and positioned Dana's tits over



bathing suit and we both moved aside the fabric over our crotches and started fingering each other. It was the hottest part of my trip, but I never told my friends exactly what happened. Still, I have a feeling they know!—*Ashley*

Girls Only

I went to South Beach, Florida, with a bunch of girls from my sorority. Before we even left, Dana, Ali, and I had decided that our trip was the perfect time to try something we had been thinking about for a long time—being with another woman (or two!). We figured since we were away from

me so I could lick and kiss them while I had my pussy eaten. I was thrilled that we had made it a “girls only” trip!—*Suzy*

The Love Boat

I went to Mexico with my college friends, but we got roped into inviting Alexis, this annoying, uptight girl who lived with us. We couldn't leave her out since the trip was all we had talked about every day for months, but we were really surprised when she accepted our invitation.

On our fourth day there, I wanted to go fishing. I volunteered to take Alexis so the other girls could have a

break from her lectures on the evils of alcohol. When we got on the boat, I was happy to see that one of the crew members was totally hot—he had that dirty, bad-boy look going on. I thought, *I'm going to fuck this guy!* I had just broken up with my boyfriend before the trip, so I was raring for some action.

Sure enough, my sexy fisherman was flirting with me in no time. We went belowdecks, where I started going down on him. Alexis came looking for me, and as soon as she saw what I was doing, she lost her shit. She demanded that they turn the boat around and take her back. Instead of arguing, I took Alexis by the hand and led her toward my hot fisherman. She didn't protest when I gently pushed her head toward his cock—in fact, she started sucking it! The fisherman was in heaven, and I felt like I was doing a good deed. He pulled down Alexis's shorts and bent her over an ice chest. I was getting really turned on watching this, and knelt down to lick and suck on his balls as he thrust in and out of her. After the boat docked, he kissed both of us good-bye. Alexis and I never became good friends, but at least she loosened up for the rest of the trip!—*Carissa*

Shutterbug

When my friends and I went to Key West, Florida, for spring break, I made it my mission to come back with awesome photos of our debauchery. One night at Sloppy Joe's, I was inebriated enough to ask girls to show me their tits so I could take pictures with my camera phone. At first there were no takers, but then a whole table of girls suddenly lifted up their shirts and bras. I didn't know where to look first. Before I knew it, I was sitting at their table drinking with them, occasionally making out with the blonde on one side of me while the brunette on my other side pressed her tits against my arm. I ended up fooling around with the blonde on

the beach for hours. The only bummer: When I woke up the next morning, I realized I had lost my phone.—*Jack*

Going Down at the Ski Lodge

My buddy Tom wanted to go off the beaten path for spring break, so he suggested we go to Vermont for the weekend. As we were checking into our hotel, we noticed two hot girls—a short blonde with an unreal rack, and a taller girl with honey-brown hair. We introduced our-

Popsicle. I closed my eyes and went along for the ride.

It wasn't long before I felt another presence in the room. I looked up to find Veronica alternating between licking my cock and sucking on Kara's tits. I slid off the bed and got Veronica on her hands and knees so I could pound into her as she indulged in Kara's cunt. Soon Kara popped, then me, and lastly Veronica. When I finally left their room that evening, I told Tom we had our spring break in the bag.—*Raphael*



selves, and suggested we hook up later for a drink.

By the second day, I was already out of commission, having sprained my ankle. I was hanging out in the lounge when the two girls, Kara and Veronica walked in. I told them about my ankle, and they suggested we try some physical therapy in their room.

When we got to their room, Veronica went into the shower, leaving me with Kara. Her tits were definitely double-Ds. Kara put her hand on my thigh and started rubbing it. She unzipped my fly and before I knew it, she was slurping my cock like a

Four Mouseketeers

I'd been dating Dave throughout college, and my friend Amy had been with Stan for just as long. So when spring break rolled around, we decided to be totally uncool and take a couples trip to Disney World.

It was a lot of fun. We went to Epcot and Blizzard Beach, and at night we hit the cheesy dance clubs at Pleasure Island. The whole time, Dave and Stan kept joking that we should have group sex. "Yeah, right," Amy and I kept saying.

Our rooms were adjacent, so at night we left the doors open and continued hanging

out. At some point, we got on the subject of sex toys, and Amy revealed that she didn't own a vibrator. Surprised, I took mine out to show her—then offered to use it on her.

The guys sat back and watched as I switched on my Pocket Rocket and grazed it over Amy's mound. A moment went by and she lifted her dress, letting me push the vibrator right against her black panties. After a few minutes, she came really hard while we all watched. Now it was my turn. Being a little bolder, I took off my jeans and panties and let Amy hit my spot directly. The guys knew they weren't getting in on the action, but they enjoyed the show. After Amy and Stan went back to their room, Dave fucked me harder than ever before.—*Jenny*

No Contest

A huge group of people from my college went to South Padre Island, Texas, for spring break. My girlfriends convinced me to enter a "hot body" contest. I had done some modeling before, so it was no big deal. That is, until another contestant, a tall blonde in a thong, decided to make me part of her sideshow. She whipped off her top, revealing two obviously fake breasts, and started grinding against me to the cheers of the crowd. Not to be outdone, I took off my top, showing off my smaller but all-natural tits. The crowd screamed as I pinched my nipples, and the guy running the contest poured a cup of water down my body. I won first place and the blonde didn't even get a mention!—*Hoshi*

Two Girls, Two Sailors

During my sophomore year, I went on tour with my college chorus over spring break. We spent a night in San Diego, but most of us weren't 21 yet, so we drove our rental minivans to Tijuana for a night of drinking and dancing. At the club, I saw a cute guy walk past in a baseball cap, so I grabbed his hat and put it on my friend's head. Soon the two



of them were making out.

Between breaths, Mr. Baseball Cap pointed to a hot guy across the room and said, "That's my friend. Go talk to him." I did, and about ten minutes later he and I were making out. Turns out they were a couple of Navy boys stationed with the Marines at Camp Pendleton. I was busy leaving some serious hickies all over my sailor's neck when the rest of our group decided to head back to the hotel in San Diego. My friend and I weren't ready to leave yet, so we went back to the guys' hotel room, got naked, and took advantage of them. It was a wild night, but we had to do the "walk of shame" all the way back to the U.S. the next morning!—*Gwen*

Sex on the Beach

I went to Cancún, Mexico, for my sophomore-year spring break with my best friends. On our last night we went to Señor Frog's, where I did some serious dirty dancing with a tall, sexy blond guy. We made out on the dance floor, kissing and grinding and sweating all over each other. We ended up leaving the bar together and finding a quiet spot on the beach, where we had sex until the sun came up. We weren't the only ones there, of course, so we kept getting interrupted. It wasn't great sex, but it was a classic spring-break

"He got the girls to step out of the room, and then locked them out. They had to walk, wet and half-naked, back to their hotel."

experience. I went home exhausted and with a great story to tell!—*Phoebe*

Anything Goes

This year, my fraternity went to Amsterdam for the Amsterdam concert series—three nights, four bands, and marijuana and mushrooms everywhere. It was the best time of my life. On the third night of the concert, I hooked up with a random girl in the

bathroom. She wanted to get high. In exchange for my assistance, she went down on me. On that same trip, my buddy paid to get a blowjob from two chicks at the same time. This type of shit would only happen in Amsterdam!—*Alex*

Shower Scam

When my friends and I went to Panama City, Florida, we literally hit on 98 percent of the girls at the clubs and bars. Our standard pickup line was something along the lines of, "Where are you guys from?" One night when we were really hammered, we went up to two girls and asked, "Where are you from?"

"What are you talking about?" one of them asked. "We came here with you!" Turns out they went to our school and were on the same trip as we were.

But they didn't hold it against us. We all went back to my hotel room later that night, and the girls got naked in the shower with me. I was trying to get some action, but my roommate kept knocking on the door to our room.

When I finally let him in, he asked the girls if they'd step into the hall for a second. As soon as they did, he locked them out. Of course, then they had to walk, wet and half-naked, back to their hotel. At the time I thought it was funny, but looking back, my roommate was probably just saving our asses because we were too drunk to fuck them!—*Chad*

Unexpected Visitors

During my sophomore year, I was renting an off-campus apartment. I was supposed to go home to Connecticut during spring break. After some bad experiences at Mardi Gras the year before, I was looking forward to a quiet vacation. At the last minute, I decided not to go home. But when I went back to my apartment, I found an exotic Indian girl and a fair-skinned redhead sitting on the couch with luggage at their feet. They freaked out and asked what I was doing there—apparently, the landlord had rented the place to them during the time I was supposed to be away. The girls started crying and told me they had nowhere else to go. I was weirded out by the whole thing, but agreed to let them stay. They slept on the couch and stayed out until all hours. Once, after they came in from a night of drinking, the Indian woman slipped into bed with me and we started having sex. We didn't say a word to each other, and the girls left the next morning. I still can't believe it happened.—*Tyler*

Body Shots

I was in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, with my friends, and they were all doing body shots off one another's stomachs. Of course they had the attention of every guy in the place. My friend wanted to do a shot off me, but I said no. I'm a little soft around the middle and didn't want to bare my belly for a roomful of strangers. This hot black guy saw me refuse, and he pro-



PENTHOUSE

PenthouseStore.com™

Store

CATCH YOUR FAVORITE PENTHOUSE PETS IN SEXY HOT ACTION!

Purchase any 2 DVDs from the list below and receive a complimentary Penthouse VHS as our gift to you. Additional titles are available at www.penthousestore.com, and you can check out these and other Penthouse Pets at www.penthouse.com. To expedite your order have your credit card ready and call **1.877.702.0857**

*Remember to mention promo code **FREEPH** when placing your order by phone.



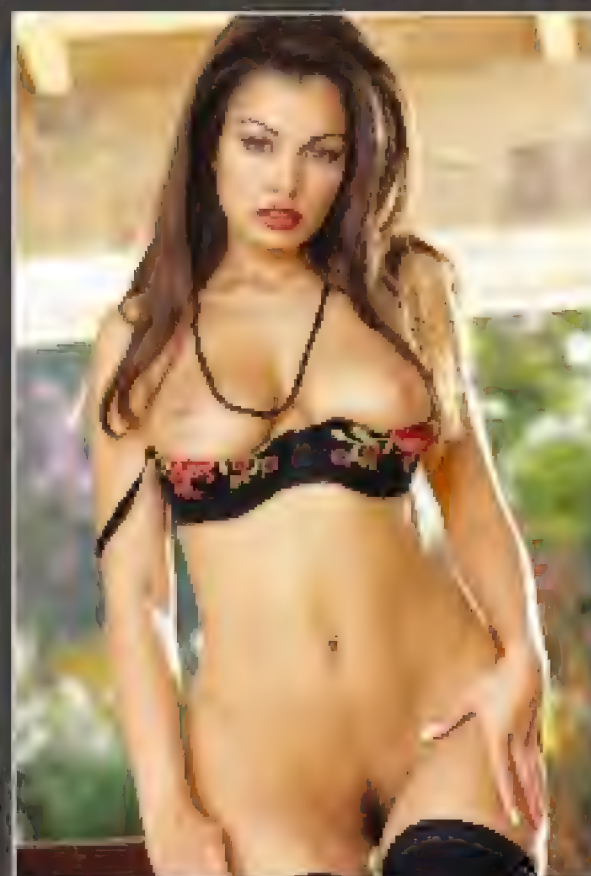
TERA PATRICK

TERA TERA TERA	\$ 32.02
REIGN OF TERA	\$ 34.94
ISLAND FEVER	\$ 39.41
ANGEL DUST	\$ 26.39
ISLAND FEVER 3	\$ 39.41
HARLOTS OF HELL	\$ 26.39
FORBIDDEN TALES	\$ 51.69
VIRTUAL SEX WITH TERA PATRICK	\$ 36.73
TERA PATRICK & HER SLEAZY SLUT PALS: 4-DVD MEGA-PACK	\$ 22.94
TERA PATRICK AKA FILTHY WHORE	\$ 14.89



JENNA JAMESON

THE MASSEUSE	\$ 37.89
JENNA JAMESON: DREAM QUEST	\$ 29.95
JENNA LOVES PAIN	\$ 37.89
THE NEW DEVIL IN MISS JONES	\$ 34.44
BRIANA LOVES JENNA	\$ 34.44
LAST GIRL STANDING	\$ 37.89
BELLA LOVES JENNA	\$ 28.69
FLASHPOINT	\$ 34.44
KRYSTAL METHOD	\$ 34.44
GIRLS ONLY: JENNA JAMESON	\$ 49.95



ARIA GIOVANNI

ARIA	\$ 38.69
SUZE RANDALL'S EROTIC IDOLS	\$ 22.94
VERONIKA	\$ 22.94
BLOND AND BRUNETTES	\$ 32.03
JUSTINE	\$ 32.03
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 2003	\$ 22.94
VIRTUAL LAP DANCERS	\$ 22.94
PET OF THE YEAR WINNER 2003	\$ 22.94
BUSTY DREAM TALES	\$ 22.94
NAKED DIVA	\$ 32.02



BEST OF PENTHOUSE

PET OF THE YEAR WINNER 2005	\$ 22.94
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 2005	\$ 22.94
LABOR OF LUST	\$ 22.95
CALIGULA	\$ 29.95
PENTHOUSE: GIRLFRIENDS	\$ 22.94
PET OF THE YEAR WINNER 2004	\$ 22.94
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 2004	\$ 22.94
COLLEGE CUTIES	\$ 30.65
SHOWERS OF LUST	\$ 30.65
SOUTH OF THE BORDER - CALIENTE	\$ 22.94

www.PenthouseStore.com™

The Premier Online Adult Shopping Experience

BUY 2 DVDS AND GET A SPECIAL GIFT FREE!

YES! Please rush me the following:

BILLING

Name
 Address
 City State Zip
 Country
 Phone ()

EMAIL

SHIPPING

Name
 Address
 City State Zip
 Country
 Phone ()

METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check ☐ Money Order (sorry, no C.O.D.s) **Make check or money order payable to EFFEX MEDIA**

Charge my: ☐ AmEx ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

Acct# Exp. date

Signature

CVV2

MAIL TO:
 PenthouseStore.com
 2 Penn Plaza, Ste. 1125
 New York, NY 10121

Total cost of order
 Sales tax (NJ add 6%)
 S&H (Shipping & Handling)*
 Total enclosed

* Domestic - \$6.95 1st item + \$1.95 each additional item
 International - \$13.95 1st item + \$2.95 each additional item

ceeded to lick my neck and put salt on it. He stuck a lemon in my mouth, downed a shot, sucked on my neck, then sucked the lemon out of my mouth. I returned the favor to the cheers of my friends. After a couple more shots, I was making out with him in one of the stalls. Just as I was about to undo his pants, we heard a woman screaming outside the bathroom, "Nick, what the fuck? Are you in there?" I realized Nick was my sexy stall-mate, so I quickly threw my shirt on and ran out of the bathroom. My friends and I grabbed a cab back to the hotel, and all week they teased me that Nick's girlfriend was going to find me and kick my ass!—*Desiree*

Have Dildo, Will Travel

Over spring break, my friend Tommy and I went to San Juan, Puerto Rico, to build houses for the poor. I knew Tommy had wondered whether he might be bi, and we talked about it on the trip. "It's not that I don't like being with women," he told me, but he'd always wondered about being with a man. I decided to give him the best of both worlds. That night I brought out a strap-on, which I slowly, lovingly thrust into Tommy's ass. He was quivering with ecstasy. I got my reward when we returned to school and Tommy helped me realize my fantasy of being with two guys at once.—*Misha*

Mistaken Identity

During our senior year, some friends and I went to Daytona Beach, Florida. The second night we were there, we went to a bar with a wet T-shirt contest. I immediately fell for the girl who came in second. The next night, I ran into her at Taco Bell and made her laugh a little. She invited me and my friend Scott to join her and her friends at a motel a few blocks away.

At the motel, I suggested a game of strip quarters—if you landed three straight shots, you could order someone at the table to take off an item of clothing. Soon Scott and I were shirtless, the

three girls were down to their underwear, and Wet T-shirt Girl was flirting with me.


After a while, Wet T-shirt Girl got up to use the bathroom, and the rest of us kept playing. Then Scott said he had to take a leak and went to the bathroom.

After a few minutes, I

knocked on the door and opened it to see Scott fucking Wet T-shirt Girl in the shower stall. Wet T-shirt Girl looked up at me and her eyes went wide.

"Oh my God!" she screamed, then shoved Scott off her. He shot me a look of death, lost his bal-

ance, and fell against the wall. "*Duuude*," he said, still sporting a raging hard-on. "Uncool."

Meanwhile, Wet T-shirt Girl was still standing there, naked and horrified. "I swear to God," she said, looking at me, "I thought I was fucking you!"—*Niles* 

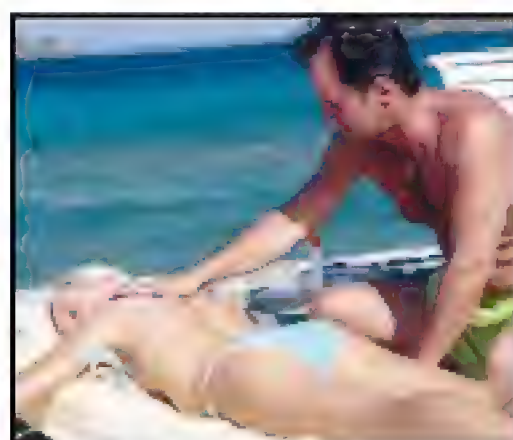
Do's and Don'ts of COLLEGE SPRING BREAK 2006

By Peter Schrager

So you're getting ready for spring break. You lucky bastard. To make it the greatest week of your life, follow these simple rules.

DO:

1. Bring sunblock. Girls like dudes with tans. Girls don't like dudes with nasty, dried skin flaking off their shoulders.
2. Room with someone who doesn't mind being "sexiled." If your roommate cock-blocks you, it's your own fault. You



should know better than to associate with such people.

3. Tell girls you are the heir to a multibillion-dollar fortune. Your father invented TiVo? Your grandfather was the brains behind string cheese? Your uncle is George Steinbrenner? It's up to you. Be creative—the more bizarre your made-up inheritance is, the better the story you'll have for your boys the next morning.
4. Lay the groundwork during the day. It's simply too difficult to meet, charm, and close the deal in a noisy, crowded club. Use the daylight hours by the pool for your prep work—you know, the "Hi, what's your sign?/Can I buy you a drink?/You complete me" routine.



5. Tell girls you appreciate, enjoy, and respect *Grey's Anatomy*, Jennifer Aniston, and Coldplay. Females tend to relate to these things more than to fantasy football, video games, and Old Navy fleeces.
6. Make fun of any guy wearing a Speedo bathing suit. The banana-hammock joke is an



easy crowd-pleaser.

7. Keep in touch with your spring-break fling. There's nothing better than a long-distance relationship via IM. And if you hit a dry spell back at college, that spontaneous road trip to the University of Podunk will be all the more special.
8. Bring a camera—for blackmail purposes only. Your friend will undoubtedly hook up with an ugly girl at some point. It's essential that you get it on film.



DON'T:

1. Take your girlfriend. If you're even considering this idea, you might as well not go at all. In fact, you should don some oven mitts, cook your girl some paella, and cuddle up to *The Notebook* all week instead.
2. Collect beads at any Mardi Gras-themed parties. Leave this tradition to the ladies. No one wants to see your junk. Seriously.

3. Go to anything involving MTV. Do you really want to stand outside in the 120-degree heat to see the Black Eyed Peas do 37 takes of "My Humps"? Because that's what you'll get. And why give your parents a chance to see you acting like a drunken idiot on TV three weeks later? Not exactly a win-win situation.
4. Trust the local cuisine. Chances are, you're going to be worshipping the porcelain throne at some point during the week. You don't want to be sitting on it all week, too.
5. Wear a Hawaiian shirt. Ever.



6. Be a wise-ass with customs agents at the Mexico-U.S. border. They have no appreciation for your wit and wisdom.
7. Go up to guys who are in your fraternity at other schools and act like you have a special bond. And try to keep the middle-of-the-dance-floor group chants to a minimum.



8. Believe for a second that "What happens in _____, stays in _____." By the time you get off the plane, your entire college campus, hometown, and future employer will know about your crazy night with the two dwarves, the Chihuahua, and that kinky, one-legged grandmother.



CELL PHONES OFF ☒

SIGNIFICANT OTHER ☒

FUR-LINED HANDCUFFS ☒

10 KINKY, MIND-BLOWING IDEAS
INSPIRED BY VARIATIONS.COM! ☒

VARIATIONS.COM

HOT SEX STORIES, LUSTY LETTERS,
FETISH VIDEOS & MORE!

PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
ONLINE

By Ed Condran

**He's sold
nearly a million
copies of
his two stand-up
comedy CDs,
but Dane Cook is
hardly a house-
hold name.
That's about to
change.**

Illustrations by Richard Stanley

UNDER

the Radar

"Save it for the stage." That was the sage advice the late Milton Berle once gave during an interview. "You don't have to be 'on' all the time," he said. "Save your energy for the stage."

That's exactly what Dane Cook is doing while holding court backstage after a

show at the Sovereign Bank Arena in Trenton, New Jersey. Clad in a well-worn Maine Lobster T-shirt, faded jeans, and scuffed black boots, Cook is stone-still as he relaxes in a folding chair. He's only 15 minutes removed from the vigorous workout that is his hour-plus

stand-up set. He didn't just kill on this night—he obliterated. Cook's loyal and rabid fan base not only loved his new material, but they also lost it whenever their hero performed some of their favorite bits, such as, "We all want to leave behind a legacy. We all want to be remem-



bered for something.... I saw a young boy and he was eating an ice cream cone. I ran up. I smashed it into his face. And I leaned in and I said, 'You remember me forever.' And I ran away. Because you know when he's 50, he's going to be like, 'One day a man ran up to me. I did not know this man. He smashed my treat into my eyes. He pointed and he said, 'You fucking remember me forever.' But I did not say 'fucking.' He added 'fucking' to make the story more intense and interesting. He deserves to have ice cream smashed in his face because he's a lying 50-year-old man. I did not say 'fucking.' "

About a quarter of the 3,000 fans in the audience leapt from their seats the second they heard the word *Legacy* from the opening line of this bit. They knew what was coming. They shimmied and flashed the SU-FI, or SuperFinger, hand gesture that Cook invented (the ring finger is coupled with the middle finger).

Fans feed off of Cook's perpetual-motion persona—he chews up the stage in hungry strides back and

career momentum.

The Dane Train is currently moving at the speed of sound. And the sound is *cha-ching!* The 34-year-old Cook is touring behind his second disc, *Retaliation*, which has gone gold. The disc dropped in July 2005 and was approaching 400,000 units sold by November, without much touring or marketing behind it. Since stand-up albums generally sell about as well as caffeinated beer, the success of *Retaliation* has turned more than a few industry heads.

Cook launched his career as the comedy boom of the eighties was crashing, but he was relentless, working every night of the week. He doesn't remember taking a night off during his 15-year ascent, and all the gigs at Chinese restaurants, seedy dives, and empty clubs have yielded big dividends. Dane Cook has arrived, and he's here to stay.

It's so rare for comics to have a gold album. What do you attribute your success to?

My connection with the fans.

my fan base. It feels incredible.

***Retaliation* is the first comedy disc to debut in the top five since Steve Martin's *Wild and Crazy Guy* in 1978.**

It's amazing. Having listened to that Steve Martin album when I was younger, it's beyond my imagination what's happening now. I met him eight months ago, and it was one of my greatest moments in comedy. I was doing a show in New York for Lorne Michaels. When I came offstage, my friend was like, "Dude, Lorne Michaels brought Steve Martin down!" I just had one of the best half-hour sets of my life, and he saw it. He was wonderful. I got to talk to him for about 15 minutes about comedy. He was very gracious. I immediately called my cell phone to remind myself of certain things he said. It was really awesome.

You're moving into film by way of stand-up, just like Martin did.

I am. I always wanted to be a comedian. I knew it would be my battering ram to take me anywhere. Getting onstage

You also shot the pilot for your sitcom vehicle, *Cooked*.

We shot that on spec, and we're shopping that now. It's a single-camera show like *Curb [Your Enthusiasm]* and *Malcolm in the Middle*. It captures my stand-up voice. I play myself, like Jerry Seinfeld did and Larry David does. It's a look inside my insane world. If I want to do a heist, or watch a guy get hit by a car and brag about it, that's what we'll do. The only thing is, we'll have to cross 15 hurdles in order to get it done.

What's the greatest perk of going gold?

Just knowing that I can walk anywhere I want and I can get onstage. I can perform anywhere and everywhere. That's something you want to earn as a comic. It's great to go to a club and know that you're next.

Do you ever tell women, "You might not know me, but my disc has gone gold and I'm going to be huge?"

I need to be like Flavor Flav and wear that gold record around my neck.

To try to score with women?

"I don't write anything

DOWN.

I haven't written a piece of material since 1996. I don't keep any notes. When it's time to do the show, I just take experiences that gave me my little tickle. I know my rhythms, my cadence."

forth, to and fro, with wild arm gestures and sudden verbal ejaculations. He mentions snakes that can spit venom, then erupts, "*I want that! I want acidic spit! I'd use that!*" Cook has so much energy onstage, it's almost surprising to see him at rest after the show. The only part of him racing now is his enviable mind. He reflects quietly on his career, and the business and art of comedy. Then he locks on to a thought close to his heart and shifts gears, his words coming as quickly as the "Dane Train," which is what he dubs his

They're the ones that have been lining up to see me. They're the ones that helped me build a foundation. I've been doing stand-up for 15 years. I can tell you, when *Harmful If Swallowed* came out, two years prior to *Retaliation*, I had people e-mail me every day: "We're having listening parties. I'm burning your disc, and I'm giving it to people."

It took on a life of its own because of the fans, who have been so supportive. How do you get a gold album? People went out and bought it right away. That's

every night [in Los Angeles], there are directors and producers who become fans. They want you to create something for what they're working on.

There must be certain bits in your head that you can't tell by yourself onstage.

That's exactly it. I have set pieces that require more than one person. I'm looking forward to doing *Employee of the Month*. It's a straight comedy film, which is completely in my wheelhouse. It's closest to what I do onstage. I'm starring in that film and two others.

I certainly wouldn't be opposed to throwing that card on the table. But people who know me know that when I do a show, I come in—*boom*—and go. When I'm not doing stand-up, I get away from it entirely. I'm not at the clubs or bar-hopping. **Who needs the party circuit when you're seriously involved with Katie Holmes, which the world learned after you jumped all over Jimmy Kimmel's couch declaring your love for her?**

[Laughs] That week I was watching Oprah and I saw



Tom Cruise profess his love for Katie on her show, and I knew what I would do on Kimmel that week. Once I saw him freak out, it was like, *Okay, I got it. I know exactly what I want to do there.* I've been excited about girls digging me, but I never jumped on a couch over it.

Any feedback from Tom or Katie?

No. But I did get feedback from people who worked with him. Directors and producers contacted me. I got feedback like, "Dude, you nailed him. That's exactly how he is on the set." I did

get a lot of feedback that I emulated him correctly.

Forget about Katie and Cruise. You went lip-to-cheek—butt cheek—with Charlize Theron, arguably the perfect babe, on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*.

I didn't know I would do that until six or seven minutes before I went on. I never met her. I was thinking about what I would do in the green-room. Then I heard her start talking about the Shirley MacLaine tribute. They showed the clip of her kissing Shirley MacLaine's ass.

The joke was me trying to kiss Charlize Theron's ass. I thought if I could go out there and say, "You're beautiful and you're great. I know I'm kissing your ass here," I thought I would get the big laugh and she would wag her finger at me, *No, no, no*. The audience would go, "Ha-ha."

Then all of a sudden, her ass was in my face. She jumped up and stuck her butt out before I could even milk it.

There's no way to resist that.

Resist? I couldn't. I went inside.

And?

She smelled like Froot Loops. I don't know why, but there was a very Froot Loop-y-smell. She was hopping. She was completely gung ho. I told her on break, "If we don't make *Access Hollywood*, I don't know what to say." After the show when we were backstage, she was completely cool.

Is there anyone more beautiful?

It kind of hurts to look at her. She's so amazing. It reminds me of one time I saw a prostitute in New York City, and she was so pure and not madeup and gorgeous. I was like, *I could love her.*

What happened when you found out it was a guy?

[Laughs] No, it was a drive-by fantasy moment. Charlize is amazing. If you think she looks great on TV, she's stunning in real life.

Speaking of drive-bys, you did *The Tonight Show* with Snoop Dogg.

I've done three things with Snoop: I was [also] on MTV with him, and I did the *Bar Mitzvah Bash* at Comedy Central. Snoop and me go way back.

How is partying with Snoop?

He's the epitome of cool. He's cool like Sam Jackson. Cool comes out of Snoop's pores.

Much of your fan base is made up of college students and twentysomethings. How did you cultivate it?

My dad said, "If you want fans forever, play colleges." He was right. What you discover in those years stays with you for the rest of your life. Those experiences are important. I'll always have a fan base regardless of what happens in my career. I cultivated it by connecting with the fans through my Website. I hang with fans after shows.

But you just said that you split after shows.

I always do meet-and-greets after shows, and then I split. I don't hang around and drink.

Lots of entertainers hate meet-and-greets.

I always felt the opposite. If you want to get elected, you should shake hands and meet people. You should hear their opinions. I like to get to know people after the show. I'm always aware [that] people are paying too much for their ticket, paying for the valet, paying for the baby-sitter. They're paying for their two drinks. They don't only want to get entertained. If they can meet you, that makes them feel great for a minute to say, "Hey, thank you." That's important to me. **How often have you taken the opportunity to score cute coeds?**

I'm not going to lie. There were many years when I

quoting Steven Wright. Every time someone said, "It's a small world," I would say, "But I wouldn't want to paint it." [Dave] Chappelle is an example of someone who went through a rough time. Dave is so brilliant and so good at what he does that people latched on to so much of what he said. Then he started doing shows, and people would yell out, "I'm Rick James, bitch!" It's a blessing and a curse. The key is, I want to do something that people can remember, repeat, and enjoy and love. They yell it back out at you in celebration of you. You said this thing, and it makes them laugh. "I'm

we're being taken advantage of. Some comics look at it like, "You're going to make me do that? I don't want to do that." I don't come at it from that angle. I enjoy the material I've done.

Were you the class clown or the introvert when you were growing up?

I was the introvert. I was funny at home. Once I left my yard, I would get panic attacks. I had a tough time dealing with people and crowds. Confrontation was tough for me. But once I got home, I'd tell funny stories.

Was your family surprised you became a stand-up?

They were shocked when I told them that I wasn't going

were very negative, and you affected me. You almost made me not do what I'm doing." The response I got back was, "I'll take that into consideration." I would rather be miserable trying to do what I do.

You'll have to tell him you've made it—you're in *Penthouse*.

Hey, it's great. It's my time right now. It won't be the same five years from now. It's press. You don't take the bad press or good press too seriously.

Do you read your press?

I have. But again, it's not something you seek out.

What's the most hurtful thing you read?

"[Charlize Theron's ass]

SMELLED

like Froot Loops. I don't know why, but there was a very Froot Loop-y smell. She was hopping. It kind of hurts to look at her. She's so amazing."

would partake and enjoy meeting people after the show, particularly lovely ladies.

Are you still doing it?

I'm not Pauly Shore-ing it.

What's the best town for babes?

Tempe, Arizona. All of that warm weather must attract unbelievably beautiful women. It was crazy there. Very friendly. Miami is great, but Tempe is outrageous.

Your stand-up is all over the place.

It's true. It's hard to break it down since my stand-up is so random. There are so many different elements to it.

When you perform, it seems almost spontaneous, like it's not planned.

I don't write anything down. I haven't written a piece of material since 1996. I don't keep any notes. When it's time to do the show, I just take experiences that gave me my little tickle. I know my rhythms, my cadence.

Fans tend to yell out phrases from your bits during your shows. Does that bother you?

For years I couldn't stop

Rick James, bitch!" is a perfect example of this. It starts to hurt you as a performer—the very thing you put out there, it almost takes away from your progress. You don't want to get stuck in that one time of your career. That's why I'm constantly moving forward. Every time I go out, there will be at least a half hour of new stuff there. **Comics have to do the "best of" bits, kind of like a rock band has to play its big hit.**

Yes, it's like seeing [Bruce] Springsteen and you want to hear "Thunder Road." I get it. When I'm up onstage, I make sure to always throw in some [well-known] stuff.

Will that change?

I don't know. Right now I have to blend. I always have to have a bunch of new things in there. People are like, "Wow, I didn't think there was going to be anything new. I thought it was going to be all *Retaliation*." I'm picking and choosing. It depends on the venue and how I feel up there. Comics are very fragile. We want to entertain you. We don't want to feel like

to college. Two weeks after I graduated [high school], I signed up for an open-mic night. They took it like this: "Dane is going to challenge himself to break out of his shell." They backed me, especially my mom. It took my dad longer. He didn't understand what the endgame was.

What kind of advice did you get from your guidance counselor?


It wasn't positive. I remember saying that I wanted to be a stand-up comic. The guidance counselor totally tried to detour me from that. I was told, "You can't do that. It's not realistic." A printout from some test said I should work in a shoe store, or something like that. It was absurd. That was in junior high school. I never forgot it.

Did you ever go back to tell the counselor how wrong he was?

I went back a few years ago and had one of the most serious talks I ever had. I said, "Listen, I don't know what you tell other kids. I know you try to give some direction. I remember you

I did a movie with Dennis Rodman years ago called *Simon Sez*. I remember my agent called and told me I got a movie, and I didn't have to audition for it and it would be shot off the Mediterranean in Nice, France. I'm jumping up and down until I asked who the star was. When I was told it was Dennis Rodman, my first thought was, *This could be really bad*. Athletes and acting don't mix, but I had so much fun. I would call home and say, "You know, I think we shot the worst scene ever today." We knew it wasn't a great movie, but I remember a guy wrote, "Dane Cook is one of the worst performers to ever disgrace the silver screen." I remember that hitting my heart so hard.

Did your former guidance counselor write that review?

[Laughs hysterically] Maybe under a false name. I remember reading that review and thinking, *It's just a stupid B movie*. I learned my lesson. People are going to either attack you or raise you way above their heads. 

By Kara Wahlgren

NUTRITION

GET THE BUZZ

It seems like a new energy drink hits the market every 20 seconds. So which ones offer the best buzz without a nasty caffeine crash? We had our sleep-deprived staff put these drinks to the test.



PIMP JUICE EXTRA STRENGTH FORMULA

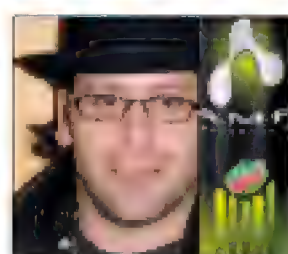
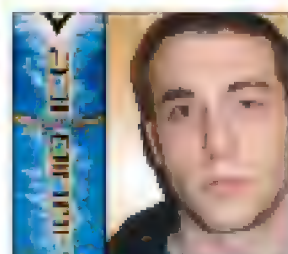
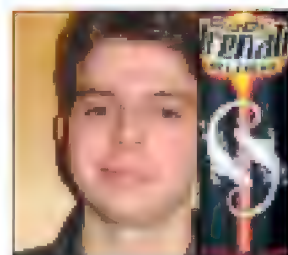
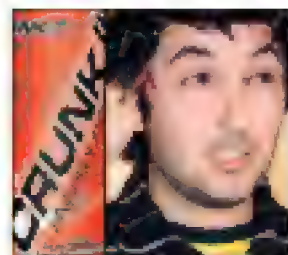
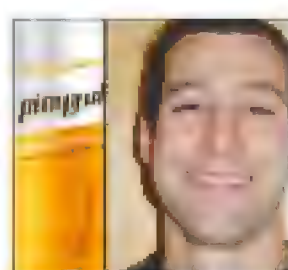
Tester: Rick, director of licensing
Taste: "Like lime Jell-O before it hardens. It's much sweeter than the regular and the sugar-free PJ Tight, and the lack of carbonation is a big plus."
Buzz: "A steady energy boost. Not too strong, but definitely noticeable. It would be a great mixer with vodka."
Crash: "None."

CRUNK!!! ENERGY DRINK

Tester: Anthony, designer
Taste: "Like chewy Flintstones vitamins."
Buzz: "Same as a single shot of espresso."
Crash: "Left me with a stringy feeling."

LIQUID ICE

Tester: Mike, intern
Taste: "Like lightly carbonated, blue-raspberry bug juice—the stuff they give you at camp."
Buzz: "Incredibly addictive. I'm pretty sure 'iniquinone' is a euphemism for crack. The high is incredible and lasts a few hours. I was more focused, but my train of thought was kind of erratic."
Crash: "Coming down isn't terrible, except you crave the rush."



JOLT ULTRA

Tester: John, associate art director
Taste: "A little hard to swallow. And the 23.5-ounce bottle is a downside because I used most of my energy running to the bathroom to pee."
Buzz: "It made my hands tingle. I was definitely tweaked, but didn't get dry-mouth like I do with most energy drinks."
Crash: "Just slowed back down to a normal pace."

SOBE ADRENALINE RUSH

Tester: Brian, intern
Taste: "Citrus and passion fruit. There was a sour aftertaste, but by the third can, I barely noticed it."
Buzz: "Starts and stays light. Lasted two or three hours. Only moderately jittery. Typed a little faster, but that's it."
Crash: "Minimal. On a scale of one to ten, with ten being a coma: one."

AMP

Tester: Jeremy, senior photo retoucher
Taste: "Hands down, my favorite. It tastes like a cross between Mountain Dew and bubble gum."
Buzz: "Pretty good. It pulled me out of my funk, and got me through an hour-long set with my band."
Crash: "My data is skewed because I had six beers and some whiskey after we got offstage."

Looking for a quick shot of stamina? We put six energy drinks to the test to see which ones offered the best boost—without a nasty crash.

HEALTH NEWS

Who's Getting Ass?

A girl who does anal might not be as hard to find as you think. According to a sex survey released by the National Center for Health Statistics, one in three women admits to having had anal sex by age 24. (Admits is the key word—you have to assume there are some girls who didn't want to disclose their back-alley adventures to a total stranger.) And don't just chalk those figures up to good old college experimentation—by ages 25 to 44, 40 percent of men and 35 percent of women have tried it. Those figures don't include guy-on-guy action. But if you're in the experienced third, make sure to use protection: For the receiving partner, anal sex is five times more dangerous than vaginal intercourse, and 50 times more dangerous than oral sex.



More Booze News

For every wild night, there's a wicked hangover. And for every study claiming that drinking might lower your risk for heart attack, there's research saying that boozing can boost your risk of stroke. A recent study reports that moderate drinking can thin the blood and increase the risk for a bleeding stroke. The irony? The same blood-thinning property of alcohol is what reduces the risk of clotting that can lead to a heart attack. Doctors caution that although consuming a drink a night can cut the risk of heart disease, it's definitely not a cure-all.



Dog Pounds

It turns out dogs really are man's best friend, especially if that man is overweight. Owning a dog helps people exercise more often and lose weight. A University of Missouri-Columbia study tracked dog owners who started walking their pups for ten minutes a day, three times a week. Participants gradually worked up to 20 minutes a day, five times a week. After a year, the dog owners averaged a 14-pound weight loss—better results than those from people who had followed major weight-loss plans.



Fishy Business

You wouldn't eat a bucket of raw clams that's been sitting in the hot sun all day, right? Then you should also think twice before jumping in the ocean with an open wound. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the same vibrio bacteria that is in undercooked seafood can be spread through brackish water. About 8,000 vibrio infections are reported annually, and as many as one in four were probably caused by wound infection. The Gulf Coast's warm waters are an ideal breeding ground, and vibrio infections were to blame for at least five deaths after Hurricane Katrina. People with liver disease or weakened immune systems have the greatest risk, and may want to steer clear of the ocean if they have any open wounds. If you get cut while wading or boating, wash it thoroughly with soap and clean water.

You know bad seafood can make you sick, but you don't have to eat raw tuna to suffer the consequences. Brackish water can also spread fishy infections.

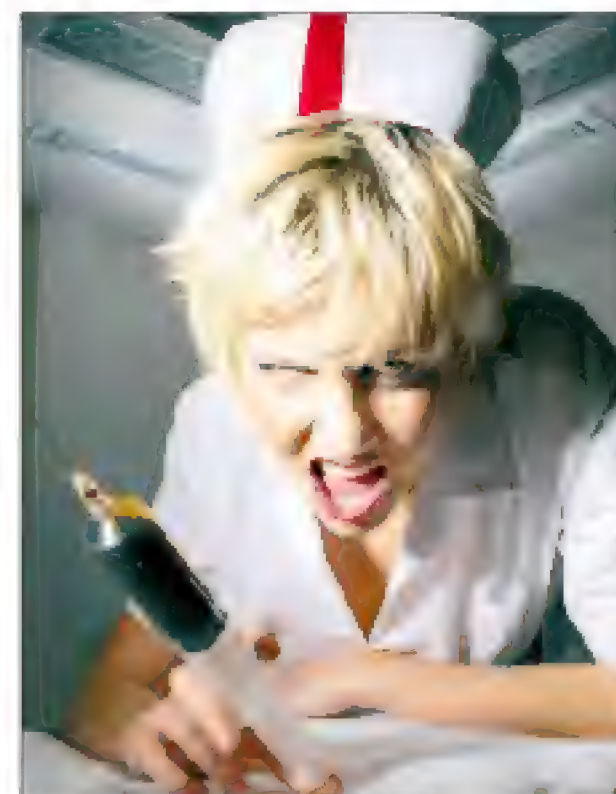
Easier Riders

Cyclists, beware: Too much time in the saddle can put excessive pressure on the perineum, which can lead to impotence or erectile dysfunction. So some companies are designing ergonomic seats that alleviate that pressure. Specialized offers "Body Geometry" saddles that allow for better blood flow through your nether regions. Their seats can be found at Specialized.com/BodyGeometry.



Chew on This

The latest medical breakthrough in surgery recovery costs a whopping 25 cents a pack. New research finds that patients who chewed gum with their post-surgery meals checked out of the hospital one day sooner than those who didn't. The study was conducted with patients undergoing elective laparoscopic colon surgery. Gum chewing helped to prevent ileus, a condition where the digestive tract remains inactive after surgery. Most likely, the gum tricks your intestines into thinking you're functioning normally—and that means you go home sooner.



The Good, the Bad, the Ugly

Is your hospital up to snuff? Before you assume that hospitals are all the same, consider this: Patients in the nation's top-rated hospitals have a 65 percent lower chance of dying than patients in the lowest-ranking hospitals. The good news is that overall mortality rates have declined by 12 percent since 2002.

So it stands to reason that you should know where a hospital ranks *before* you're laid up in the ER. Visit HealthGrades.com for the free report.





We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

Hot Property



This smokin' real estate major, the luscious Jennifer Emerson, loves to take long, hot bubble baths and have sex in front of mirrors. No wonder the housing market's so hot.

Photographs by Brett Bereny





"My ideal date is a romantic dinner, followed by a massage and a soak in the hot tub"



I have
no problem
getting naked
for the
cameras.
I'm very com-
fortable
with my body."



"The most
exciting place
I've made
love is my
boyfriend's
desk chair—we
watched
ourselves in
mirrors!"







Jennifer

VITAL STATS:

23 years old, 34D-24-32

FAVORITE FOODS:

crab legs, mac and cheese

FAVORITE DRINK:

apple martini

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I'D:

donate to charity and buy myself a house.

PET PEEVE:

snoring

FAVORITE TV SHOWS:

CSI: Miami and *Laguna Beach*

FAVORITE MUSIC:

hip-hop

FAVORITE SPORT:

sex

FAVORITE VACATION SPOT:

Key West

CALL ME!

1-800-946-PET1

(1-800-946-7381)

Caller must be 18 or older.

Cost: \$0.69/minute





MISS JENNIFER EMERSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH











Where the magazine comes to life!

The Penthouse Club - where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance.

Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful girls.

DALLAS, TEXAS

8550 N. Stemmons Freeway
214.267.8550

DENVER, COLORADO

4451 East Virginia Avenue
303.322.1717

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

1902 Black Canyon Highway
602.352.0240

NEW YORK CITY

603 West 45th Street
212.245.0002

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

1401 Mississippi #10
Sauget, Illinois
314.721.6008

MYRTLE BEACH, SO. CAROLINA

2554 Jason Boulevard
843.626.0192

WELLFORD, SO. CAROLINA

10243 Greenville Highway
864.439.5500

HOUSTON, TEXAS

2618 Winrock @ Westheimer
713.974.2100

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

727 Iberville Street
504.524.4354

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO*

Avenida Paseo de la
Reforma 35
01152555905.4280

* OPENING FEBRUARY 2006

The
PENTHOUSE
Club

www.PenthouseClubs.com



The Novelty Fuck

Sex isn't always about pleasure or procreation. Sometimes, it's just fun to be freaky!

I am a freak. And I have the diploma to prove it. A few months ago, I enrolled in the Coney Island Sideshow School, where I learned how to eat fire, swallow swords, hammer nails into my nose, and do other wacky shit that would make for a really entertaining death. Not only



have I become a hit at parties, but I've also become somewhat of a novelty—and, in the eyes of many people, a potential novelty fuck.

A novelty fuck is the kind of sex where something about your partner is new, different, or just plain freaky. The goal isn't an orgasm or

a baby—it's screwing someone simply for the sake of a good story, a sexual one-upmanship you can squirrel away for later. So when a friend brags that a stranger went down on him in a bathroom stall, you can tell him about that time a sword-swallower blew you. Sword-swallower trumps random stranger. You win!

Novelty fucks don't necessarily have to be freaks. They can be celebrities or penniless bums, grandmothers or your best friend's barely legal sister. If you begin a story with "You'll never *believe* who I had sex with," you've got yourself a novelty fuck.

In my friend Lacey's case, her N.F. was a gay guy. He was hot, vulnerable from a recent breakup with his boy-

know who the hell Monica Lewinsky is. Plus, Tucker Max would be out of a job. Tucker makes a career of writing about his sexual conquests on his Website, TuckerMax.com. He recently published his collection in a book, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*. "I've always had a 'sexual to-do list' that had the typical guy stuff, like threesomes and role-playing," he tells me. "But I rocketed past all that years ago, so I added more weird, outlandish shit, like sex with an amputee or midget."

A few months ago, Tucker was able to cross amputee sex off his list when his friend introduced him to Amy, a sexy 27-year-old who had half her leg removed after a severe bone infection. Tucker

ready—a little person. She claims people are always trying to fuck her just because of her short stature. "I don't mind because it's such a rock-star thing to do," she admits.

Even for Bridget, having sex with a midget is a novelty, since she's used to bedding regular-size people. "One time, I had sex with another midget—the cutest midget I've ever seen—in his SUV," she reveals. "It was weird. We were both standing up in the backseat, fucking. Most people cannot fuck standing up in a car. It was definitely a novelty."

Bridget is full of N.F. stories like this: She fucked a straight guy in the ass with a strap-on; she manually and

"Novelty fucks don't necessarily have to be freaks—they can be celebrities, penniless bums, grandmothers, or your best friend's barely legal sister."

friend, and needed an attachment-free rebound lay. Being the good fag-hag that she was, Lacey offered herself up, knowing full well she was just doing it so she could brag about it later. "I am the only girl he's ever had sex with!" she exclaims, blowing her own horn. "How many people can say that?" Likewise, she was *his* novelty fuck for the simple reason that she had a vagina. Pussy sex is novel for gay men.

THE STUMP HUMP

If it weren't for novelty fucks, groupies wouldn't exist, William Shatner would never get laid, and nobody would

regale me with his story, leaving no detail unmentioned: They did it doggie-style with her stump hooked behind his leg; her stump was ticklish; she could wiggle her stump muscles; he took pictures of her stump. But what was Amy like? What does she do? How were her tits? Her ass? "Amy is not 'Amy.' She's 'the Amputee,'" says Tucker, like a true novelty fucker.

THE SMALLEST SCREW

Retired porn star Bridget the Midget knows a thing or two about novelty sex, being that she's—if you haven't guessed it al-

orally serviced ten dwarves at the Little People of America National Convention ("Those conventions are basically midget orgies," she says); and once, she had sex with her average-size girlfriend and her girlfriend's midget husband in a wee-way three-way. When I ask Bridget if she would fuck Tucker so he could cross midget sex off his list, she breaks the news that she's six months pregnant. "But if somebody wanted to fuck a pregnant midget porn star, I'd be totally up for it," she says. Hear that, Tucker? You got yourself a novelty-fuck trifecta. ☺



FREEWHEELERS

Handling the Hottest Handlebars



Ultimate URBAN Transport

Ducati lovers call the Multistrada an Adventure Tourer, which it is. What's surprising is how well it works if the jungle you tour is an urban one.

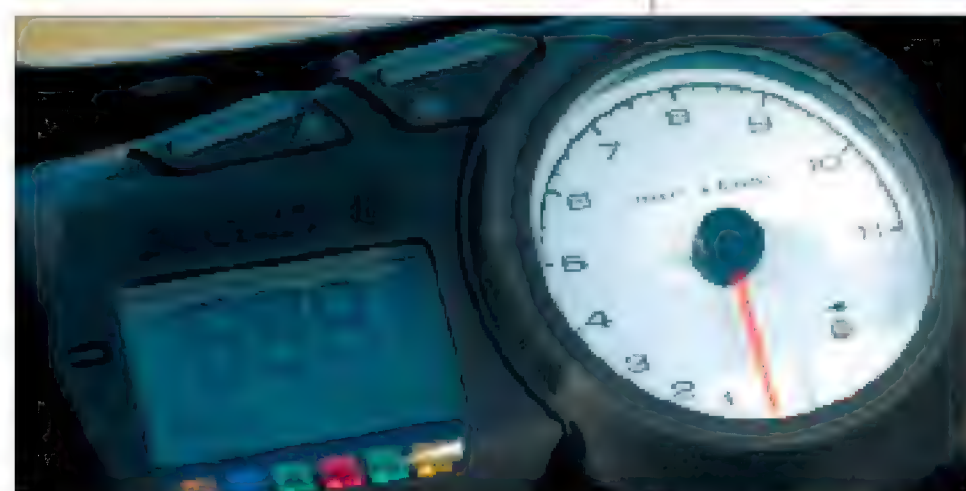
Remember when SUVs were primarily marketed to deer hunters, so they could plow through the bush to bag a few bucks? Now they're the choice of soccer moms, who use them to plow through mall traffic to spend a few bucks.

These days, dual-sport motorcycles have roles their creators might not have anticipated. Ducati's Multistrada 620 is a perfect example of a machine that has found its calling miles from where it was originally aimed. Technically this is an Adventure Sport motorcycle—designed to handle mild off-road conditions, yet civilized enough for

street use. The fact is, though, that this Italian "trailie" is most at home negotiating the crater-strewn landscape of locales like Manhattan, and it may just turn out to be the ultimate urban transport for those who appreciate panache, performance, and getting to work on time.

Like all stylish creations from Italy, Ducatis embrace both form and function, with excellent results. The Multistrada 620 is a prime example. It has the goods to make thundering through skyscraper canyons a blast, while bringing a certain Range Rover aplomb to the ride. The hard parts are Ducati trademarks,

including the sport bike specs, lightweight trellis frame, and 90-degree, air-cooled, L-twin engine. Displacing 618 cc and sporting Marelli electronic fuel injection, this is a torque-rich power plant that isn't quite suited to blasting down the interstate, but is perfect for gunning through traffic. Throttle response is immediate, and the six-speed transmission has great ratios and reasonably smooth action, although it can get a bit notchy during intense downshifting. The exhaust note from the high-mounted twin silencers is rich in Ducati soul, especially if you twist on the throttle when you're surrounded by buildings



The high-tech Multistrada has it all: form, function, and tradition. The special Dark version's stealthy, flat-black paint scheme is ideal for nocturnal city adventures.

where the motor music can reverberate and intensify.

The Multistrada has excellent suspension units, including Marzocchi male slider forks up front and a Sachs monoshock out back. There's plenty of travel, as you would expect from a bike designed to tackle dirt trails, and this pays dividends when you're negotiating your way through potholes on the way to *Spamalot*. The pavement may be punishing the Pirellis, but your kidneys won't pay the price—thanks to a really compliant ride that is still stiff enough to allow lightning-quick cab-avoidance maneuvers. Brakes are excellent, even on

the less expensive Dark model, which has a single front disc versus the regular model's dual-disc setup, along with a really cool flat-black paint scheme.

While the chassis is a big reason why the Multistrada works so well in the wild world of metropolitan congestion, it's the riding position that *really* puts you in the mood for battling traffic. You sit up high, with a commanding view that rivals most SUVs in over-the-roof visibility. The wide bars give you the leverage to flick the machine around obstacles, like a giant mountain bike. As tall as it is, the Multistrada doesn't feel top-heavy, and the fact that

the 3.9-gallon gas tank is partially located beneath the seat no doubt helps keep the mass down low. A high-tech instrument cluster features a digital speedometer and analog tach, and a service reminder lights up when it's time to perform regular maintenance.

Don't get me wrong—you can ride this bike in the mud all you want. But once you've used it to take a hot date on an uptown adventure, the Multistrada's functional class will be revealed, as will its competence on the meanest streets you can find. The 2006 Multistrada 620 Dark starts at \$7,995. Other versions go for \$8,495. Ducati.com +

DRIVING FORCE

Your Fast Track to Speed and Style



Lamborghini's Raging Bull

With a race-quality screamer of a V-10 engine and the lightning quickness of a shifter kart, Lamborghini's Gallardo rocks!

Lamborghini, one of the most interesting and persistent car companies on the planet, began manufacturing tractors and farm implements after World War II in Sant'Agata, near Bologna, Italy.

As the story goes, founder Ferruccio Lamborghini grew rich and decided to buy a Ferrari. After an argument with Enzo Ferrari over certain custom details, Lamborghini stormed off. In 1963, with a little help from his friends, he built his own sports car, the 350GTV. Throughout the marque's history, a kinky-cool, way-low, folded-paper

design—with occasional side trips to flat-out weird and bulbous—has been the Lamborghini hallmark. It's also been interpreted by a host of the world's best independent designers and *carrozzerie*.

Lamborghini himself was fascinated by the pugnacity, strength, and endurance of fighting bulls, hence the raging bull logo on all of his cars. Most of them have been named after famous bulls or bull breeders, including the Murciélago and Gallardo.

Since Ferruccio Lamborghini sold out in 1972, the company has been bought and



sold many times by Swiss, Italian, American, and Indonesian owners. Most recently, Lamborghini has landed at the Volkswagen Group, but is supervised by Audi. In addition to Lamborghini, Volkswagen owns or controls VW in Wolfsburg, SEAT in Spain, Skoda in the Czech Republic, Audi in Bavaria, Bentley in England, and Bugatti in France. The company has big plans for its supercar brand. In turn, Audi will use the new Gallardo underpinnings for the new R8 sports car next year.

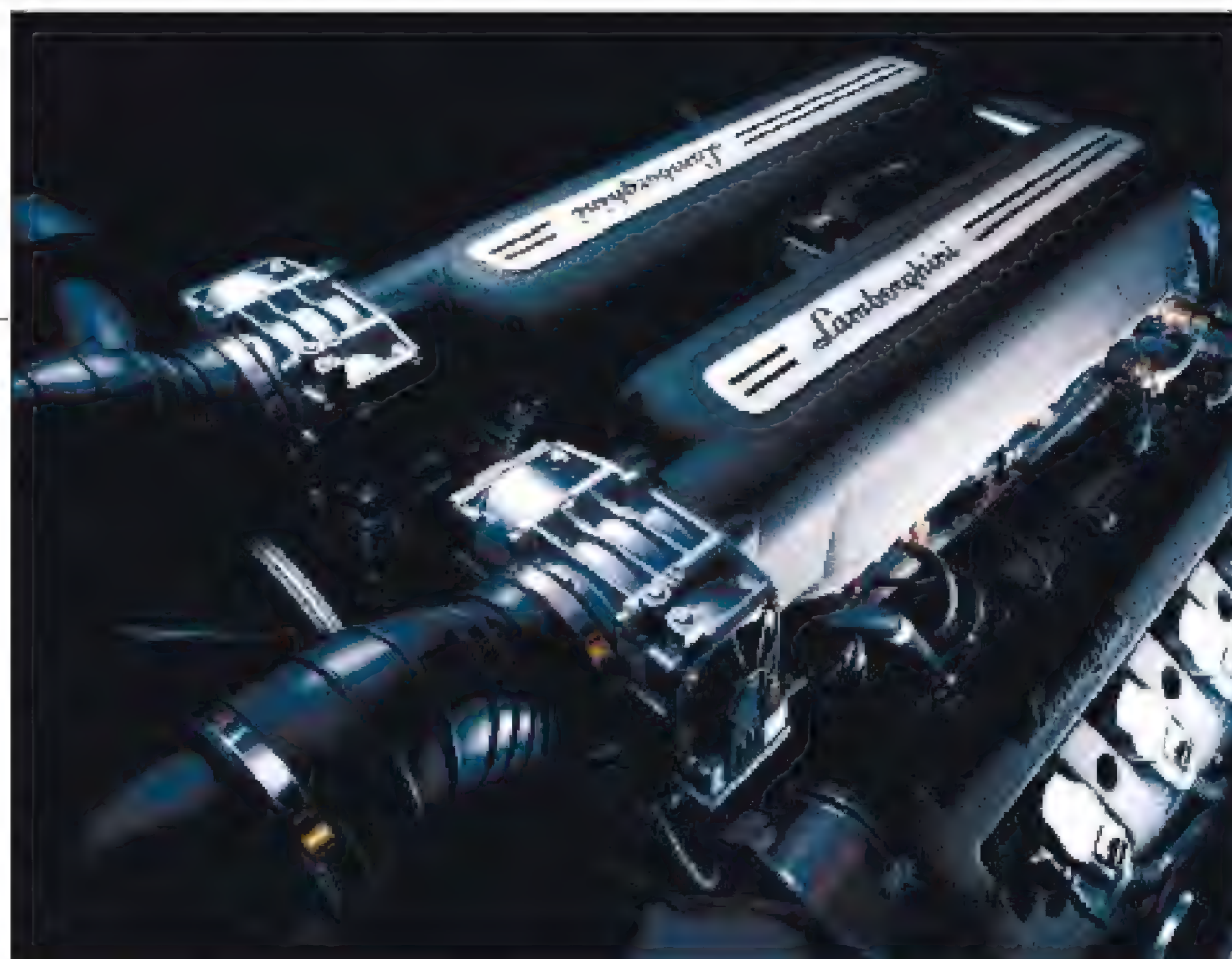
The Gallardo is the very latest in Audi/Lamborghini cross-pollination. Lamborghini's head designer, former Audi designer Luc Donckerwolke of Belgium, is responsible for the 192-mph Gallardo's dashing profile—a sort of Murciélago that's been placed on a high-protein diet and muscle-building regimen.

Because it's 11 inches shorter, 5.7 inches narrower, 1.2 inches lower, and 440 pounds lighter than the Murciélago, it outperforms the bigger car in virtually every area except top speed. It's a neater, cleaner, and more modern package inside and out than the senior supercar. Gallardo may have conventional doors instead of scissor doors like the big Lambo, but it's \$100,000 less costly.

Using lessons learned from the Audi A8, the Gallardo's frame, body, and most of its suspension are aluminum. Its fighting weight is less than 3,200 pounds, with only 6.4 pounds per horsepower. Race-quality independent suspension on all four corners is supported by Lamborghini's all-wheel-drive system, and Pirelli Pzero 235/35 ZR19 front and 295/30 ZR19 rear tires. Gallardo uses 14.4-inch, eight-piston Brembo disc brakes up front, and 13.2-inch four-piston Brembos at the rear, with ABS and ESP.

One of the many soul-satisfying benefits of driving the Gallardo is the new e-gear transmission, a \$10,000 option that replaces the clutch pedal and manual transmission with electrohydraulic shifting. It's controlled by computers, based on input from the clutch and the gearbox. Data is exchanged with the engine management system and traction control systems. The driver shifts gears with the down (left) and up (right) shift paddles on the steering column. The computer optimizes shifting, depending on driving conditions and style, and will shift faster than the manual transmission.

During downshifts, a double declutch is performed (sixth to neutral, neutral to fifth) and, if necessary, the computer revs the engine between downshifts to match the revs of the drivetrain—a wonderful, musical interjection into a spirited, sublime driving experience. Electronic controls prevent a downshift



if engine revs are too high, and initiate a downshift if engine revs are too low for the road speed. If you idle in gear for more than a few seconds, e-gear automatically shifts to neutral to save wear on the internal clutches. The computer also indicates that shift on the red-illuminated dashboard readout (another Audi trademark). Reverse is behind the big red R button on the dash.


The e-gear system has three modes: normal, sport, and low traction. Sport revs higher between downshifts, and shifts even quicker than normal. Low traction aids in getting out of mud or snow.

The V-10 engine in the Gallardo is a Tiffany diamond—a five-liter, four-valve beast that's derived from the larger 6.2-liter V-12 in the Murciélago. It makes 500 horsepower at 7,800 rpm and 380 foot-pounds of torque at 4,500 rpm, breathing through one of the most wide-open intake systems in the business. The system generates a tremendous whoosh of intake air right behind your ears.

The V-10 incorporates all the latest power technologies, including drive-by-wire electronic throttle control, variable intake tract tuning, and variable valve timing on both intake and exhaust valves. The exhaust system is similarly free-breathing, resulting in some of the most harmonious intake/exhaust music ever heard from a sports car. That's no easy accomplishment with a V-10. But Lamborghini did it using two separate five-into-one exhaust systems.

Driving the Gallardo in Los Angeles gets you noticed, whether you want to be seen or not. There are so few of these cars in circulation that most people have no idea what they're looking at. But they certainly look because the car is so arrestingly attractive and alarmingly low (45 inches at the roof). We flew the Gallardo over some of our favorite stretches, from Lamborghini of Beverly Hills to West Hollywood, Malibu, Zuma, and on to Oxnard and Santa Barbara, picking up a lady friend for an oceanside lunch along the way.

It takes about five minutes to get used to e-gear's clunky shifting announcements behind your back. After that, the Gallardo is all about eye-flattening acceleration, a kaleidoscope of sensory perceptions, ear-canal overload, and careening around corners just in time to set up for the next one. The engine is so flexible in third gear, it's all you need to negotiate a canyon road at top speed, blipping down to second for a really slow corner. The Gallardo is the closest thing to a shifter kart we've driven in a long time—it's that direct and instantaneous in left-right transitions, making it really good for hairpin turns. It never misbehaved in the gooey mess that is Sunset Boulevard at rush hour. The interior was spacious and comfortable.

The Lamborghini Gallardo is currently priced at \$175,000, and \$185,000 with e-gear. The Spyder version will arrive this spring. 

Although the Lamborghini name has been affixed to some weird cars over the years, its new look under Audi's management is lean, clean, and mean. The scoops and spoilers are all fully functional—the former for engine and brake cooling, the latter for aerodynamic downforce at high speeds. The 500-horsepower V-10 purrs in traffic and absolutely screams at high rpm.



GROOM AT THE TOP

Your Guide to Looking Good



Coming Clean

You work hard to set yourself apart from the pack, so why not break from the box as well? Before you grab your usual slab, try a different lather.

Hail to the Chiefs: Caswell-Massey's Presidential Soap Collection features favorites of Washington, Ike, and JFK. Its Sandalwood looks and feels luxurious.

Today, bar soaps can be fun *and* functional, and do more than get you clean: They smell and look good, so you do, too.

COME CLEAN

If your favorite playthings come in pairs (breasts, dice, aces), the folks at Sharps Barber and Shop have got your number. Happy Me All Over Soap comes two to a carton so you and your girl can suds up simultaneously. This hand-milled soap produces a lush lather and moisturizes with mango butter and almond protein. (SharpsUSA.com)

JAVA JOLT

If you can't get going until you've had that first cup of cof-

fee, ThinkGeek's Shower Shock Caffeinated Soap is what you need. Each four-ounce bar serves up 200 milligrams of caffeine per wash as it's absorbed into your skin. But don't worry: Shower Shock smells like peppermint, not java, so you won't walk around smelling like a barista. (ThinkGeek.com)

REAL WORKHORSES

The folks at North Carolina's Blue Ridge Soap Shed offer more than 150 varieties of soap, all hand-made. Among them are Bug-Me-No-More, made with citronella, cedarwood, eucalyptus, tea tree, and lavender to repel bugs; Grease Monkey, with cornmeal grits and pumice to break up oils

and grease, and moisturizing butters and herbs to soothe tired hands; and Dirty Dawg Shampoo Bar for man's best friend. (SoapShed.com)

A BEEFY BAR

Keep it simple with the Meat and Potatoes Hair & Body Shampoo Bar from Woody's Quality Grooming, which tips the scales at a hearty 12 ounces and is mild enough for all-over cleansing. Each cake is packed with vitamins, essential fatty acids, and antioxidants to keep skin and hair healthy. (WoodysGrooming.com)

Boy Toys

No need to leave your toys on the shelf. Bars of Feto Soap, from

Texas, are molded of clear glycerin and embedded with such amusing trinkets as dice, a toy soldier, and even a razor blade. Okay, so you may want to leave that one on the shelf—the blade is real; the cuts would be, too. (FetoSoap.com)

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

Finally, a bar soap that's as good for your face as it is for your body. Baxter of California's Vitamin E-D-A Cleansing Bar is infused with vitamins, plus green tea, to soothe and protect. Each sleeve comes with three individually wrapped blocks, so you'll



finally have that well-stocked bar you've always talked about. (BaxterofCalifornia.com)

LUSH LIFE

Demon in the Dark Soap from Lush sounds creepy, but you've got nothing to fear. Explain the brains behind the bar: "It's 'in the dark' because we wrap them up in black wax. It's a 'demon' because it's green and devilishly good at getting you clean." Sounds good to us. Simply peel the wax, run under the tap to release its spearmint and peppermint scent, and lather. (Lush.com)

TRUE BLUE

Zirh's Body Bar is bursting with triple alpha hydroxy acids, which

work hard to rid skin of impurities and encourage the growth of healthy cells. This means fewer dry patches, pimples, and ingrown hairs—and smoother, healthier skin overall. Body Bar is infused with menthol, which smells great and soothes, too. (Zirh.com)

SUDSY, NOT STODGY

When it comes to combining style and substance, Primal Elements gets it right. The California-based company makes all its soap by hand, which is amazing when you consider the hundreds of choices.



Each glycerin-based bar has an appealing fragrance and a fun, colorful design—from Mudflap Madonna and Pair a Dice to Flames and Teed Off. Forget your boring bar and reach for one of these instead. (PrimalElements.com)

ALL-NATURAL

ZAR Men's Soap from Indigo Wild smells so good, it will give your whole bathroom a sensual boost. The ZAR bar may be small—it's only three ounces—but it doesn't fall short. It's all-natural, with such ingredients as goat's milk and coconut oil, and is free of petroleum by-products, synthetic fragrances, and artificial colors. (ZARforMen.com)

GOT WOOD?

You'll look like you do with Caswell-Massey's Sandalwood Soap in Woodgrain. For the best results, lather up with a lady friend: Sandalwood is long believed to be an aphrodisiac. Hey, it's worth a shot.... (CaswellMassey.com)

SIZE DOES MATTER

When bigger is better, nothing tops a Claus Porto Shea Butter Soap. Each bar weighs in at an impressive 12.34 ounces—truly a handful. The colorful packaging hints at the vibrant soap inside, which is made the old-fashioned



way: milled seven times to prevent cracking and splitting, then air-dried. CP Shea Butter Soap, imported from Portugal, is available in more than a dozen scents. (LafcoNY.com)

GOOD CLEAN FUN

Rubber Dub Dub from Natural Selection Bath and Body just may be the safest way to soap up. Each glycerin-based block features an individually wrapped condom at its core, in such fragrances as Sex on the Beach (ocean breeze), Mon Cherry Amour (cherry), and Jump Me Jasmine (jasmine). So get sudsing. The best reason to get clean is to get down and dirty. (NaturalSelectionBathandBody.com)

Manufacturers are making soap fun and functional by adding things like razor blades (Feto Soap), condoms (Natural Selection), and caffeine (ThinkGeek).

High-Tech Tools for the 21st Century

High-End Turn-Ons

Hot products to **stimulate** your senses.



Creative's Zen Vision entertainment center has a 3.7-inch SharpPix LCD screen with 262,144 colors and 640 by 480 pixels for sharper viewing. The 30-GB hard drive stores 15,000 songs, thousands of photos, or 120 hours of video. The device supports MPEG-2, MPEG-4, DivX, Xvid, WMV, MJPEG, and AVI formats. \$399.99; remote, \$29.99. Creative.com





The **Boostaroo Revolution** boosts sound from any portable music or DVD player. This pocket-size personal audio amplifier and two-way splitter delivers high-definition, three-channel surround sound to headphones or even mini-speakers. It has a large LED power indicator light, two patch cords, and weighs only six ounces. You'll get up to 24 hours of use with two AAAA batteries. \$79.95. UpBeatAudio.com

The **Linksys WUSB54G** Wireless-G USB adapter with Wi-Fi finder helps you locate Wi-Fi hotspots. Just press the button and the adapter searches for and locates 802.11 wireless networks. The adapter charges itself by connecting to the USB port of any PC. \$79. Linksys.com

Mitsubishi's 52-inch WD-52628 DLP HDTV has a 16:9 aspect ratio and viewing enhancements that include Dark Detailer for deep blacks and rich dark-scene detail, and Plush 1080p to upconvert 1080i signals for higher resolution. SharpEdge provides crisp definition between objects and backgrounds. \$3,999. Mitsubishi-TV.com



The **RCA DRC620N** is a seven-inch, tablet-style portable DVD player with a 16:9 LCD widescreen and True Color TFT. It has A/V input and output, so you can watch your favorite shows or camcorder footage. Fully charged, the built-in, removable, rechargeable battery pack will work for three hours. It has dual headphone jacks and a car adapter that charges the battery when connected. \$249. RCA.com

Shure's • 4c Sound Isolating earphones use either soft foam or flex sleeves to effectively seal out background noise. They employ high-definition drivers for accurate sound, producing an ultra-wide frequency and extended bass. The earphones come with eight sleeve options and a handy carrying case. \$299. Shure.com



Sanyo's V-C-6 acti is a six-mega-pixel digital camera with a 3x optical zoom that stays inside the camera. The sensor shutter button focuses with the slightest touch. It's the size of a thin bar of soap, has a generous three-inch LCD screen, and is very intuitive. A nice feature is the 36-Image Display, which allows you to view 36 pics simultaneously. \$399.99. Sanyo.com

The **Linksys WTR54GS** Travel Router has a built-in access point that lets you connect Speed-Booster-enhanced and regular wireless devices to a network. Just plug it in and connect to your hotel's Internet service cable. Then use the push-button setup feature to create an encryption-secured wireless connection. It also operates as a DHCP server with an SPI firewall. \$99.99. Linksys.com







PILLOW TALK

Every girl needs someone she can confide in, but it's even better to have a girlfriend she can whisper secrets to in bed.

Photographs by Viv Thomas



We're looking for the hottest girls in America. Go to PenthouseModels.com



"Share and share alike" is the No. 1 friends' motto when it comes to clothes, makeup, jewelry, and even men. For naughty best friends like Silvia and Evelyn, the No. 2 motto is "I'll show you mine if you show me yours."





Evelyn knows exactly how to touch Silvia, so a delicate lick of a nipple has Silvia squirming with pleasure, thrusting her hips



upward and squeezing her creamy thighs tightly against her lover's silky-smooth ass. "Oh, that feels so good!" Silvia cries.





Evelyn spreads her moist lips wide, offering Silvia a glimpse of her most private parts. Her fresh, womanly scent makes Silvia ache with desire, and she eases them into a sixty-nine, offering up her shaved sex for Evelyn to feast upon.



Evelyn confesses her secret desire to try something new, something a little taboo. "Yes," Silvia whispers, her warm breath



caressing Evelyn's holes, making her shudder in passionate release again and again. And they're just getting warmed up.



With so many kinds of skivvies, it can be difficult to choose. But if you put a little thought

Left to right: **Dolce & Gabbana Underwear** \$32, FreshPair.com • **Calvin Klein Traditional Fit Boxer** \$16, FreshPair.com



into your underwear selection, she'll be eager to rip 'em off you.

GOVEATWATERS

Fashion by **Linda Giustino** • Photographs by **Henry Leutwyler**



Calvin Klein Pro Mesh Hip Brief \$19.50. FreshPair.com • **Adam and Eve Mini Undershirt** \$35. FreshPair.com

Makeup: Kim Bower/Williams Image Group • Hair: Rafael Jiminez for Illusions at Click/NYC • Stylist: Katy Robbins





Silk Boxer Shorts \$16. WebUndies.com • Top to bottom: **Versace Intensive Cotton High Brief** \$42. FreshPair.com •



Scarface Famous Movie Quotes Boxers \$12. WebUndies.com • **Puma Bodywear Action Minimal Trunk** \$20. FreshPair.com



By Dave Hollander Photographs by Tim Zimmerman

Grenade Launcher



Snowboarder **DANNY KASS** is not your average Olympic hero. From his virtuoso style in the half-pipe to his guerrilla-marketed apparel company to his off-course antics, he's an American original.



"The last tour we did, we saw a few pairs of boobs. People show their boobs to us. It's amazing how happy your friends can get when they see a pair of boobs. It just makes you feel like you're doing something right when a girl wants to show you her boobs."

At the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City, the United States swept the snowboard halfpipe competition, with Ross Powers, Danny Kass, and J. J. Thomas winning the gold, silver, and bronze medals, respectively. With such a bold statement on the world stage, the three members of "Team Sweep," as the trio was dubbed, thrust the renegade sport of snowboarding (this was only its second appearance in the Olympics) into the mainstream consciousness. No longer would snowboarders be second-class citizens on U.S. slopes. All of a sudden, skiers—"two-plankers"—seemed hopelessly old-fashioned.

The most vivid personality on Team Sweep is unquestionably Danny Kass, whose hard-partying ways and unvarnished approach turned heads in Salt Lake City. With one of the cleanest and most progressive styles in the sport, Kass is a blast to watch. He's surprising and inventive in action. He defies con-

ing the Grenade crew's presence. They've spray-painted Grenade stencils on places big and small all over the snowboarding universe, even tagging an NBC cameraman in 2001.

In a sport that's drawing more and more sponsorship dollars, Grenade rakes in more than a million dollars a year. With its underground cachet and stealth marketing, it could probably sell out to a larger corporation for a huge windfall. But the Kass brothers prefer the grassroots approach. Through Grenade, Danny has widely distributed his snowboard drawings, produced and performed in several films, and managed an in-house snowboarding band, Retard Riot. Why sell out when you can call the shots yourself? The Grenade crew is loud, drunk, horny, and doesn't want to be told what to do. At the same time, though, Grenade never takes itself too seriously. Kass is as passionate about Grenade as he is about snowboarding. But at the Olympics this



month, the Grenade crew will move to the back burner while Kass's snowboarding takes the global stage again. He's hoping to improve upon his silver-medal performance of 2002.

In March 2002, a desperate *Sports Illustrated* reporter bought beer for you and your underage friends to get an interview with you. What did *Penthouse* offer you to do this interview?

Well, I'm gonna hold out for a snowboard shot, an ad for Grenade, and maybe you

can put my friend Dave Schiff's balls in the magazine.

Why Dave Schiff's balls?

Because they're huge, and he likes to show people. So I think it's time to show the world.

I'm not sure if our audience is ready for that, but we'll take it under advisement.... In 2001, you won almost every major snowboarding championship. Did you think, *Damn, I've peaked at 18 years old?*

Not really, because it was kind of a shock to me. That was my first year really focusing on halfpipe contests, and keeping it to just snowboarding all the time.

Is there any burnout factor in professional snowboarding?

There's definitely a burnout factor [for] some people who go out there all the time and do the same thing every day. But me and my friends go out and do filming, and more that side of things. You've got to switch it up. You do halfpipe contests every weekend, and that

vention, yet appears utterly self-possessed during a run: always joyful, never straining, totally in control and perfectly balanced. Kass has style to burn, but make no mistake—he also wins. In addition to his Olympic medal, he's won a record four U.S. Open titles (2001, '02, '04, and '05) and won medals in both slopestyle and superpipe at the 2005 Winter X Games. He'll be gunning for gold at the 2006 Winter Olympics, which begin February 10 in Turin, Italy.

But for all his accomplishments in the sport, it's Kass's leadership in the snowboarding culture that sets him apart. Danny Kass is not just a competitor; he's a movement unto himself. The inner sanctum of that movement is the marketing and merchandise company Grenade Gloves, which Kass and his older brother, Matt, operate out of Mammoth Lakes, California. Grenade doesn't actually sell a whole lot of gloves, but you can't go anywhere on the snowboarding circuit without notic-

definitely could burn you out.

Prize money and sponsorship money are getting bigger all the time. Is that a good thing for snowboarding?

I think so. For the athletes, it's amazing because that's what people snowboard on a professional level and risk their lives for. Considering all the other sports out there, and given how dangerous snowboarding is, there should be a little more money for the riders.

Are you happy there are more average-Joe snowboarders because of mass marketing?

I think the more snowboarders who are out there, the more widely accepted our sport will be. It's just gonna generate larger and larger support. I'd rather see 90 percent of people on snowboards than see ten percent of people skiing.

Rap is pretty big in snowboarding culture, but how come snowboarding hasn't caught on in the African-American community?

That's a great question. There's a few brothers out there, but the majority try to keep their distance. Maybe they just excel at other sports. Maybe they're afraid of the snow.

Olympic athletes traditionally get chosen to be on the cover of the Wheaties box. But if you could be on any cereal box, which would it be?

I would have to go with Count Chocula. I don't think I've eaten a bowl of Wheaties in my entire life. There's no marshmallows. Is there even sugar in there? It's like Frosted Flakes without the flavor.

You're known for mixing technical tricks with big-air and big-stomp landings, and for your signature move, the Kasserole. What is it, and how was it invented?

It's something that my brother started. He's a few years older than me, and he started competing in halfpipes doing this kick with a frontside rodeo indie flip. He was the first person to do that, and it became the Kasserole. When I started competing at the same level, I did a frontside rodeo 720 with a sailfish, and that became my Kasserole. It's a family recipe, and everybody's got their own special ingredients.

People often talk about your raw talent. Was there one magic moment where you said to yourself, "Gee, I'm really good at this"?

When I was a sophomore in high school and these companies were willing to pay me money. My first contract was for, like, \$1,000 a month. So this meant as a sophomore in high school, all I had to do was what I loved. That kind of opened my eyes.

When you're standing at the top about to begin, what is the dominant thought in your head?

That's a hard one. I try to block out a lot of the pressures, anxieties, and I listen to music, which helps ... it gets me ... [Pauses] Hell, I just like to go nuts out there.

How much is planned and how much is improvisation?

That depends on the competition. At the U.S. Open it's a jam session where you get, like, five to seven runs, and that really sparks people to cross over the edge and do some improv. Even when I ride, I'll do things I didn't mean to do. It just happens that way.

Sometimes you'll get sidetracked, and maybe you'll throw a different trick in and it switches up your run. I like to switch it up a lot. I don't really like doing the same run over and over again.

Everyone likes to compare you to Ross Powers—commentators say you're big on style, and Ross is more about air. But how would you describe your fellow Olympian and the reigning gold medalist?

He's kind of an amazing athlete. Extremely powerful. Every run, he's always on top of his game. Even though sometimes he doesn't practice much, he just has it. He's one of the best halfpipe riders in the world. Consistency and power. He's Ross Powers. He's just got that power to go so big and always push the limit of how high you can go.

How's business for Grenade Gloves?

Business is good. We've been a little behind on shipping. It's tough being so young—my brother's 27 and ... wow, I'm 23—to secure finances for production. When you're, like, 23 years old, banks just don't want to give you \$22 million. It's hard to even get the meeting sometimes. But we pulled it off this year, and we're all stoked about it.

How many are in the Grenade Army?


Right now we have close to 20 employees, and more than 1,000 kids and fans in the Grenade Army. We have exactly 69 riders.

Typically, who joins the Grenade Army?

It's a lot of our hard-core supporters. They're a bunch of kids who are into snowboarding and into Grenade. They do "missions." It's \$15 to enlist. Then we send them dog tags and a pack of stickers and other promo. And each time they do a mission, they get points going all the way up to General status. Once they complete the missions required to get to their desired rank, they are honorably discharged, and then they receive an even bigger promo package.

What kind of "missions," exactly?

It can be like, "Catch a fish and take a picture of you and the fish," or "Take a picture in front of the Grenade RV," or "Take a picture with one of our riders."



"I would be on the cover of a box of Count Chocula. I don't think I've eaten a bowl of Wheaties in my entire life. There's no marshmallows. Is there even sugar in there? It's like Frosted Flakes without the flavor."



"Justin [Timberlake]'s come around a few times and we all became friends, which is a little weird. But at this point in life, I'm just figuring everything is normal. He comes in, and he loves it. We give him a bunch of clothes. You'd be surprised—the guy's sold millions of records, and still there's nothing better than free clothing."

The way it started was before we had the army, we advertised a mission seeing who could stencil the best grenade on the best spot. People did all kinds of things, but somebody sent in one that blew everyone else's away: They spray-painted a seven-foot grenade on my high school in New Jersey. We didn't want to take credit for it, so we sent them this huge package anonymously. **You disavowed knowledge of their mission?**

Yeah, we didn't want to know.

Is there an initiation for the Grenade Army?

The Grenade Army is pretty much open to anyone who wants to enlist. We don't believe in the draft. It's just fun things for kids to do. The team is different. They're part of the army, but they're on a different level. It's not just snowboarders, but friends and crew. There is some initiation. But it's not really a fraternity. I wouldn't go that far. We don't do anything with paddles.

What's a day in the office like at Grenade?

I come in around 9 A.M., 9:30 A.M., and start off with some e-mailing. I also make sure the snowboarders packing boxes are actually packing. They like to smoke cigarettes every 15 minutes for 15 minutes. I gotta keep an eye on them.

What's a road trip like?

That's a whole different scene. It's pretty much no holds barred on the RV trips. We hit a few shops during the day, and do a premiere at night. The shops are pretty mellow. That's our time to hang with the kids. But as soon as the sun goes down, we pretty much turn into werewolves.

Groupies?

There's definitely groupie possibilities. The last tour we did, we saw a few pairs of boobs. People show their boobs to us. It's amazing how happy your friends can get when they see a pair of boobs. It just makes you feel like you're doing something right when a girl wants to show you her boobs.

You're the marquee name on these tours. How often have you woken up not knowing *her* name?

You know, everyone's got their skeletons in the closet, and for sure I'm no angel. But as far as snowboarding trips, the girls are pretty young, like 16, so I don't really capitalize on that anymore. I've had a steady girlfriend for three years now.

At the 2001 Grand Prix in Mammoth Lakes, California, an NBC cameraman was tagged with a Grenade stencil, and it was shown on national TV. What would be the ultimate location for a Grenade tag?

Our sales manager who was in the Air

Force tagged a few of the bombs they dropped. That was a little obnoxious. We were hoping that wouldn't get us in any trouble.

I think it would be cool to stencil the White House, but I don't think it would be cool to get in trouble for it. Maybe a stencil in a *Penthouse* shoot? A nice butt cheek could be cool—on a woman, or on Dave Schiff's butt.

Grenade has been turning out films, like *Revenge of the Grenads*, *Night of the Living Shred*, and your latest release, *Smell the Glove*. What are they all about?

This will be our fourth snowboard documentary. It shows the life of snowboarding, and what I and my friends do. It's been such a good outlet for us. It gives us a chance to give back to all the riders who've been supporting us by showing the world what they're capable of. We've gone all over the world—Norway, Japan, Austria, Germany, Switzerland.... It's been a blast.

The films have some interesting guest stars, like Dave Chappelle and Justin Timberlake—but I heard some quality footage of Cameron Diaz was left on the editing-room floor.

Justin's come around a few times and we all became friends, which is a little weird. But at this point in life, I'm just figuring everything is normal. He comes in, and he loves it. We give him a bunch of clothes. You'd be surprised—the guy's sold millions of records, and still there's nothing better than free clothing.

But he's helped out, promoting on a whole different level. So we went to his house to film a skit, and Cameron was there. She didn't want to get in front of the camera, but she helped us shoot scenes. So she's got production credits on the films. There are some shots in the credits where you can see her holding the camera and filming us. It's cool to see how down-to-earth some people are when you wouldn't expect it, and to see how people are in their normal life, and not just read about it in the trash mags.

You're 23 now. How did it feel to have your first legal drink?

It didn't really do much for me because I did a lot of underage drinking. By the time I was 21, I was almost over the entire drinking and bar scene. For some people it might be better to hold out, because once I could get into bars, I really didn't want to be in them.

Have you ever been arrested?

I've been arrested for disturbing the peace. There was a huge party across the street from my condo, and all my friends were over there. I knew that as soon as this party broke up, everyone would try to go to my house. So I left

the party about 15 minutes before it broke up. I get to my house, and everybody was there. They're in my house, and they're going crazy—people falling down stairs, wearing X Games medals, getting drunk. It was a wild scene.

I had a neighbor who had made it very clear to us weeks before that he could hear everything that was going on in our apartment. He came over one time and told us that he could tell if a boy or a girl peed in the toilet at our place. We thought that was a little weird. Apparently he knew his rights, and he placed me under citizen's arrest for disturbing the peace. The cops were all about it. They arrested me and handcuffed me. I told them they had to read me my rights because I had just learned in high school about Miranda



rights. They proceeded to tell me that I was being arrested for being an asshole. It's a unique charge. Another friend started running home and he got arrested, too. When a third friend asked why I was getting arrested, they arrested him for interfering with an arrest. So me and my two friends spent a night in the drunk tank.

How was that?

It was an eye-opener—definitely not the coolest place in the world.

Speaking of the justice system, last year the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that prescribing marijuana for medical reasons is illegal. What did you think about that decision?

You just never know what's legal and what's not legal anymore. I think marijuana could possibly have medical use. But I think it would be pretty dangerous if it was legal. There'd be a lot of little high school kids out there permanently baked.

What's the best way to beat an Olympic drug test?

There's really no way. They come up randomly. You pretty much just have to pee in a cup. I've probably taken about seven drug tests in the last four years, and the thing that bothers me about it the most is that these people come and they make you feel like a criminal. You know, I'm supposed to be an upstand-

ing citizen in the eyes of the U.S., but they hire these people to make me feel like a criminal. It's ... whatever. I never thought I'd get used to a man looking at my wiener while I pee, but more and more it just seems normal.

How about asking for the Swedish nurse next time?

It's usually guy-on-guy with these people. It's not too exciting. Sometimes they'll let you run the water, which is nice. But it's really scary for me because I'm clueless about steroids. I usually get more worried about sports drinks or Powerade, and things you really don't know about that they test for. So I haven't taken any over-the-counter drugs while in training. Even when I'm sick, I don't really know what I can take.

This is the third go-round for snowboarding as an Olympic event. What do you expect will be different from how it was in Salt Lake City?

I expect to see a lot more technical maneuvers being thrown around, a lot more heavy spins, and hopefully some more amateurs. It's going to be a well-rounded, great event with a lot of great riding.

What countries will bring your toughest competition?

Finland is definitely pulling out some serious talent, and Japan is really stepping it up on the world level.

Have you been working on something special for Turin?

You know, I'm kinda just going to feel it out. I haven't been working on it too much. Hopefully I get some new bangers going—some new hammers.

Will we see a new Danny Kass original design for the 2006 Olympics?

There is a new graphic! It's a retro GNU graphic—a classic. It's this cool vortex, kind of like a huge spiral. It's just really loud, and I think it's gonna stand out. I like it!

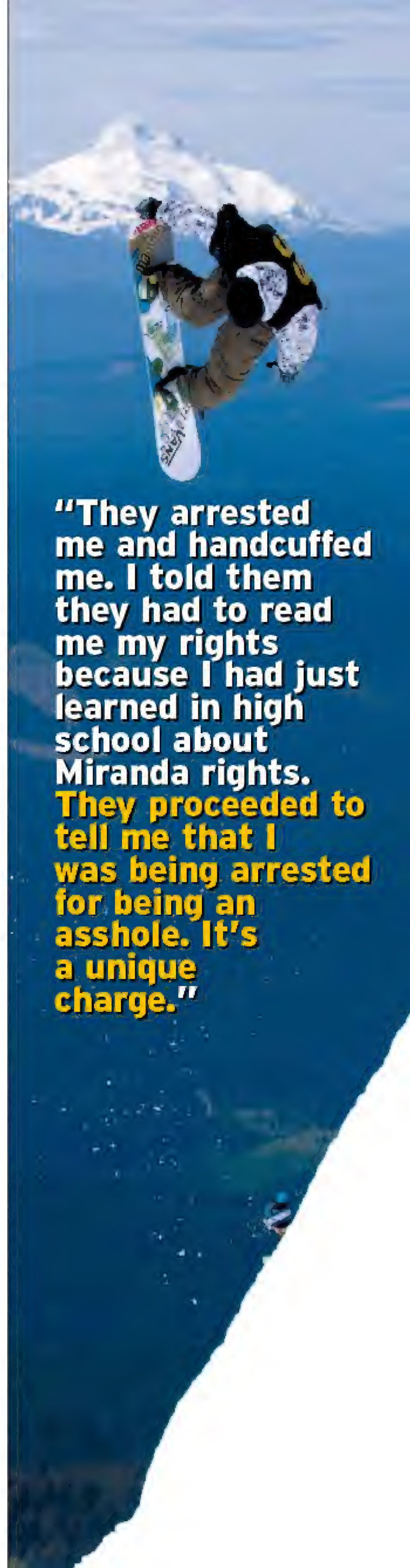
Plenty of spots to tag at the Olympic games. Will Grenade make their presence known in Turin?

The Grenade Army, little by little, has been purchasing tickets. There's no way they're going to keep us out. Last time we had a spray-painted blow-up doll as a mascot. We had it on the Olympic premises at the halfpipe. That really turned a few heads. It's not very often you and your friends bring their blow-up dolls to the public.

In Salt Lake City you met President Bush, sort of by surprise. This year you have time to prepare. What will you tell him?

I don't know. Last time he was cool and said he didn't know if he was cool enough to take pictures with the snowboarders—and maybe he was right. We took pictures with him anyway. ☺

"They arrested me and handcuffed me. I told them they had to read me my rights because I had just learned in high school about Miranda rights. They proceeded to tell me that I was being arrested for being an asshole. It's a unique charge."





We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com




MAKING A SPLASH

Twenty-three-year-old thrill-seeker Layla Taylor enjoys jumping cliffs, but she also totally gets into being a hostess at a gentlemen's club: "I love the high-energy, sexually charged environment."

Photographs by Brett Bereny



A close-up photograph of a woman's legs, wearing black strappy high-heeled sandals. She is sitting on a dark, textured surface, possibly a carpet or rug. The background is a dark, textured wall or curtain. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her legs and the details of the shoes.

"I was a business major, and I want to be an event planner," Layla says. "I'd love to get a rep for throwing the best parties in town and keeping clients at the club happy is great practice."





The 32-23-34 beauty also works as a model. "I had a great time on this photo shoot," she tells us. "I prefer to wear as little as possible, so *Penthouse* is perfect for me!"





"The people at the shoot made me feel like a work of art, and I had fun daydreaming about my favorite fantasy: living naked on the beach." Glimpse more of Layla's artistic moments at Penthouse.com/layla.



TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Twin brothers Randy and Jason Sklar have been featured on Comedy Central's Premium Blend and BattleBots, and have appeared in the films *My Baby's Daddy* and *Bubble Boy*. The twins currently host *Cheap Seats* on ESPN Classic.

Aside from the Olsens and the Sklars, name your favorite pair of twins in American history.

Randy: The Milwaukee's Best twins.

Jason: When people mention beer twins, they seem to instinctively think of the Coors Light twins. Nobody ever mentions the Milwaukee's Best twins—two wonderful girls, with matching boils and unibrows. Just two tremendously underrated women.

Have any Parent Trap-like stories from when you were growing up?

Randy: We never did any of that. Even when we were nine, we knew it was hacky.

Jason: In kindergarten we had plenty of opportunities to pull that kind of stuff, but we were always like, "Eh, it's been done."

How does one heckle a pair of twins doing stand-up?

Randy: Very easily. It's like two targets up there.

Jason: We get heckled by the transitive property of heckling. A equals B. If you heckle one of us, we both



feel it. But when we deal with the heckler, we have the clear advantage. Essentially, it's a two-on-one fast break.

You went to Michigan during the "Fab Five" basketball era. What was that like?

Jason: We were in a communications class with a few of the players. Those dudes were like rock stars on campus. Randy and I would sit in the back row of this enormous lecture hall and just crack jokes for the hour. One day Randy wasn't there, but I was. After class, I get a tap on my shoulder and hear a booming voice from what felt like 40 feet above: "Hey, yo, Twin—where was your

brother this morning?" It was Juwan Howard.

Randy: Jason then walked through the Ann Arbor campus with Juwan for about five minutes. The "Hey, yo, Twin" story is still the highlight of both of our careers. **If you had to draft a Fab Five of Saturday Night Live players, who would you choose?**

Randy: Five is so hard. I guess you've gotta start with the people who truly carried the show during their time there. Will Ferrell, Eddie Murphy, Dana Carvey, John Belushi, Bill Murray, and I guess Mike Myers is your sixth man—your Kevin McHale. But then there's

Sandler, Farley, Aykroyd, Phil Hartman.... Forget the Fab Five—that's the Dream Team. And not the shitty Dream Team from last summer's Olympics, but the original one.

Jason: You could put together a Fab Five of the women cast members, too. Gilda Radner, Amy Poehler, Ana Gasteyer, Jan Hooks, Molly Shannon, and Maya Rudolph off the bench. Each one of them is or was an absolute comedic genius.

What's Cheap Seats about?

Jason: People tell us it's like Mystery Science Theater 3000-meets-ABC's *Wide World of Sports*.

Randy: It's our take on the world through the prism of sports. We snuck a comedy variety show through a sports lens. There are sketches, mock commercials, comedian guests, goofy interviews, no rules, and some real terrible sports highlights. It's a comedy show first, and a sports show second.

So basically you're paid to sit on a couch and make fun of old sports highlights?

Randy: Yeah, pretty much.

Jason: Yep.

Who would play you two in a biopic?

Jason: Jeremy and Jason London.

Randy: No, stop. Don't listen to him. You want to cast this thing for real. If it's going to be a big-budget summer blockbuster, there are only two people who would fit the bill: Edward James Olmos and Maya Angelou.

What about the Milwaukee's Best twins biopic?

Jason: Edward James Olmos, again. And Eric Stoltz in the prosthetic from *Mask*.

Randy: Or you could just do Stoltz in the *Mask* prosthetic twice. CGI him like they did with Michael Keaton in *Multiplicity*.

Cheap Seats airs Mondays and Thursdays at 10 P.M. EST on ESPN Classic.



Letting It All Hang Out

Nobody can accuse **Charlize Theron** of keeping herself under wraps. The sexy screen siren says she rarely wears a bra, explaining, "There's not a lot to put in the bra."



FORE!

For die-hard hockey fan **Denis Leary**, the links have little to offer. He told *Golf* magazine he finds the sport way too sedate, and thinks it would be much improved "if **Tiger Woods** just hauled off and belted **Phil Mickelson** in the face, and then they pulled each other's shirts up over their heads and went at it. Very exciting!"

Talking Trash

A New York City man is turning trash into treasure by selling garbage as art. **Justin Gignac** pounds the pavement looking for litter—everything from passport photos and spoons to cigarette butts and condom wrappers—then packs the refuse into small, clear cubes that sell for up to \$100 a pop. Of the buyers who purchase these mini-installations, Gignac says, "They have to find an emotional connection with one, which always ends up happening. But it's always funny that people put so much thought into which garbage is perfect for them."



Bedtime Story

Sandra Bullock, on the tattoos that cover her husband, *Monster Garage* star **Jesse James**: "It's like reading material for when I can't sleep."

By the Seat of His Pants

An Arizona man who burglarized a home while naked paused to ask his victim for a pair of shorts. The barely clad suspect was later arrested next door, where he was apparently trying to steal a car.



Oscar-Worthy

Scarlett Johansson, on her ample assets: "My breasts are definitely my best feature—my leading ladies."



Pump Up the Volume

The next generation of breast implants may do more than buoy your babe's boobs: They'll play music, too. The British firm **RT** envisions chips that store music will be built into the implants—Lefty could house an MP3 player, while Righty holds an entire music collection. Flexible plastic electronics would sit inside the breast, and a signal would be relayed to headphones using Wi-Fi technology.



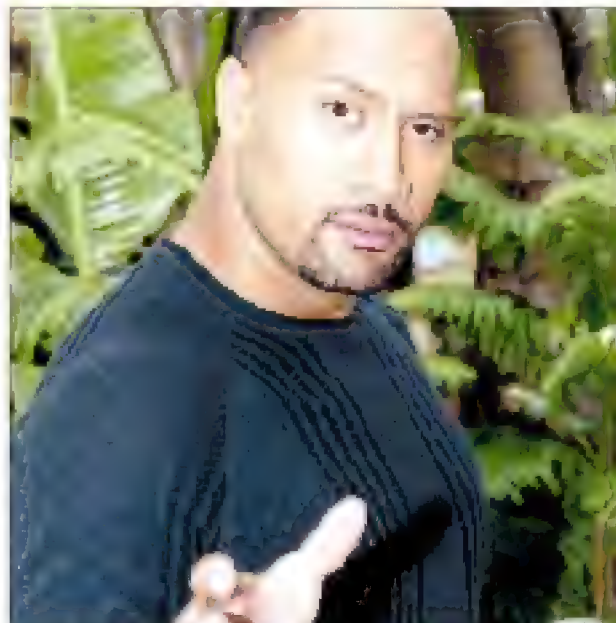
When **Eric James Torpy** was sentenced to 30 years in prison for robbery and shooting with an intent to kill, he begged Oklahoma City prosecutors for more. The 27-year-old asked that his sentence be upped to 33 years—to match the uniform number worn by his hero, NBA legend **Larry Bird**. "He said if he was going to go down in Larry Bird's jersey," said Oklahoma County District Judge Ray Elliott. "We accommodated his request."

Celtic Pride



Living Large

Musician **Usher** recently outfitted his home with a "Boom Boom Room" that boasts not only a bar, pool table, fish tanks, and a 50-inch flat-screen TV, but also a weight room, massage room, barbershop, and extra bedrooms.



Nice Work, If You Can Get It

The Rock, on his role in the upcoming movie *Southland Tales*: "You can't really top having **Mandy Moore** as a wife and **Sarah Michelle Gellar** as your girlfriend. So, yeah. There'll be a homicide when my wife sees it." The former wrestler has reason to be concerned. After watching his love scenes in 2004's *Walking Tall*, he says she hit him.

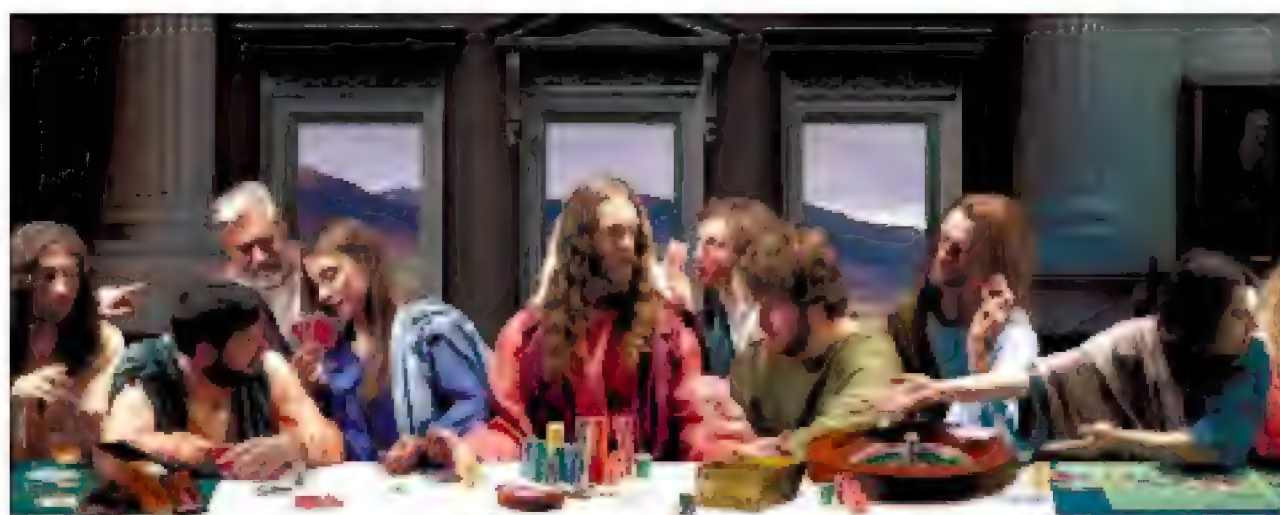


Guilty Pleasures

Does **Johnny Depp** have a foot fetish? The movie star admits, "I find myself constantly sneaking looks at women's shoes and stockings. I've developed this subconscious habit. It may be a little dangerous. I'm a little worried."

Hell Hath No Fury ...

Talk about a sticky situation: A Pennsylvania woman was ordered to pay \$46,200 in damages to her ex-boyfriend for gluing his penis to his stomach, his testicle to his leg, and his rectum shut—all while he was sound asleep.



Taking a Gamble

Ireland's largest bookmaker, Paddy Power Plc, received legal threats from that country's Advertising Standards Authority for putting up billboards that depicted Jesus and his disciples at the Last Supper table playing poker and roulette alongside the slogan, THERE'S A PLACE FOR FUN AND GAMES. Paddy Power responded by taking down all 89 of the ads and replacing them with new billboards that read, THERE'S A PLACE FOR FUN AND GAMES. APPARENTLY THIS ISN'T IT.

But Who's Complaining?

Jessica Alba, on the current state of her acting career: "The scripts I get are always for the whore, or the motorcycle chick in leather, or the horny maid. I get all those screenplays that start, 'Tawnya is in the shower. The water streams down her naked, perky breasts.'"



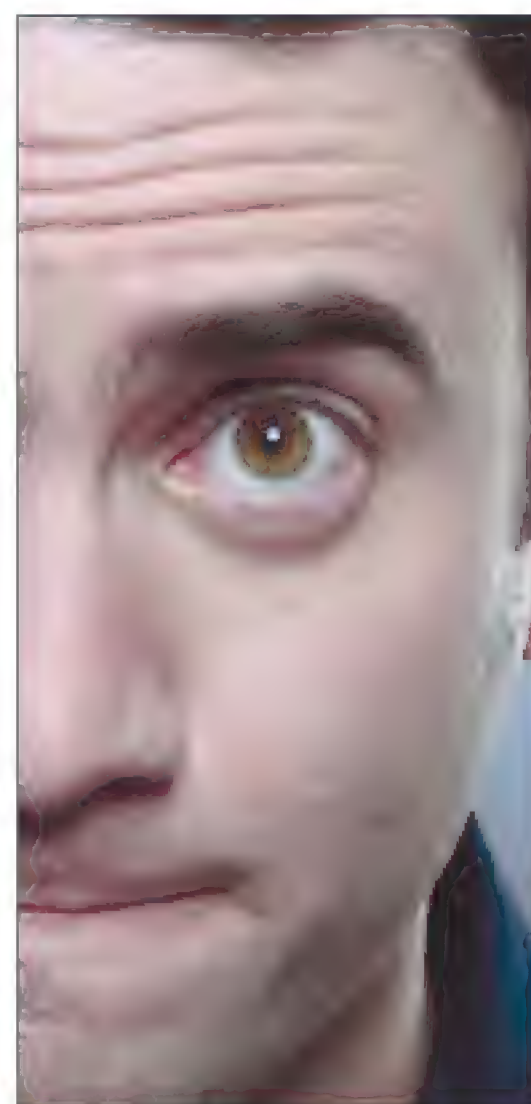
Spring Broken

One late night in Cancún, I stumbled back to my hotel room to find my frat buddy Dave hooking up with a girl he'd just met at the club. Since they didn't hear me come in, I thought it'd be funny to hide in the corner and watch them go at it. The next day I told Dave what happened, adding, "Dude, that chick had a great ass." To which he replied, "Karo, I was on top the whole time."

Ah, spring break.

I consider myself a grizzled veteran of spring break, having done it four times—twice in Cancún and twice in Acapulco. Spring break is a tradition that truly represents the most base elements of the American college experience: unbridled

ancient rite, a 19-year-old frat boy buzzed to the hilt on tequila shooters and wearing multicolored plastic entry bracelets circles the dance floor in search of a girl who meets one of three criteria: (1) She's dancing in a suggestive manner; (2) is unspoken for by another male; and (3) is drunk. Upon spotting the mark, the guy attempts to dance into the girl's vicinity. Then, dance next to her. Then, begin "grinding"—i.e., full crotch-to-crotch gyration. After grinding comes making out on the dance floor, and after dance-floor make-out comes hotel-room hookup (preferably with me watching from a dark corner). It's the dance of life, and it's beautiful.



if you have a query you'd like me to address, send it to karo@penthouse.com. I'll make a halfhearted attempt to answer it, then resort to making fun of you. This month, I thought I'd answer a spring-break-related question, since all you horndogs are thinking about it right now anyway.

Dear Karo: My buddies and I are going on spring break this year, and the lucky task of organizing goes to me. Should I choose the more expensive hotel where everyone stays, or the cheaper digs since we probably won't be spending much time in the room anyway?

"Spring break truly represents the most base elements of the American college experience: unbridled sexual energy, unmitigated inebriation, and the hot pursuit of the next party."

sexual energy, unmitigated inebriation, and the hot pursuit of the next party without regard for life or limb. In other words, it's heaven.

A few years after my awkward, late-night Cancún experience, I found myself getting thrown out of Carlos 'n' Charlie's (Señor Frog's sister restaurant) in Acapulco. I remember thinking, *Wow, I'm getting thrown out of Carlos 'n' Charlie's in Acapulco. I pretty much have to commit a felony to get thrown out of a place like this. I'm proud of myself right now.*

I think my favorite aspect of the spring-break experience is the bizarre ritual known as "grinding." In this

Of course these days, spring break isn't limited to just undergrads. Last year, some of my med school friends engaged in the tradition. Little did they know that not everyone would be so receptive to their pale presence on the beaches of Acapulco. My friend Dave (no relation to "nice-ass" Dave) was making small talk with a girl at a club. She asked him where he went to college, and he told her he'd already graduated and was in medical school. She said, "Get a life," and walked away. I think the proper medical term for that is "low blow."

Every time I went on spring break, I ended up

getting sick exactly one week after returning home. I have termed this baleful condition the "Acapulco flu." You see, when you're in Mexico you barely eat or sleep, but you're running on adrenaline the whole time, so it doesn't affect you. A week after you get back, your immune system decides *it* needs a vacation, and you're suddenly on your deathbed. There is no known vaccination for the Acapulco flu. Though not drinking a Bloody Mary for dinner six nights in a row probably helps.

Ah, spring break.

Now it's time to hit the trusty mailbag. As always,

Spring break, like real estate, is all about location, location, location. After all, you only get one shot a year to hook up for 72 hours straight. Consider the fact that you may not be spending much time in the hotel *room*, but you'll probably be spending a lot of time at the hotel *pool*. So you can either pony up a few more dollars to drink margaritas poolside with well-tanned hotties from the University of Arizona, Wisconsin, and Florida (who you know are staying at the "cool" hotel), or you can save a few bucks and sip lukewarm Dos Equis with the burly coeds of Indiana Vocational Technical State College. Your call. ☎

Where the Magazine Comes to Life

PEEK INSIDE



Houston, We Have No Problems Here!

There's no way you'll feel lonesome with all the smokin' hot girls in the Lone Star State.

Some tourists may be drawn to Houston's Downtown Aquarium, but the ultimate in oceanic entertainment is in the business district, where the gorgeous girls of the brand-new Penthouse Club dance in front of a 200-gallon fish tank that's right onstage!

Underwater exploration takes on a whole new meaning as patrons are greeted by a 150-gallon aquarium at the door, and another tank in the private Champagne Room. You'll swear you've been lured in by sultry sirens when you're reclining in the plush velour seats of the 10,000-square-foot club. But if you're looking for a more intimate meeting with a lovely mermaid, the newly expanded VIP room is for you. Guests are treated to top-notch service and views so exquisite that even Jacques Cousteau would weep with envy.

Quench your thirst at the granite bar, which features an extensive wine and champagne list. Be sure to take advantage of the \$1.50 happy-hour specials from 4 P.M. to 9 P.M. every day of the week. And if you can tear your eyes away from the beauties on the stage, two huge flat-screen televisions are always tuned to the latest sports event. Stop by the cigar bar, stocked with premium smokes, for a decadent indulgence.

Visit the club on the third Wednesday of every month through June to see an eye-popping performance by a Penthouse Pet. Can you think of a better way of going underwater without getting wet? Go ahead and dive in—as the girls will tell you, the water is just fine.



Cassia Riley (POY Runner-Up '06) and Courtney Taylor (POY Runner-Up '04) were all smiles at the club's grand opening. They even lent a hand at the ribbon-cutting ceremony, welcoming Houston to the Penthouse family.

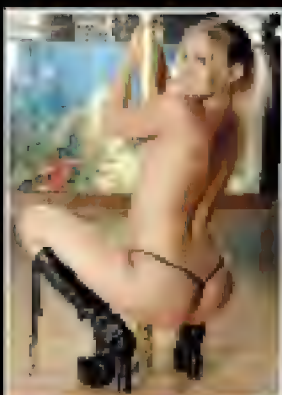
H O U S T O N

PENTHOUSE DANCER OF THE MONTH: VERONICA

MORE HOUSTON FAVORITES:



EVA
Loves:
Up rings
and tattoos



JAYCEE
Loves:
Bikes and
racing cars



CINDY
Loves:
Surfing in the
morning



»» "Come to
Houston—
come see
Veronica!"



GET TO KNOW VERONICA

Turn-ons: tall, smooth talkers

Turnoff: ugly shoes

My ideal man is: smart and very sexual.

My ideal date is: wining and dining
all night. Spoil me!

Best thing about the Houston club:
I love the people I work with!

WHAT'S HAPPENING

PHOENIX:

March 8: Amateur Night Watch
local girls go wild onstage as they dance
to impress.

March 22: Really Big Pole Olympics
Celebrate the Olympic spirit with talented
girls competing for the gold on the big
pole.

March 30: Showgirl Super-fights
It's high noon all night at this super-sexy
showdown.

ST. LOUIS:

March 1: Centerfold Search Midwestern
hotties compete for a chance to bare it all in
an upcoming issue of *Penthouse*.

March 9: Meet the Pet St. Louis welcomes
the newest Penthouse Pet.

DENVER:

March 4: Amateur Centerfold Search
Women are invited to compete for \$500 in
cash.

March 10: Meet the Pet The Denver Pent-
house Club is proud to host the newest Pet.

March 23: Sexy Pole Climb Talented
ladies vie for first-place glory on a two-story,
spinning pole.

DALLAS:

March 23: Anniversary Party

MYRTLE BEACH:

March 16: Anniversary Party



the
girl next
door...
the
girl of
your
dreams...



The Girls of
PENTHOUSE



YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF COME

Butt Pirates of the Caribbean
(Seymore Butts Home Movies) **1.1.1**

Mr. Butts and friends find themselves on a trip to St. Maarten, where they get to know one another much better. Flower Tucci gets it in the ass, her booty bouncing while black stud Tee Reel's big balls slap her cunt. True to form, she comes like crazy. Mari Possa also has some great scenes. At one point she gets it on with Samantha Ryan in a hotel pool where vibes and dildos have replaced inflatable rafts; she later sucks Butts in a rare, all-blowjob vignette. One flat-out trip of a scene takes place in a bar, where it seems real patrons were used as extras. Two bar chicks offer tips to Amber Peach on sucking off Kurt Lockwood. As usual, expect lots of ass play with prons. This is why Seymore Butts is Seymore Butts—and you're not.

TEENS FOR TWO

Teens Cumming of Age #2
(Platinum X) **1.1.1**

Veronica Stone, looking like Lisa Loeb, starts things off with a hot sex scene that taxes her vocal cords as much as her sexual parts. Nikki Nievez comes off like a bit of a bubblehead in her introduction, but the ditz flies out the window once she

gets down to business. Nikki peppers her scene with some kinky dirty talk, especially during her deep anal penetration. Midwestern gal Katie looks great getting fucked by two burly boys, sucking balls while she takes some stiff dick. Her doggie-style fuck-and-suck is the best on the disc—a moaning, groaning, screaming exchange that gets better and better. All the actresses are appealing in a slutty, high school-girl-gone-wrong kind of way, especially Teena Fine, a small-titted, pigtailed blonde with a cute nose who takes to her cock-training like a frat boy takes to beer. Director David Luger adds a nice touch to the usual meet-and-greet openers by making the gals spout off about life in high school and their summer jobs, which lends the teenage-girl theme a nice verisimilitude. A nice what? Look it up, dude.... Who says porn can't be educational?

SCHOOL'S OUT FOR HUMMER

College Girl Revenge
(Private) **1.1.1**

A typically high-quality Private fuck flick, *College Girl Revenge* doesn't have much to do with college, girls, or revenge. Rather, it hinges on a foreign porn company's ability to manipulate plot and setting through the magic of dialogue overdubbing. The story ostensibly takes the viewer on a "school trip" to a European castle, but half the film is a period piece featuring lots of powdered wigs and lusty, stable-boy-banging wenches. The only nod to anything vaguely resembling college is in scene four, where six cast members fuck inside a classroom. This is the scene to watch for the best-looking "college girls" doing their hardest work—especially on their orals. The standout of the disc is Tera Bordo, a totally not Hungarian Brunette with great tits who shines brightest in the aforementioned scene four.

Questionable premise aside, this is still a pretty hot property. The women are beautiful, the men studly, and the sex is high-caliber. It will take you around the world and then some, and it beats the fuck out of geography class. **C+—E**

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can now be ordered and purchased by visiting PenthouseStore.com.



Getting Away With It Getting Away With It

Spring break offers its own unique set of temptations and tests. These include, but are not limited to, finding somebody intoxicated enough to have sex with you on the beach or under the boardwalk even though you haven't been properly introduced. Spring break also involves such routine matters as locating your lost buddies when it's time to go home, remembering where you parked the car, and, most important, clocking back in at work approximately when you promised your boss you'd return.

The allure of paid vacation time and sick days

prize employees who never take a vacation and whose identities are entirely dependent on the company. One employer explained that these people are inevitably going to get fucked over. Because they don't have any balance in their lives, workaholics don't see the big picture. They think they're sacrificing for the company, but in fact, the company is abusing them.

However, that doesn't mean you can replace your cubicle with your couch. And whatever you do, cover your tracks: If you say you're home sick when you're actually gambling away your



"If you call your boss to say you're deathly ill and have to stay in bed for a couple of days, it will sound more persuasive if your friends aren't in the background shouting, 'Show us your tits!' "

presents special problems for young workers, who may not possess the maturity and self-discipline to turn their backs on pussy or unlimited piña colodas—even as their jobs back at the mail room beckon.

As a general rule, employers will cut you some slack on your time off, as long as you don't fall into a suspicious pattern—like coming down with the avian flu, but only on Fridays and Mondays.

It's a cheap way to get people to think you're great, says one boss of his laissez-faire attitude toward vacations and sick days. After a break, the employee comes back refreshed and ready for more back-breaking work.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, smart bosses don't

life savings in Vegas, take precautions. Technology can be your best friend—or your worst enemy. Laura, who works for a software company that grants employees unlimited sick days, still employs common sense. If you take three sick days and come back with a killer tan, she explained, you risk getting fired.

Laura says people in her company often get tripped up by their own sloppiness. For example, if you're on spring break and you call your boss to report that you're deathly ill and have to stay in bed for a couple of days, it will sound more persuasive if your friends aren't in the background shouting, "Show us your tits!"

Furthermore, avoid landlines at all costs (see below).


Always use your cell phone. If you lost it during that altercation in the bar last night and are calling from the pay phone at a gas station, call your company's main switchboard, not your supervisor's direct number. That way, your area code won't come up when they connect you to his line. When you go through the front desk at Laura's company, for example, the message on her boss's phone display innocently reads RECEPTION.

"I know there are people who have mastered the whole voice-mail thing," she says. "There are certain codes that let you bypass the ringing and go directly to voice mail, so you never have to talk to your boss directly."

Whatever you do, don't

insult your employer's intelligence, like one former MTV employee did. He lived in Brooklyn but was dating a divorcee in Boston, and he commuted back and forth every weekend. "He had been taking a Friday off here and a Monday there," a former coworker remembers. "His boss said, 'You can't have a four-day week every week.'"

"After being warned repeatedly, he called one Monday and explained that he was at home in Brooklyn, too sick to come to work. The only problem? He was calling from his girlfriend's Boston apartment, and area code 617 popped up on his boss's phone display."

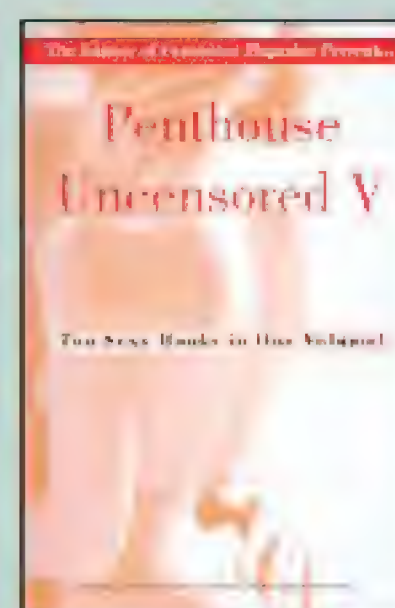
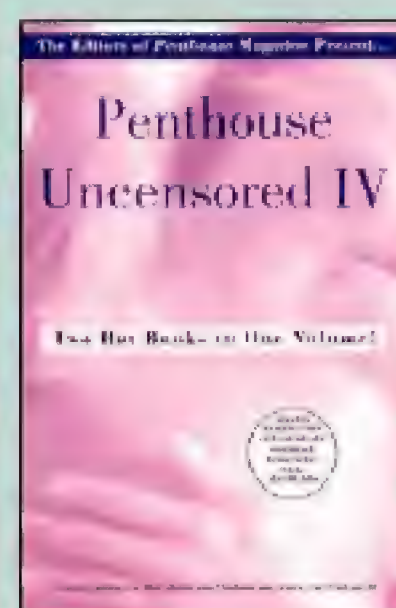
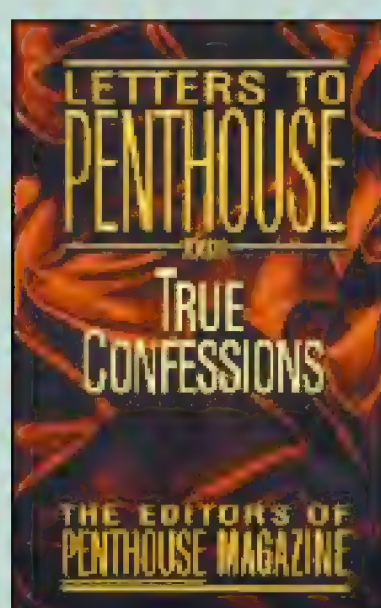
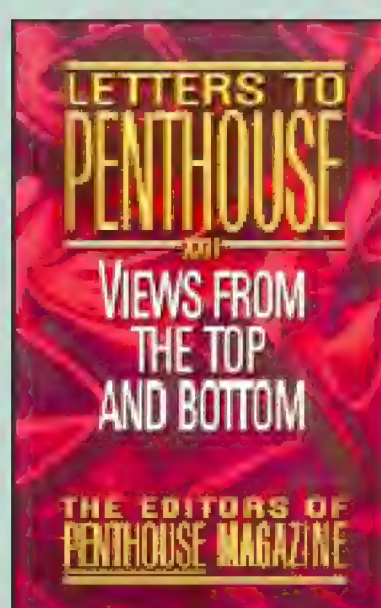
The saddest part of the story is that his girlfriend left him a month later. 



Curl up with a good book.

Sometimes you long to jump in bed for some hot sex. Other times, you just want to curl up with a good book. Why not do both? Now you can with the *Penthouse* series, published by Warner Books.

With more than 20 steamy titles to choose from, you're always guaranteed the best sex between two covers. Available wherever books are sold.

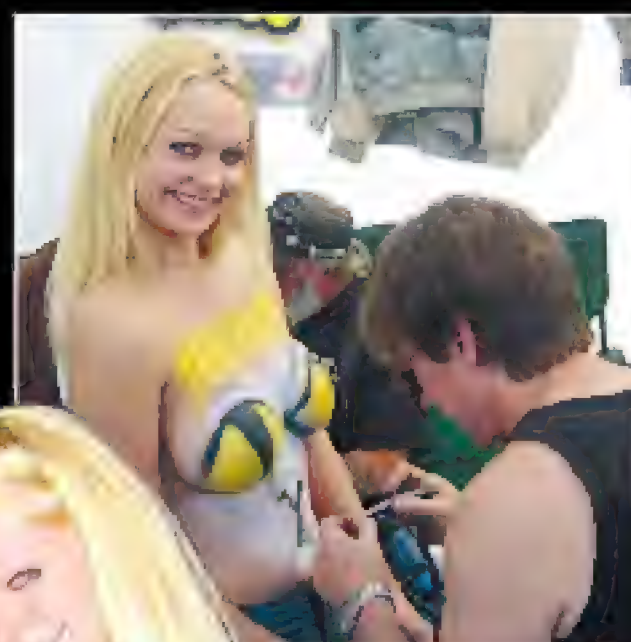
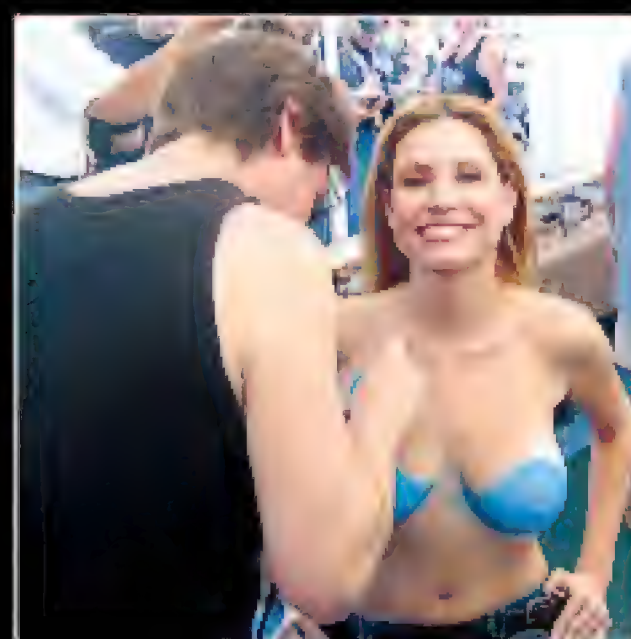


BEAN BLOSSOM, INDIANA

Biker Babewatch

"This is the best promotion I've ever been to!" yelled a topless **Jamie Lynn** (POY '06) as she rode in a golf cart at full speed with the equally bare-breasted **Martina Warren** (POY '05). The girls were in Bean Blossom for Biketoberfest, the ultimate weekend party. Between autograph signings at the three-day motorcycle festival, the girls enjoyed hanging out backstage with classic-rock band Canned Heat, munching on elk burgers, visiting the NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) tent for some smoking-good fun, and getting their boobs painted by Smitty the Titty Painter—now an annual tradition.

The girls' favorite activity was riding around the grounds with a biker named Brillo. "I want my own golf cart so badly," Martina said. "It's the only way to travel for me now. And Brillo the biker is the sweetest, most fun guy. He navigated us through the campgrounds and into a petting zoo. It was the best way to meet every single fan without exhausting ourselves." So, a big thank-you to Michael and Debbie Farabaugh from *Biker*, Biketoberfest's Mona, Brillo, and NORML for their generosity and good company. We'll definitely be back!



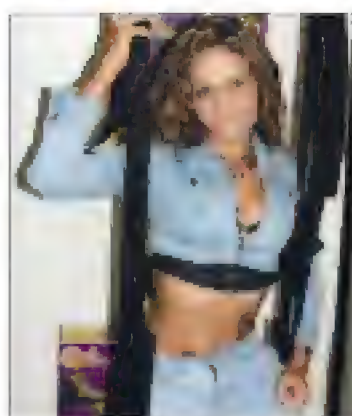
Jamie Lynn and Martina proudly show off Smitty the Titty Painter's masterly artwork.



HIGHSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

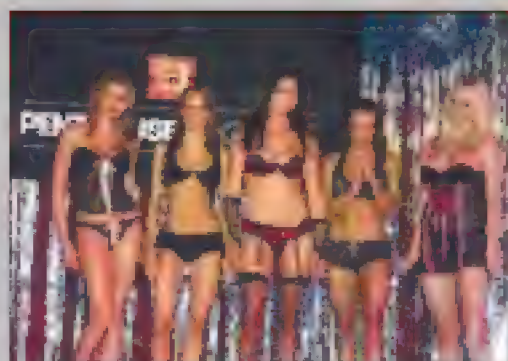
Prinzzess Swings!

"I'd like to start doing some video for the *Penthouse* line—solo stuff and some girl/girl. I'm especially curious about doing that. Of course, I'd like to pick the Pet I'd be kissing," said **Prinzzess** (December '04). The 20-year-old Floridian beauty couldn't say enough about her exciting future plans while representing sex-swing distributor Whipsmart in Highstown, New Jersey, at the International Video Distributors Show. Swing high, sweet Prinzzess!



NEW YORK CITY

Girls' Night Out



"I'm more nervous modeling for women than for men. Women are so much pickier," said **Ginger Jolie** (September '04) before taking the catwalk with **Martina Warren** and **Jamie Lynn** at Webster Hall's Thursday Ladies' Night Party to show off the new line of *Penthouse* Lingerie designed by Coquette (PenthouseLingerie.com). Ginger had nothing to worry about because the ladies clearly loved the collection. *Penthouse* also teamed up with Imagination Games to kick off the festivities with a game of Name That Tune '80s Edition. The winner received a *Penthouse* Girlie Bag filled with fun toys from the *Penthouse* online store (PenthouseStore.com).

The biggest hit of the evening was when emcee Shane Savant introduced Webster Hall's Male Revue dancers. "Between all these women screaming for me, and all these guys shaking their butts for me," Jamie said, "I think I'll go back to my hotel and have some much-needed phone sex. I'm so horny now!" We'd like to thank Nora Wong and Imagination for their generosity, and Webster Hall for always giving *Penthouse* the VIP treatment. For more information on Webster Hall parties, go to WebsterHall.com. If you love eighties pop culture, we recommend you buy Name That Tune '80s Edition at Amazon.com or ToysRUs.com.

NEW YORK CITY



Melissa poses with James Ferrell on the red carpet, and shows off her sexy peek-a-boo dress.

Models on Display

Melissa Jacobs (October '05) enjoyed the red-carpet treatment when she proudly displayed her tattoos for the paparazzi at *Inked* magazine's premiere party at New York City's Drive-In. Her escort for the evening was Azzure/Indigo Red Marketing Director James Ferrell, who generously gave Melissa the sexy peek-a-boo dress she was wearing, which made every head turn to take in her luscious bod. Other hot painted ladies in attendance were *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* star Joy Bryant and Victoria's Secret model Selita Ebanks. Melissa was in her Pet prime, grooving to the tunes and charming the pants off everyone in sight. "I could get used to this, that's for sure," she said.

WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS?

Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

MARCUS HITS THE MARK

A few weeks ago, my friend Jessica introduced me to a friend of hers. Marcus was a pool guy, a few years my junior.

We all took a walk and returned to my house arm in arm, with Marcus in the middle. He turned me on so much that during our stroll, I actually slipped his thumb into my mouth and sucked it all the way back. Jessica could see where things were headed. She offered a thin excuse for calling it a night, winked at me, and left.

Marcus and I seized the moment. We began groping and kissing each other wildly. Every inch of me was aroused and my pussy hungered for his cock. We finally made it into the bedroom, where I dropped to my knees, slipped his hot cock into my mouth, and began

toward his own orgasm, he pulled out and came all over my back and ass.

I quickly turned around, put my mouth around his cock, and sucked up the rest. This made him even crazier and I thought his knees were going to give out on him. All he kept saying over and over was, "FuckúFuckúFuckú"

Marcus and I fucked and sucked each other all night long. We knew we would have to have each other again—*B.V., Michigan*

JET SEX

We were excited and nervous when we boarded the plane. I had on a lacy stretch top and a short black skirt for easy access.

When the seat-belt light went off, his hand began inching its way up under my skirt. I felt a wave of sudden heat rush through my body. I unbuckled the belt, got up, and headed for the restroom, knowing he'd follow. I didn't have to wait very long. A few seconds

"When the seat-belt light went off, his hand began inching its way up under my skirt. I felt a wave of sudden heat rush through my body."



sliding it in and out.

Marcus didn't want to come just yet, so he grabbed me by the shoulders and guided me to the bed, where he tossed me down, opened my legs, and lapped up my juices. Every time he hit my spot, my body would shake and I'd moan louder. I had multiple orgasms that left my pussy dripping wet.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, it did. He turned me over and guided his thick cock into my dripping pussy. Marcus watched us fucking in the full-length mirror, which only made him go harder and deeper. As he built up

later, he pushed open the door to the tiny compartment. I pulled him inside and locked the door behind him.

Undaunted by the cramped quarters, he worked his way down to my navel, briefly caressing it with his tongue. He continued kissing his way down until his tongue stroked the inside of my folds, searching for that hidden sweet spot. When he found it, my body—already trembling—shook violently as I was rocked by a tremendous climax.

I gripped his shoulders and pulled him up. I unbuttoned his jeans and found his stiff dick waiting for me. I lowered

CREDITS

Page 4 clockwise from top right, Brett Bereny, Earl Miller, Viv Thomas, Brett Bereny; page 5 clockwise from top middle, Richard Stanley, Tim Zimmerman, J. Michelle Martin-Coyne; page 6, Suze Randall; page 12, Blid Alsirk and Miramax Films; page 13 clockwise from top right, courtesy of Wellspring, Ava Gerlitz, courtesy of Focus Features, Alfeo Dixon, Diyah Pera, © 2005 Larry Horricks/New Line Productions; page 14 top, TM © copyright © 2005 by Paramount Pictures. All rights reserved; page 14 bottom three right, Warner Bros./The Kobal Collection, Dreamworks LLC/ The Kobal Collection/Preston Neal, Columbia Tri-Star/The Kobal Collection; page 14 bottom three left, Dreamworks LLC/The Kobal Collection/Preston Neal, Warner Bros./The Kobal Collection, MCA/Universal Pictures/Photofest; page 15 top three left, courtesy of Warner Home Video; page 15 top right, © 2005 Daniela Scaramuzza/New Line Productions; page 15 bottom left, courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment; page 16, Chris Jones; page 17 top, J. Hubbard; page 17 bottom, Sam Hunter; page 18 top, Max Vadukul; page 18 second from bottom right, Anthony Mandler; page 20 top, Vaughn Youtz/Liaison; page 20 bottom, Mychal Watts/WireImage.com; page 34 top, Brian Bahr/Getty Images; page 34 bottom, Tom Szlukoveny/Reuters Dandov; page 46 left, AP Photo; page 46 inset, Rich Clarkson/R. Clarkson & Assoc./WireImage.com; page 47 left, Jonathan Hayward/AP Photo; page 47 right, Nick Laham/Getty Images; page 48 left to right, Chuck Liddy/AP Photo/The News & Observer, Mark Humphrey/AP Photo, Jeff T. Green/AP Photo, Steve Manuel/AP Photo, Darron Cummings/AP Photo, Bob Child/AP Photo, Sue Ogrocki/AP Photo; page 49 clockwise from top left, James Devaney/WireImage.com, Marco Garcia/Getty Images, Nathaniel S. Butler/NBAE Via Getty Images; page 50, Royalty-Free/Corbis; page 51 clockwise from top right, Take 2 Productions/Ken Kaminesky/Corbis, Jorge Uzon/Getty Images, courtesy of School Dinners; page 52 and page 53 top, Warren Tang; page 60, Bob Sacha/Corbis; page 61, Al Bello/Getty Images; page 62 clockwise from top left, Ezra Shaw/Getty Images, Petr David Josek/AP Photo, Donald Miralle/Getty Images; page 64 clockwise from top left, Galen Rowell/Corbis, Brian Bahr/Getty Images, Alessandro Trovati/AP Photo, Stefano Rellandini/Reuters/Corbis; page 65 clockwise from top left, Matthew Stockman/Getty Images, Neal Preston/Corbis, Steve Boyle/New Sport/Corbis, Stephen Shugerman/Getty Images, Lori Conn/ZUMA/Corbis, Sergey Ponomarev/AP Photo, Douglas C. Pizac/AP Photo; page 74 clockwise from top left, Steve Mason/Getty Images, Mark Peterson/Corbis, Ghislain & Marie David de Lossy/Getty Images, Caroline von Tuempling/Getty Images, Frank Herholdt/Getty Images, Royalty-Free/Corbis; page 81, John Faraci; page 82 left to right, Royalty-Free/Corbis, Royalty-Free/Corbis, Marcus Lyon/Getty Images; page 83 left, David J. Phillip/AP Photo; page 83 middle, Bryan Mullennix/Getty Images; page 83 bottom right, C. Lytte/Zefa/Corbis; page 83 bottom second from right, Sic Production/Corbis; page 97, Suze Randall; page 143 clockwise from top, Neal Preston/Corbis, Paul Mounce/Corbis, PR Shot, J. Scott Wynn/Retna; page 144 clockwise from top left, Joshua Ets-Hokin/Getty Images, Robert Galbraith/Reuters/Corbis, Reuters/Corbis, Will Hart/NBAE/Getty Images, Hark Londoner; page 145 clockwise from top left, Amondo Gallo/Retna, Gregg DeGuire/Wire Images, Julia Fullerton-Batter/Getty Images, Alberto Tamargo/Getty Images; page 146, Lionel Delvey; page 150, courtesy of Private; page 154 bottom, Josh Shafstall; page 155 clockwise from top left, Ted Karpovich, Eric Darville, Colleen Coughin; page 156, Suze Randall; page 157, Jack Harrison; page 158, Earl Miller; page 160 left, Warner Independent Pictures/ZUMA/Corbis; page 160 top right, Getty Images.

my head and ran my tongue down the length of his shaft. Oh, God, I wanted him so much. I guided my tongue toward his balls and sucked them one at a time into my mouth. His cock was jumping in anticipation of my hot, wet mouth. I placed my lips over the head and slowly took him in. Sucking him off always felt so right, but he wanted to get inside me, and our time was limited.

He pulled me up and sat me atop the sink. I felt the rush coming—that overwhelming excitement right before the initial thrust. He knew me so well. His lips covered mine, muting my scream. All I could do was moan as I sucked his tongue in rhythm with his thrusts. Overwhelmed with passion and lust, we both finally climaxed.

“He knew me so well. His lips covered mine, muting my scream. All I could do was moan as I sucked his tongue in rhythm with his thrusts.”

We dressed ourselves, shared one last, long kiss, and left the small compartment one at a time to return to our seats. While we shared some wine, I mentally crossed “jet” off my list of interesting places to have sex.—*W.R., Canada*

THE OTHER WOMAN

After trying without luck to find something for my husband Steve's birthday, I finally hit on the perfect gift. Our friend Bobbi told me she'd just met this really hot girl named Candy who was a lot of fun and a little bit crazy. When Bobbi told her about my dilemma, Candy suggested I act out Steve's favorite fantasy, which happened to involve another woman. Candy volunteered to be the other woman, and of course Bobbi wanted to help us pull it off.

The night of Steve's birthday, Bobbi invited us over for dinner and drinks. Candy was there and after dinner, she conveniently spilled a drink on her blouse. Bobbi offered to give Candy something else to put on and dimmed the lights as she led Candy to the bedroom. Candy returned wearing a sheer sundress and nothing else. She refreshed our drinks and lingered in front of Steve's chair, giving him plenty of time to enjoy the view. Bobbi decided we needed more vodka and headed to the store, leaving Candy, Steve, and me to our own devices. On her way out, she winked and told us not to do anything she wouldn't do.

I told Steve it was time for his birthday gift. I stood behind Candy and pulled the dress up over her head. “Happy birthday,” we said. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. I walked over to him and whispered, “No

talking, honey. Just enjoy.” I got behind his chair and began to unbutton his shirt as Candy opened his jeans and slid them down to his ankles. I caressed his chest as Candy took hold of his manhood. He moaned as she took him into her mouth. I was still by his ear, whispering how sweet her lips looked around his cock. His hands were in her hair as he pumped into her mouth.

Candy stopped just short of making him come and climbed onto his lap. She placed the head of his cock right at her pussy lips. I took his hands in mine and together we caressed her large breasts. She teased him, lowering herself little by little onto his cock, until he grabbed her by the hips and pushed all the way into her. I whispered, “Fuck her, baby.



Fuck her hard.” And he did. I squeezed her breasts and thumbed her nipples as they bounced with the rhythm. Steve reached down and skillfully fingered her clit until she screamed out in pleasure. He pounded into her one last time before pulling out and shooting his hot come all over her stomach and breasts.

Steve's head fell back against the chair as Candy and I caressed him. Candy smiled, kissed him on the forehead, then went to clean up. He pulled his clothes together and I crawled into his lap. We caressed and kissed in silence as Steve took in what had hap-

Inspire Adventure Sex

The legendary Liberator®
Black Label Esse™
in **safari** prints & textures.
Designed to awaken your
animal
instincts and carry you on
extended
trips into
ebush

1.866.542.7283
www.liberator.com

LIBERATOR®
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

pened. Bobbi returned and we hung out a while longer before returning home to an awesome night of sex. He thanked me plenty for that gift!—*T.L., Florida*

PUSSY-WHIPPED

Wendy and I had just returned from one of the wildest bachelorette parties we'd ever been to. The bridal party had engaged three strippers: two gorgeous men and a beautiful woman. Each stripper gave Rachelle a lap dance she'd never forget. But the highlight of the evening was when the female stripper covered her beautiful breasts with whipped cream and had Rachelle lick it off. The sight was so erotic that I wished I could change places with her.

Wendy and I had changed out of our clothes and were sitting on the sofa talking about the wild party. When I told her that watching Rachelle lick the whipped cream from the stripper's breasts had

made me really hot, she told me she had a can in the fridge. She asked if I wanted to lick some off her breasts. How could I refuse? Maybe I'd get to lick some off her pussy, too!

Wendy went to the kitchen and returned with the cream. She sat down on the sofa, shook the can, and smothered her breasts in the cream. When she'd finished, I began lapping away.

“Each stripper gave Rachelle a lap dance she'd never forget.... The sight was so erotic that I wished I could change places with her.”



“I think my husband would be beside himself if he walked in right now,” Wendy said, but there was no chance of that happening since he was away on business. I knew my husband would feel the same way. Then I picked up the can, took aim, and coated her pussy with cream. Wendy's eyes grew huge as I knelt between her legs and began licking. I cleared a path to her pussy with my tongue and was about to really dive in when Wendy gasped, “Are you really going to do this?”

“Only if you want me to,” I said, leaving the final decision up to her.

Reaching out, she grabbed my head in her hands and pulled my face back toward her pussy. “Go ahead, Gina. Eat me out!” she said.


I found the taste and texture of a woman's cunt to be deliciously exciting. And I must have been doing everything right, because in no time I had Wendy crying out in pleasure. I wanted to taste more of her and continued to suck on

her clit while burying three fingers inside her pussy, stopping only after I'd sent her over the edge again.

Wendy had my nightgown off in a flash. Then she pushed me back and went down on me. I held her tight to my pussy as I came over and over again. We finished in a heated sixty-nine before falling asleep in each other's arms.—*G.V., Michigan*

STEAMY DREAMS

I had this incredible dream last night. It was morning and I had the day off, so I was just lounging around. Then I decided to take a shower. I turned on the water, dropped my robe, and stepped into the hot, steamy water. I reached for the shampoo and poured some in my hand, and began to rub the gel into my hair. Then I leaned my head back into the stream of water to rinse. I had my eyes closed, and just as the last bit of soap was rinsing out of my hair, I felt a hand caress my breasts. I opened my eyes to find him there in front of me, with water trickling down his chest.

I touched my lips to his and let my hands explore his body before moving them down to feel his hardness. I couldn't wait to get him inside me. His cock felt so good in my hand that I stroked it for minute. Then I turned toward the wall. As the water trickled down my back, his cock found the entrance to my throbbing pussy and he thrust it inside. He began to rock back and forth. His hands reached around to massage my sensitive bud. We were feeding off each other's pleasure as he picked up momentum. Then, with one final thrust, we both came to an exhausting but satisfying end.—*S.S., Michigan* 

“Forum” letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting Forum magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or subscribe for one year, for only \$30, by calling 800-411-9245. For back issues, call 888-312-2225. Each back issue is \$8.50 plus shipping and handling.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. March 2006 Volume 37, Number 7 Copyright © 2006 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of Penthouse Media Group Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Penthouse does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, nonuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—\$46 one year; Canada, \$64 one year (includes GST); elsewhere—\$64 one year. Single copies: \$7.99 (\$8.99 Sept., Dec., and Jan. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000.

Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito CA 94530. Tel. 510-237-4423. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.

PRINTED IN CANADA

Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 335194 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación pública. 1279862

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121, M. Rothenberg, custodian of records. Date of publication: Feb. 7, 2006

Coming in the April Issue

PET OF THE YEAR PARTY TOUR

Join Pet of the Year Jamie Lynn, Pet of the Year Runner-Up Cassia Riley, and their carousing band of sexy Pet pals as they tour the country. The hotties hit Penthouse Clubs from New York City to Phoenix, and spectacular photos capture all the fun, decadence, and sensuality.

THE MOST FAMOUS AUTHOR YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF

"It is nearly impossible to go to the movies nowadays without being infected by the



visions of a paranoid, amphetamine-gobbling, phobic science fiction writer," says science reporter Dick Teresi. Think he's exaggerating? Keanu Reeves's new film, *A Scanner Darkly*, comes from a story by Philip K. Dick. So did *Blade Runner*, *Total Recall*, *Minority Report*, and many more flicks. As Teresi says, "If the movie you're watching is set in the future—a surreal, paranoid, disturbing future—it's a good bet it came from his brain."

GAMING

American McGee has created some of today's most cutting-edge video games. You'll learn all about his newest, *Bad Day L.A.*, and the source of his inspiration in "Joystick." Plus, we help *Dungeons and Dragons* fans get a little action with the game's hottest digital vixen, Stormreach!

A REAL WORLD SERIES

What if Miguel Tejada, Albert Pujols, Vladimir Guerrero, Manny Ramirez, and David Ortiz all played for the same team? How about a pitching staff that included Roger Clemens, Chris Carpenter, and Dontrelle Willis, backed up by a bull pen of Trevor Hoffman, Brad Lidge, and Billy Wagner? These insanely tantalizing prospects could become a reality when baseball's first world cup launches in the U.S. and Latin America this spring. "Gametime" spotlights the inaugural World Baseball Classic.

LOCKER ROOM

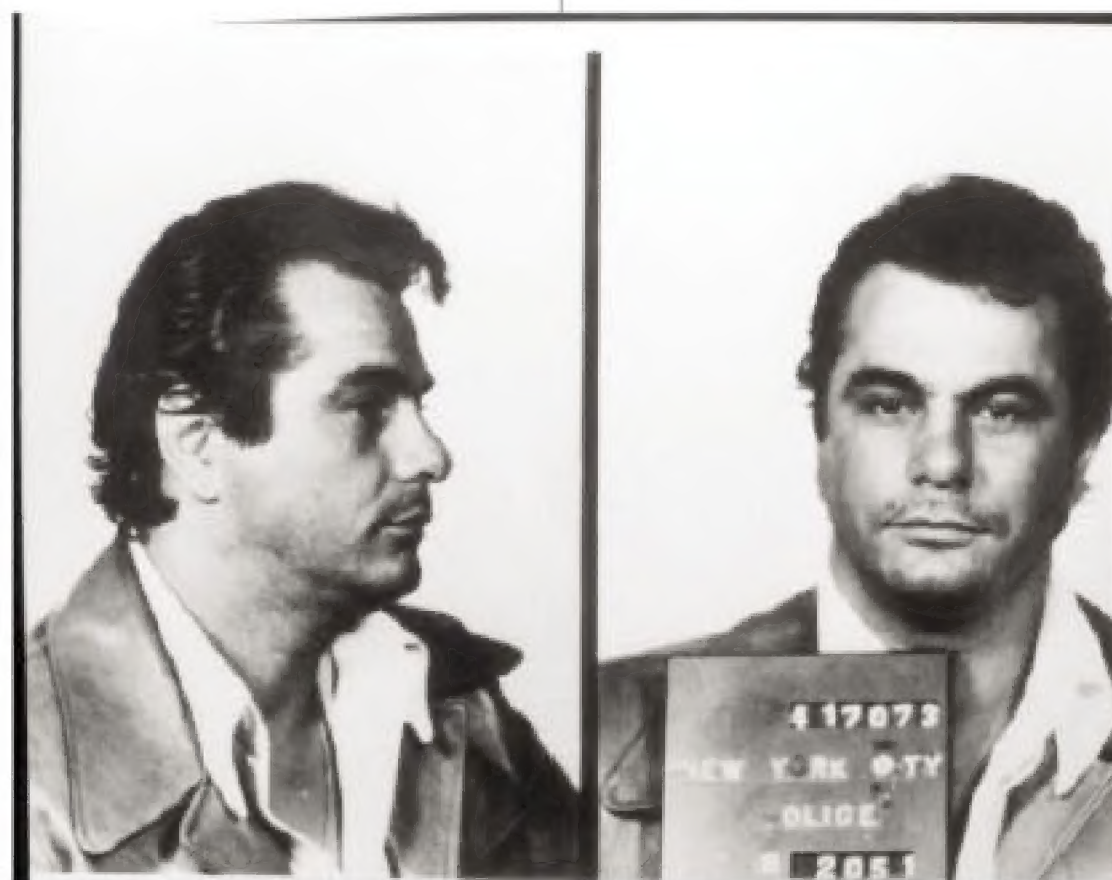
Freestyle motocross mad-man Doug Parsons tells us all about the hard-partying life on the motocross circuit, his Ride to the Hills contest, and the keys to making amateur porn with FMX groupies.

BOBBY BACALA AND THE BADA BING

Steve Schirripa, best known as Bobby "Bacala" Baccalieri on the megahit HBO series *The Sopranos*, sat down with Chauncé Hayden over some red wine and pasta to talk about the new season and, more important, who needs a good whacking! But life does not always imitate art. Apparently, the actor would rather spend his free time writing books than hanging at the Bada Bing Club. Not us! We happily took the ten-minute ride across the Hudson to uncover what gets TV's most famous strip joint hopping ... and it ain't Paulie Walnuts!

FAMILY BUSINESS

Speaking of *The Sopranos*, if you're among the millions of



fans who wish the show would go on forever, you'll enjoy reading about New York's dysfunctional Gotti family—which *is* running forever. Although John "Dapper Don" Gotti has long since met his maker, his heirs continue to churn out tabloid headlines—to say nothing of books and TV shows—proving that in today's America, celebrity is more powerful than bullets.

BLOODY HELL

Slither is a throwback to the old-school eighties horror flick: lots of gore and an army of grotesque monsters. Director James Gunn and his team of makeup artists show us how to turn an average splatter-fest into a veritable orgy of blood and guts.

FREEWHEELER SAFETY

Motorcyclists don't like to dwell on it, but riding can be dangerous if you hit something or are ejected. Until recently, the best protection was padded clothing and lightweight armor. But now Honda and AireTronics are introducing bike versions of a proven protective technology—the air bag.

DRIVING FORCE

You won't find a sportier motor than the BMW M5 sedan, with its 500-hp V-10 engine, a seven-speed clutchless manual transmission, and a button on the steering wheel that triggers 279 driving programs, setting the engine, transmission, and suspension. This may be the best sedan in the world.

